PRINCE CHARLIE,

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.

BY

MERIDETH JOHNES,

AUTHOR OF THE "BOY'S BOOK OF MODERN TRAVEL," "CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE BOOK," ETC.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. S. MORGAN.

"Charlie is my darling,
The Young Chevalier!"
Old Song.

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TO

THE BOYS

OF

The British Empire,

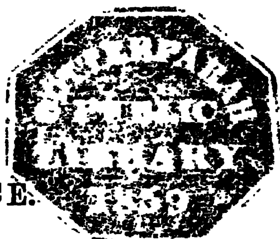
THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED

BY

THEIR FRIEND,

MERIDETH JOHNES.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



PREFACE.

THE fortunes of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and his friends have been often narrated. And yet, absorbing as is the interest, and striking as are the moral lessons with which this fragment of our English history abounds, I am not aware that it has ever before, in a separate form, been specially brought before young people. Sir Walter Scott's labours were equally bestowed upon the two insurrections of 1715 and 1745. A narrative in which the latter shall be the principal object, and whose facts are drawn from various records, contemporaneous and otherwise, while their treatment is original, and expressly designed for the young folks, will not, therefore, I hope, be deemed superfluous.

All history is for our teaching. Hence are duly rehearsed in our ears the sacred records of God's

dealings with the elder world, as shown in their history. We may be assured that our own, though not written with the same infallible certainty, is no less significant of Him, if we rightly regard it. The events, with their causes and consequences, of this episode in our annals with which we are now concerned, cannot but teem with meaning to those who thoughtfully consider them; while the young, more especially, may learn lessons of courage, devotedness, patience, and fortitude, from these memorials of the last of an ancient royal line, and of their faithful followers, who so nobly clung to the Stuart, in the deepest, final misfortunes of that hapless race.

M. J.

NOTTING HILL,
September 21*st*, 1859.

PRINCE CHARLIE,

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.

CHAPTER I.

THE story of Prince Charles Stuart and his bold attempt, in 1745, to recover the throne of his ancestors, equals in interest any that is to be found in our English history. The struggle was short and sharp, but decisive; for the result of his daring enterprise was but to establish the house of Hanover in quiet possession of the English crown. From that time to the present we have known no war at home. Contests abroad have often engaged us; but since Charles Edward and his seven followers landed in Scotland, no invading foot has ever been planted on our shores. Since Culloden, where the last hopes of the Stuarts were crushed, no battle has been fought on British soil.

The royal house of Stuart was a most unfortunate

one. Many of its sovereigns died violent deaths by accidents, battle, and murder. The fate of poor Mary of Scotland, and her grandson, Charles I. of England, has long excited pity wherever it has been known. The cruel death of the latter led to further misfortunes in his family; for his sons Charles and James, who afterwards succeeded him, were driven into exile; and, when brought home again by a nation weary of its self-chosen rulers, showed themselves just what might have been expected from the sort of life their enemies had compelled them to lead. To be deprived of a father's care, and hunted and chased about in poverty and distress, is not a good training for any one, be he king or common man; and certainly these two were none the better for it. Charles, notwithstanding his faults, was a very popular king; but James was exceedingly disliked by his subjects, and with very good reason. Altogether he conducted himself so ill that he at last lost his crown, for it, his daughter Mary and her husband, the Prince of Orange, being chosen to reign in his place.

At the time that James was thus deposed he had an infant son, who was, of course, the next heir to the throne, because, in all civilised countries, sons,

however young, succeed to their father's possessions in preference to daughters, these only inheriting when there are no sons. But the people of England were so indignant with the bad conduct of James II., that they punished his poor innocent child by passing a law to prevent his ever coming to the throne, the right of succeeding to it being made over first to his sisters, and then to another branch of the family who had a small sovereignty in Germany.

These two sisters, Mary and Anne, who were much older than their young brother, reigned undisturbed. But when they were both dead, leaving no children, and the Elector of Hanover, George I., became king of England, the exiled prince, James Edward, then in his twenty-eighth year, at once put forth his claim. He had been living in France, where the French king, the great and powerful Louis XIV., had been very kind both to him and his father, acknowledging them as sovereigns, and assisting to maintain them in a style suited to their rank. Indeed, immediately on the death of James II., Louis fitted out a fleet to invade England, and assist the Prince, whom he had recognised as James III., to recover his dominions. He did not do this for mere friendship to those

whom he thought unjustly treated; but in the wars on the continent in which he had engaged, the English, under Marlborough, had done him much mischief, and he longed to strike one good blow at them in return. This fleet was, however, shattered by storms, and returned to Dunkirk, whence it had sailed, without accomplishing anything. This was in 1708. By the time that Queen Anne died, in August, 1714, Louis had quite changed his mind, and, when the Prince hastened to ask his help, not only received him very coldly, but desired him to quit France.

James Edward, however, had many friends in Scotland, and not a few in England. The Scots loved their native prince, one of their own Stuarts; and then the union of their kingdom with England, towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, had given great dissatisfaction to many. It had deprived them of their parliaments and such show of independence as was left them, and they feared it would eventually ruin their country. We know now that this was a mistaken fear, but it was a very natural one at the time; and they thought that the best way of preventing what they apprehended would be to bring home their own James VIII., and crown him king of Scotland.

James Edward's English friends took up his cause, not only because they thought he had been wrongfully excluded from the throne, but because he was in some degree their native prince also; for though the Stuarts had not reigned so long in England as they had done in Scotland, yet they had reigned long enough for the people to feel that they were of their own blood, and not foreigners, as were the German sovereigns under whose rule they were now passing. We, in our day, should be very sorry to change our own queen's family, born and bred among us, as their ancestors also have been for several generations, for any foreign family, ignorant of our ways and doings, ignorant of our very language, and evidently preferring their native country to ours. Just so did the adherents of the Chevalier St. George — that was the name he commonly went by—feel on this occasion.

So when Queen Anne died, who was loved because she was a good queen and one of the old Stuart family, numbers both in Scotland and England took up arms in order to secure the throne for James Edward. He was proclaimed king—James VIII. of Scotland and James III. of England—at several places in both countries; and the English and Scottish nobles and gentlemen who had declared

for him, joining their forces, some successes were at first obtained. But it was an ill-managed affair altogether. Their leaders could not agree among themselves, and some of them were not particularly fit for the post. The Earl of Mar, the Scottish general, wasted time when he ought to have been up and doing: General Forster, who commanded the English (and whose godmother boxed his ears for his joining the rebels), knew more about fox-hunting than about military matters; and the end of it was the utter ruin of the Chevalier's cause. In England the insurgents, after quietly taking several towns and as quietly leaving them again—for the Royalists did not show much fight on the occasion—shut themselves up in the town of Preston, in Lancashire. They might have defended themselves well here but for Forster's stupidity or want of spirit. When informed of the near approach of King George's troops he went to bed, and, on getting up again, contented himself with countermanding such orders for the defence of the town as had, while he was fast asleep, been issued by his more wakeful and thoughtful subordinates. The enemy was at their very gates before he chose to believe it; and after General Wills had attacked Preston and done the insurgents some damage, this clumsy

Jacobite leader, without deigning to call a council of war, or consult any save a few of his immediate friends, sent out to him proposals of surrender, a measure that raised such a storm of indignation against him, that it is said he would have been cut to pieces had he dared to show himself in the streets of the town, that he was sacrificing. The terms granted were hard enough; simply that the rebels should not be put to the sword on the spot, but should be reserved till the king's pleasure concerning them was known. Forster, however, accepted them, and his whole force laid down their arms.

They had better have taken their chance, and, as the enraged Highlanders proposed, have forced their way, sword in hand, through the surrounding troops. They were harshly treated to begin with. About a hundred of the more considerable among them were taken to London for trial, and conducted into the metropolis with every circumstance of vulgar, nay, brutal triumph. Noblemen and gentlemen were led along with their arms tied behind their backs; the mangled remains of the Scots insurgents were cruelly presented to Forster's gaze as he entered his prison of Newgate; and as for the king's mercy, on which they had thrown themselves, that consisted in

cutting off more heads than one likes to think of, and afterwards, according to the horrid custom of the times, setting them up in various public places. Thank Heaven, we can pass under Temple Bar now without being afraid of looking up at it.

To add to the disasters of the rebels, the Chevalier himself, for whom they were in arms, did not arrive in Scotland till it was too late for him to be of any use to his own cause. He landed from a French vessel at Peterhead, a port on the eastern coast of Scotland, within thirty miles of Aberdeen, on the 22nd of December, 1715, having with him only six companions. There was disappointment on both sides. His Scottish friends, dispirited by their defeats at Preston and elsewhere, had expected that he would bring them arms, money, and men. He had been led to suppose that he should find a fine, spirited army, only requiring his presence to lead them on to fresh victories. He could not conceal his disquietude at finding the insurrection all but crushed; and then the troops were offended by his gravity and silence, some of them impertinently asking whether the man *could* speak or not. So, instead of being crowned, as so many of his ancestors had been, in the ancient palace of Scone,

near Perth, it was soon decided that he should return to France, whence he came. He himself opposed this. He would rather have remained to share the sufferings of those who had lost all in asserting his rights; but when it was urged that their guilt would be more leniently visited by government in his absence than it would be if he stayed among them to excite further suspicion, he at once gave way, and then the whole band dispersed. The Highlanders, sullen and sorrowful, retreated across the frozen Tay to their own fastnesses among the hills. The Chevalier, slipping away quietly, took ship again, and contrived to escape the English vessels that were cruising about to catch him by reaching France in a roundabout way.

It was a cruel disappointment after so many years' expectation. But amid his own distresses James Edward did not forget those of others. Before leaving for ever his native shores, on which he had only just looked, he forwarded to the Duke of Argyle, who had fought against him in Scotland, what little was left of his own small stock of money; begging that the duke would use it for the relief of those who had suffered from the necessary severities practised by his own people in burning some villages in order to check the advance of the king's troops:

for he could not bear to have been the ruin of those whom he came, as he thought, to benefit.

So ended the first attempt to replace the Stuarts on the throne from which they had been expelled. Three short months decided the matter, and James Edward was an exile for life.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years after the rebellion of 1715 James Edward had a son born. He was named Charles Edward, and was afterwards known as the Young Chevalier. The Scots, whose enthusiastic love he had gained by his bravery and noble bearing, used fondly to speak of him as Prince Charlie. And the next attempt to restore the Stuarts is connected with the name of this gallant young prince; who, landing with only seven followers on a desolate shore of Scotland, soon saw his father's standard waving over the greater part of that kingdom, pushed his way into the very centre of England, and might, had he not been controlled by more timid spirits, have overturned the government, sent George II. back again to the Hanover he was so fond of, had James III. crowned in Westminster Abbey, and given us a new race of Stuart kings. These things are all past and gone now. That royal line is ended; so that we may well afford a generous sympathy with

the energetic struggle in arms, and manly fortitude under suffering, of the Young Chevalier.

Charles Edward's mother was a grand-daughter of the renowned John Sobieski, king of Poland; and her son, in his best days, showed himself not unworthy of his illustrious parentage.

Of the Prince's early years very little is known, but that little is to his advantage. At the age of fifteen he served with distinction in the Spanish army. Though a mere boy, and war a new thing to him, with balls whistling around him, he went composedly about, to the great delight of his uncle, the celebrated Marshal Berwick, who had undertaken to bring him out. He appears to have been an affectionate son and brother, well principled, high-minded. His father's disappointments had caused him to abandon all thoughts of again asserting, in his own person, what he conceived to be his right to the British throne. But as the son grew up to manhood, tall, handsome, athletic, brave, generous, and of winning manners, the hopes of the Stuart party in England and Scotland revived. In 1743, Cardinal Tencin, who was, what we now call prime minister, in France to Louis XV., determined to invade England in support of the Chevalier's claims, and proposed that Charles Edward, then in

his twenty-third year, should command the force to be employed; Marshal Saxe, one of the most distinguished generals of the time, being second in command. Fifteen thousand stout old soldiers were accordingly assembled at Dunkirk, vessels to transport them across the channel were provided, and also a fleet of men-of-war to protect the transport squadron. The design was to land on the coast of Kent. All being prepared, Charles left Rome, telling his father that he hoped, with God's help, soon to lay three crowns at his feet. "Take care of yourself, my dear boy," was the reply; "I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world." Dressed as a courier to avoid suspicion, and attended by only one servant, the Prince cleverly escaped the traps set to catch him by the way, both by the Sardinian king and the English admiral; sailed right through the English fleet; and speedily reached Paris in safety. The French, however, while prompting the enterprise, had not dealt quite fairly with him, and he found more difficulties to contend with than he expected. He bravely set himself to meet them, and, after doing what could be done in Paris, left it for Gravelines, where, for the first time, the white cliffs of his own England, to whose throne he believed himself heir, met his eyes. With what

strange feelings he, an exile, must have gazed upon them! He remained here in the utmost retirement for several months, going about like a private gentleman, with only a single servant. He even bought his own provisions, and, as he writes to his father, for the sake of a little fun, haggled with fishwives and others for a penny, more or less.

The fleet at length set sail; but if the French had been busy preparing for the invasion, the English had not been idle. A large force under Sir John Norris was collected in the channel; and the Frenchmen, not liking its looks, very discreetly put about ship, and sailed back again, without waiting to be attacked. But this was not their only misfortune. A violent storm arose in their very teeth; the stately ships of the line were so knocked about by it as to have enough to do to take care of themselves; while the transports were smashed right and left. Such as escaped wreck returned to harbour in a sad plight; and the expectations of the Jacobites—the Stuart party were so called—and their French friends were utterly crushed. It is not the first time that a good hearty storm has protected our little island.

Charles returned to Paris sadly disappointed; and, what was worse, the French seemed now to lose

heart about helping him. It was, indeed, little they cared about him and his fortunes; but they had at first hoped to damage their old enemies the English: afterwards circumstances rendered them more indifferent on this point, and the cause of the Young Chevalier suffered for it. Meanwhile his confidence in his Scottish friends was such, that he would fain have persuaded an old nobleman, Earl Marischal, to sail with him alone for Scotland, even if it were only in a herring-boat, convinced that if he but showed himself there they would crowd around and support him. The cautious old man, however, was not going to trust either himself or his prince on any such wild-goose errand; and Charles was obliged to yield, as most people have to do, to circumstances. Chafing was of no use; patience was difficult, but even kings must practise it.

The French now treated him more coldly than ever. Weary of vainly soliciting their assistance, he at length determined to throw himself upon his Scottish subjects just as he was, not doubting but that their affection and duty would lead them to rally round him when he was in their midst. He communicated his resolution to his father, reminding him that he was only about to do what he himself had done in 1715, but that the pres[illegible]

was one much more favourable to the enterprise. He added that if, after all the neglect and ill-usage he had received from the French court, he did not show some spirit and ability to help himself, he should be unworthy the regard of his friends, just as a horse would rightly be deemed good for nothing if, on being spurred, it showed no signs of mettle; and he concluded by dutifully begging his father's blessing on his enterprise, for *that*, he thought, would bring with it God's blessing.

He had for some time been endeavouring to get together money and arms for the undertaking; for, faithful as were his Scottish friends, he knew they wanted both these to give them a chance of success. He wrote to his father to pawn his jewels, for he should wear them with "a sore heart" if he kept them while money was wanting for such a cause; yea, he would pawn his very shirt rather than go short of it. Some bankers in Paris, of the name of Waters, advanced him a large sum of money, with which he procured muskets, broadswords, powder, ball, and other arms. A merchant of Nantes, named Walsh, who had been privateering against the English, was willing enough to let him have his eighteen-gun brig, to convey himself and the few friends who were to accompany him to Scotland.

A French man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, was also by some means or other obtained as a convoy, and to cruise on the Scottish coast. On board her the arms and money were placed.

All being prepared, and the *Doutelle*, which was to carry the little party over, lying at the mouth of the Loire, the Prince and his followers repaired separately, to avoid suspicion, to Nantes, the appointed place of meeting, not daring even to recognise each other if they chanced to meet there. The gentlemen accompanying Prince Charles were, the Marquis of Tullibardine, old and infirm, an exile for his devotion to the old Chevalier; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's former tutor; Sir John Macdonald; an English clergyman named Kelly; O'Sullivan, an officer of the Irish brigade in the service of France; Francis Strickland, an Englishman; Æneas Macdonald, a Scot; and Charles's valet. They embarked on the 22nd of June at seven in the evening, the Prince, for disguise, wearing his beard long (his dress was that of a student of the Scot's college at Paris); and sailing to Belleisle, they there awaited their convoy, the *Elizabeth*. The Prince found himself rather seasick with this brief salt-water experience, but remarked cheerily that the more he strove against

it the less it troubled him. After they had joined company with the *Elizabeth* they proceeded to their destination, but unfortunately fell in with a British ship, the *Lion*, of fifty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Brett, a brave officer. The two men-of-war instantly engaged; the *Doutelle*, whose owner would not let her take part in the action, lying off at a little distance, looking on. Charles, who was on board her, would fain have had his share in the encounter; but Captain Walsh knew better, and was at last obliged to threaten to send him below by way of getting rid of his importunities.

The fight was hot, the two vessels carrying the same number of guns; but, after five hours' hard work of it, both were so knocked to bits as to be incapable of doing any more injury to each other. Each sailed away slowly and heavily; and the *Elizabeth* being obliged to return to port to refit, deprived Charles of his much-prized stores.

Nothing daunted by this misfortune, the *Doutelle* pursued her course to the furthest extremity of the Hebrides. Very cautiously did the little vessel make her way along those hostile seas. Not a light was to be seen on board; even that required for the compass was so carefully screened, for fear of its betraying them to the sharp eyes that were on the

look out for them, that not a single gleam from it was visible, save on the trusty, trembling needle that guided their course. Once they were chased; but shaking out every stitch of canvas, they out-sailed their pursuers. As they neared the coast an eagle was observed slowly sailing on its great wings over the vessel, and the old Marquis gaily exclaimed, "Sir, here is the king of birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to your own country."

Charles and his friends landed on a miserably wet, stormy evening, and passed that night on a small island named Erisca, belonging to one of the Jacobite chiefs, Macdonald of Clanranald. Their accommodation was anything but princely. They were all cooped up in one little wretched hut; and the Prince, not being used to Highland huts, in which the only chimney was a hole in the roof, was nearly choked with the smoke. Several times he had to go out for a mouthful of air, so that the owner of the mansion, ignorant of whom he was entertaining, and out of patience with the fastidiousness of his guest, who could not sit and stifle like the rest of them, at last cried out in a pet, "What a plague is the matter with that fellow, that he can neither sit nor stand still, neither keep in doors nor out?" There were here other storm-tossed sailors

besides themselves, and, as there were not beds enough for all, the Prince said he would sit up, that others more weary than himself might rest. He good-humouredly bestirred himself to take care of Sir Thomas Sheridan, going to see what sort of bed they had found for him. Seeing the Prince look rather closely at the sheets—for he was afraid they were going to put the old gentleman into damp ones—the owner of the hut somewhat tartly told him that both sheets and bed were good enough for a prince.

The chief Clanranald, and his brother Boisdale—for Highland chieftains are called by the names of their estates—were both away at this time; but Boisdale, being sent for, arrived in the morning, and immediately waited upon the Prince, who by that time had gone on board the *Doutelle* again. It was a moment of anxious suspense for Charles and his followers. Boisdale was loyal and dutiful to his native prince, but he was quite hopeless as to the success of his enterprise, and implored him to return home, adding that Macleod of Macleod, and Macdonald of Sleat, two powerful chieftains upon whom the Prince relied, would be far more likely to fight against than for him. This was bad news indeed for the Prince, with his little body-guard of

seven gentlemen. It was in vain that he pleaded with Macdonald, who at last sailed off in his boat, leaving Prince Charles to his fate, dejected by this mortifying reception, but bravely keeping up his spirits for the sake of those about him.

Disappointed in his first attempt, he determined to try his chance elsewhere; and the *Doutelle*, leaving the isles, now took her course to the mainland. She came to anchor in a little bay uniting the stern shores of Moidart and Arisaig; and Charles then at once sent off for the younger Clanranald, of whose dutiful loyalty to him he was well assured. Here were true Highland hearts beating for him at last! Clanranald and some other gentlemen hastened with a warm welcome to their beloved prince; but even they, enthusiastic as was their affection for him, urged him to relinquish his hopeless enterprise. They assured him that without officers, without arms, without plan, a rising of the clans at that time would only bring ruin upon them all. The conversation was earnest on both sides; and a young kilted Highlander who stood near, with broadsword, target, dirk, and pistol, according to the full costume of the country, listened with kindling eyes and changing colour. When he found that it was the royal Stuart, the

heir to the throne, who was vainly urging the two chiefs to arm in his cause, he grasped his sword in such a way as to attract Charles's attention. Suddenly turning to him, "Will not *you* help me?" exclaimed the Prince. "I will, I will," was the hearty response; "though not another Highlander should draw sword for you, I will." The enthusiastic loyalty of their young clansman overcame the sturdy opposition of the two chiefs, which had for three long hours been proof to Charles's expostulations, and at once they tendered their service to him whom they deemed their lawful prince.

Charles's appearance on this occasion is described by one who was present as being that of a tall, handsome young man, wearing a plain black coat; a muslin stock round his neck, fastened with a plain silver buckle; a wig of light-coloured hair, flowing, instead of being tightly curled up according to the custom of those times; black stockings; brass buckles in his shoes; and having his hat fastened by a string to one of his coat buttons. As it was not thought fit, on this occasion, to intrust his secret to all the chief's companions, the Prince was simply announced, when he made his appearance among them after his interview with Clanranald, as one who wished to know something about the High-

landers; so that though they could not help suspecting he was not what he seemed, they chatted familiarly to him, in answer to his inquiries as to their Highland ways and doings. He was a good deal interested in the Highland dress which they wore, fancying they must be cold in it, and laughing at one who replied that he should be cold in any other. When he saw how the plaid was wrapped round the body at night he imagined that it must fetter the wearer sadly in case of sudden surprise; but the wary Highlander contrives to muffle himself in such a way as to be able to start up, fully armed, in an instant. Finally, calling for a glass of wine, he courteously drank to them all, and retired.

Charles afterwards adopted the Highland dress himself, to the great delight of his followers, who loved to see him so entirely one of themselves. He wore the short Highland coat of tartan, and the trews, or philibeg; that is, the short full petticoat, not quite reaching to the knee, which we call the kilt. His bonnet—the Scotch cap is called a bonnet—was blue, with a white cockade (the badge of his party, as the black one was of those who supported the Hanoverian family), and the star of a Scottish order, that of St. Andrew. Among the numerous Scottish songs which show how fervent

was the love of the Scots for their own Stuart race of kings is one alluding to the Prince's Highland costume :—

"Oh, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philibeg aboon his knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi!"

CHAPTER III.

Charles's daring and resolution soon kindled the like spirit among such of the chiefs as were brought to him; and among the Highlanders in those days, when the chief was gained, the whole clan followed. They would have thought it shame to do otherwise. Some of the gentlemen, indeed, urged that he should seek succours from France; but his spirited and patriotic reply was, that he preferred *not* to owe the restoration of his family to foreigners, but to his own people, and that he would rather skulk about his native mountains with half a dozen trusty Scots than return to France.

The Camerons, Stuarts of Appin, and Macdonalds of various clans, known as those of Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengarry, and Glencoe, were the first who joined him. A small farm, called Borrodaile, belonging to the first of these Macdonald chiefs, was his home for a few days after his coming ashore on the mainland, attended by his seven companions:

this was on the 25th of July. A sort of body-guard of Highland gentlemen, in their full picturesque costume, was here formed to do him honour; and he presented himself each day to numbers who came from the neighbouring glens. The first time that he dined with his Highland friends, one of the gentlemen proposed the health of the king—King James, of course—in Gaelic. Charles, not understanding the language of the country, eagerly asked what it was that had raised such a storm of cheers; and on being told, to the delight of all the guests, managed to give the same toast himself correctly. That little bit of Gaelic did him great service. Their own Stuart, speaking their own tongue, though it was but four words—that was quite enough to win the hearts, if not already won, of all present.

The little *Doutelle*, meanwhile, was kept hovering about with the scanty stock of money and arms which remained to the Prince after the disaster of losing the *Elizabeth*. In about a fortnight from his first landing at Borrodaile he ventured to bring these ashore, and despatched the vessel back with news to his friends abroad of his safe arrival and hopes of success. To his father he wrote, "The worst that can happen to me is to

die at the head of such brave people as I find here."

Remote though that part of the Highlands was where these things were taking place, they did not entirely escape the notice of the officers of the English government. The governor of Fort Augustus, one of three forts that had been raised to keep the Highlanders in order, and situated more than forty miles from Kinloch-Moidart, where Charles was, had tidings of suspicious movements there, and sent off two companies of infantry to Fort William, which was about thirty miles nearer Kinloch. The men were but raw soldiers, and as they wound their way through the Highland glens, where the rugged mountains hung overhead, and almost seemed to shut them in, to their consternation they suddenly heard the shrill notes of the bagpipe, and saw their way (in a narrow ravine) barred by what appeared to be a threatening force of armed Highlanders. There were in reality only a dozen of the Macdonalds of Keppoch; but by their agile movements each man seemed to be in two places at once, so as to make the little party look twice as large as it really was. They did not treat their English friends to music only, but gave them in addition such a pelting shower of musketry as, aided by the

advantages of their position, soon caused the Royals to retreat Retreating, however, did not do them much good; for the next thing was to fall in with a still larger body of Highlanders, under Keppoch himself, on their way to join the Prince. Resistance was now impossible, and Keppoch offering the detachment favourable terms there was nothing for them but to lay down their arms. Several of the soldiers had been killed, and their commanding officer, Captain Scott, was wounded. The Camerons, under their chief Lochiel, coming up at this juncture, took charge of the prisoners, sending the wounded ones to Lochiel's own house, where they were treated with the utmost kindness. The governor of Fort Augustus, on being made acquainted with Captain Scott's condition, somewhat churlishly refused to send him a surgeon, upon which Lochiel generously released that officer on his parole—that is, his word of honour that he would not act against them—to enable him to go where he could have proper surgical assistance. That was acting like a true gentleman; for the word gentleman means one of gentle manners.

This was the first blood drawn in the Prince's interest; and the success, small as it was, inspirited the various clans, who were now streaming

down their hills and valleys to join the royal Stuart. The vale of Glenfinnan, a picturesque, quiet strip, overhung by rugged mountains, and watered by the slender stream of the Finnan, was the spot chosen for setting up the standard of the old line of kings. It was about fifteen miles from Borrodaile; and on the 19th of August, Charles, attended by some of the Macdonalds, arrived there, expecting to find the whole glen swarming with bonnets and plaids. He found nothing to disturb the summer stillness of that August morning save the tramp of himself and his escort; and, thoroughly out of heart with this disappointment, he spent two gloomy hours in one of the huts, or bothies as they are sometimes called, of the rude inhabitants. Suddenly a wild, far-away note was heard; and then, on the crags above him, were seen the bright red tartans of six or seven hundred of the Camerons, who rapidly descended the steep hill-side, guarding within their ranks their two troops of English prisoners. At first sight of their prince their shouts rang among the mountains, and the bagpipes screamed their loudest to bid him welcome home. On they marched in two columns, three abreast, with the stately, firm tread of mountaineers; and then Charles's first act in the struggle for a crown was

performed. The royal standard of red silk with a white centre, which afterwards bore the motto, *Tandem Triumphans*—"At length Triumphant"—was solemnly set up on a rising ground in the valley. The old and feeble Tullibardine unfurled the flag, and, as its heavy folds were shaken out by the breeze, shouts again tore the air, the pibrochs were screamed louder than ever, and Highland bonnets flew up in the air "like a cloud."

Then was read aloud a declaration from the old Chevalier, reciting his wrongs, and exhorting his loving subjects to return to their allegiance under the regency of his son, who was now come among them. This was followed by a few brave words from Charles himself: he was come to conquer, or perish at the head of his loyal Scots, who, he well knew, would live or die with him. Among the spectators of this "raising of the standard" was an English officer, who had a short time before been taken prisoner. When the ceremony was over Charles courteously dismissed him, telling him he was free, and might tell his general what he had seen, and that the Prince was coming to give him battle.

Others joined the Prince that day, and all camped for the night in the valley; their numbers

being swelled by the arrival of clan after clan on their next day's march.

These doings could not, of course, be entirely unknown to the government; but several days passed before it was fully informed of them, because some of the wary Scotsmen played fast and loose on the occasion. Fearful of incurring the displeasure of the ruling powers, they forwarded intelligence of the Prince's arrival and intentions; but, wishing him well in their hearts, they delayed their information till it could not do him much mischief. This was rather a shabby way of going to work; but some people are naturally shabby, and are apparently quite incapable of acting with straightforward honesty. Sir John Cope was at that time the commander-in-chief in Scotland, and as soon as he was fairly acquainted with the state of things he set himself to prepare for the worst. His force was not large, and part of it was but newly raised, so that little dependence could be placed upon it. Still it had been the custom among the English to undervalue the "wild Highlanders:" this led both Cope and others to be less on their guard than they would otherwise have been, and they paid dearly for their mistake.

Cope assembled his troops at Stirling, about

thirty miles north-west of Edinburgh. They consisted of two regiments of dragoons (Gardiner's and Hamilton's), three of infantry, several companies from other regiments, a couple of mortars—mortars are great wide-mouthed cannon, almost as broad as they are long—and six field-pieces. Dragoons in those days were not the smart-looking fellows they are now. They wore great jack-boots, like milk-pails, three-cornered cocked hats, curled wigs, and great heavy long-tailed coats, more like top-coats than anything else, the skirts of which were hooked back so as to be a little out of the horseman's way. The oddest thing about the infantry was that some of them wore caps precisely like exceedingly tall sugar-loaves.

The march from Stirling took place the day after that on which the standard had been raised; and, besides his ordinary baggage, the general had to take with him droves of the small black cattle of the country, with butchers to kill them, for provisions for his men, so that he could not advance with the speed of the enemy. His orders were to march northward; and accordingly northward he went, armed, in addition, with a proclamation, offering a reward of £30,000 to any one who should bring in the Prince dead or alive. The Prince was very

indignant when he heard of this: he considered it a mere invitation, to any one vile enough to accept it, to murder him; and, indeed, it was an outrageous thing. Only fancy the Emperor Nicholas, during the late war, offering a few thousand pounds for Lord Raglan or Marshal Canrobert, "dead or alive!" Charles declared himself unwilling to tempt any one to murder King George, even though King George had set him the example. But his advisers, who not unfrequently had to do their best to control his generous impulses, overruled him, and in return there was offered a reward of £30,000 for the "Elector of Hanover, dead or alive, if he should venture to land in any of the king's" (King James's) "dominions." Of course Charles could not style him king of England.

Poor General Cope's distractions and difficulties were great, marching through a district where the people were hostile to him, and loved to perplex him with all sorts of contradictory intelligence. Nor was this all; his bread and biscuit, and baggage horses disappeared as if by magic, no one knew how or where, but gone they were; and the commissariat—that is, the provisioning of troops—in time of war is almost, if not quite, as important as furnishing them with weapons. He took plenty of

these latter with him—a thousand muskets with which to arm the inhabitants who were expected to flock to his standard. But no one came; and, tired of dragging about these useless firelocks, he sent a great number of them back again.

His course was directed towards Fort Augustus, and presently he received information that the little Highland army was awaiting him at a difficult pass, called the Devil's Staircase, in the high mountain of Corryarrack, which lay directly in his way, and was within twenty miles of him. A military road had been constructed across this mountain by Marshal Wade, and so precipitous was it that the summit had to be reached by seventeen zigzags, called in military language "traverses." To proceed was impossible, the more so that he had reason for supposing that another portion of the Highlanders was lying in wait to take him in the rear in case of his venturing to dispute this passage. Prince Charles himself had been so alive to the importance of securing the position, that he made some sacrifices in order to place himself in it. A company of Highlanders was hastily dispatched to take possession of it; while he himself, spite of wind and storm, followed them to Invergary, where he took up his quarters

for the night. When he now heard of the approach of General Cope he was so delighted that he exclaimed, as he was putting on his Highland brogues—the "laigh-heeled shoon" of the song—that before he unloosed them he should have come up with the English general.

Cope, however, having called a council of war to help him out of his perplexities, at last determined on turning aside to Inverness, instead of literally carrying out the instructions to proceed northwards, which had led him into this scrape. This was taking himself nicely out of the way of Charles's getting to Edinburgh; and when it was told the Prince, calling for a glass of brandy, he drank gaily to the health of "good Mr. Cope," expressing a wish that all the usurper's generals might prove as good friends to him as he had been. A dram of usquebaugh, a peculiar kind of spirit in much use there, was then ordered for each man, that he might join in the toast. It was done right willingly, as may be well believed, seeing that the spirit and the toast were both to their taste.

Thus refreshed and heartened up, the Prince now moved on towards Perth, an ancient city on the south-eastern bank of the river Tay, and formerly

the residence of the Scottish kings; his little army being constantly recruited by fresh accessions on its way. The Duke of Perth, who was among those that joined the Prince about this time, had just had the narrowest escape possible of spending the next few months in prison, instead of fighting for the old royal race. The government, aware of his disaffection, sent off a party to apprehend him. Captain Campbell, who commanded, went rather shabbily to work in the matter; for, calling upon the Duke in an apparently friendly manner, leaving his soldiers to follow, he actually allowed himself to be invited to dinner by his unsuspecting host, who had not the slightest idea of the business that had brought his guest there. The Duke was polite and hospitable, and they enjoyed themselves together till Campbell thought his troops had had time to come up; then rising, and drawing the Duke on one side, he very coolly told him he was a prisoner. Perth was staggered for a moment at the treachery of his guest; but, recovering himself, begged to be allowed to speak to a friend apart. The Captain readily granted this; upon which the Duke made his way to the kitchen, slipped out at a back door, and, hastily crossing the park just as the soldiers were entering the avenue in front, rode off

with a single servant right to the camp of the young Prince, leaving Captain Campbell to console himself by remembering that

> "'Tween cup and lip
> There's many a slip!"

Such a "slip" served Campbell perfectly right.

Plunder and disorder too often mark the progress of an army; but, to the praise of these "wild Highlanders" who thronged around Charles, it must be said that throughout the whole campaign there was a singular absence of anything of this kind among them. What they had they usually paid for, instead of taking it by force, as is sometimes done under such circumstances. The Highlanders of those days were very much in the habit of not knowing, or not recognising, the difference between their own property and that of their neighbours; but on this occasion it was their interest to abstain from giving offence in such ways; and to insure it the stern discipline of the chief, who possessed an almost unlimited power over his followers, was unflinchingly exercised. It is said that one of the Camerons, who persisted in plundering, spite of commands to the contrary, was shot by the chief himself.

Charles marched by his men in the Highland dress, and won their hearts, not only by thus sharing their fatigues, and sleeping like them on the ground, wrapped up Highland fashion in his plaid, but by speedily picking up little scraps of their language—the Gaelic it is called—and addressing them in it. He called for Scottish tunes, professed to like Scottish dishes, could stand a long march on foot of sixteen or seventeen miles as well as any of them; and his simple people were delighted to find that in their native prince they had no Italian milksop, but a hearty Scot.

On the 4th of September he entered Perth, took quiet possession of the town, where he was joyfully welcomed, and next day proclaimed his father as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. At the same time he published his father's commission appointing himself Regent of the kingdom.

At Perth he received some important additions to his followers, including Lord George Murray, who became one of his most distinguished generals. Lord George was brother of the Marquis of Tullibardine, one of the seven who accompanied Charles to Scotland, and who, from the place of their landing, were afterwards known as the "seven men of Moidart." *Men* they were indeed in their

devotion to him whom they deemed their lawful prince; for

"Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

Lord George Murray was not only an able commander, but one whose personal qualities were calculated to put heart and spirit into his men. In the fight his fine tall figure might be seen rushing on, sword in hand, at the head of his fiery Highlanders, into the very thickest of the enemy. He was not one who commanded his men to *go*, but who bade them *follow* him. The two words make a world of difference. This plan, it must be owned, would not well suit modern warfare, with its minié rifles, long ranges, and wonderful great guns, that can almost shoot round a corner. Here, usually, the best thing that a general can do is to sit on his horse quietly at a distance, issuing orders; and his most effectual weapon is his telescope. But it was just the way to lead Highlanders a century ago, for they trusted mainly to their good banging broadswords; and well they followed their gallant chief. Lord George also performed the additional service of bringing a considerable number

of his brother's tenantry into the field. Some of the clans, it is true, turned sturdy, and refused to arm at the command of their chiefs; and one of them, it is said, was in such a rage at the obstinacy of his people that, by way of punishment, he positively forbade their reaping their own corn, or suffering their beasts to eat it in the field. Strange to say, such was their habit of obedience, that there the wheat was left, till Charles hearing, as he rode along, the reason of this dismal sight of food wasting, dismounted, and himself pulling a good armful for his horse, told the people that they might safely get in their corn now, as he had set them the example. Such a story may give a good idea of the power of a Scottish chieftain of that time.

Charles raised a sum of £500 from the people of Perth. It was time to replenish his purse, for he is said to have made his triumphant entry into the city with only one guinea in his pocket. His Edinburgh friends also sent him money; while those who were not his friends contributed, through fear, what others had done for love. A party of the Macdonalds, who were scouring the country around Perth to see what they could pick up for him, made a most valuable prize at Dundee, where they seized two vessel-loads of arms and ammunition, and

confiscated them for the Prince's use. There was a twofold good involved in this capture; for while it strengthened their own cause, it weakened that of the enemy. Nor was the drilling of his somewhat raw recruits neglected during his eight days' stay here. A simple drill was that of the Highlanders; none of your modern "heads up," "toes out" kind of thing, but how to strike hard with the claymore, cover the body with the target, and then rush in, dirking the foe with the left hand, while the right wielded that terrible broadsword. They had muskets likewise, but always threw them away after the first volley, trusting to chance either to pick them up again, or to find fresh ones among the spoils of the vanquished enemy. Charles, accustomed to more orderly evolutions, could not help smiling occasionally at the extraordinary manœuvres of what he pleasantly called his "stags;" taking care, however, not to let the "stags" hear what he said. Here, too, the men were furnished for the approaching campaign with precisely the same provision as that which the rough-fighting Scots, who ravaged the north of England in Edward III.'s days, carried with them—each a bag of oatmeal. This mixed with a little water, and hastily baked on the ashes—nay, in an emergency eaten raw, just as it was—

formed sufficient nutriment for these Highland warriors. Even in these days, in some parts of Scotland, a popular dish is composed of oatmeal, well stirred up with boiling water. Troops who can feed in this way are not men to be easily beaten. Lighter matters also claimed Charles's attention in the good city of Perth; and one way of making himself agreeable to his new subjects—such the poor Prince deemed them—was by giving a ball to the ladies of the place. Proud and pleased were they, whoever they might be, who had the Stuart for a partner in the dance. But, alas! there is nothing perfect in this life; and, to the consternation of the white cockade-wearing ladies of this ancient town, the Prince, after going through a single dance, took his leave, to attend to the sterner duty of visiting his sentries.

Things here all looked bright and promising—increasing forces, trained in rather more soldierly fashion than they had been, replenished money bags, enthusiastic greetings! And so hopeful was the Young Chevalier that he bade a London tradesman, to whom, with others, he had granted a safe conduct for travelling through the disturbed districts, tell his friends in town that he expected to be among them in a couple of months.

CHAPTER IV.

THE city of Edinburgh stands finely. Its time-worn castle crowns a precipitous height, accessible only on one side, and from which a gradual slope, of a mile in length, leads to the ancient palace of Holyrood. The appearance of the city from a distance has been well described as that of a lion couchant, the town forming the recumbent body, and the castle, with its rocky base, representing the bold shaggy front of the beast. The surrounding country is picturesque, diversified with hill and valley; while the beautiful Firth of Forth, whose broad stream, at the time of which we are writing, lay nearly two miles to the north of Edinburgh, now almost washes its walls. Thitherwards, on the 11th of September, Charles moved his force from Perth; for it was a great object with him to gain possession of the capital of Scotland.

That little Highland army, winding its way through the country, then beginning to show the

first tints of autumn, must have presented a striking spectacle. It was composed of numerous clans. There were to be seen the gay plaids and the oak badges of the Camerons; the soberer green and simple heather-bell of the Macdonalds; the juniper sprig and dark tartan of the Murrays; the holly of the Drummonds; with other variously chequered plaids and philibegs, which, with the distinguishing badge of the family, pointed out the different Highland clans.

The badge was worn in the "bonnet"—not the monstrous thing, looking like the plumes of a hearse, that we pile up on the unfortunate heads of our Highland regiments; but a small, comfortable woollen cap, made either round, and slightly fulled into a band, or without band, and sloping away at top from the forepart—an excellent head-dress, and as useful by night as by day to the campaigner. A man could not make even a tolerable nightcap of these same hearse-plumes; while the genuine bonnet, pulled well down over the brows, and with a pair of fierce Highland eyes glaring under it, looks quite soldierly enough for action.

No fine military band regulated the steps and cheered the march of these bold mountaineers; no kettle-drums and trumpets had they; but screaming,

droning bagpipes poured out their wild strains, in a style infinitely more agreeable to a Highlander; for those uncouth sounds, which are utterly abominable to an Englishman, are, in his ears, the sweetest of all possible music. Their cavalry, of which they had a mere handful, exhibited just the common-place uniform of dark blue, turned up with red—English, or rather French fashion.

The route chosen by Charles was a roundabout one, which led him to a ford high up the Forth. Gardiner's dragoons had been posted here to prevent his passage, but they retreated on his advance. It would have been a much shorter road to cross lower down, but the Prince could not take it for fear of the men-of-war lying in the deep stream. Besides, he wished to give a wide berth to Stirling Castle, which overlooked the winding of the Forth, while its guns did something worse than over-look the river: they actually swept the bridge over which the Prince's army must have passed but for this circuitous route. On returning towards the capital along the eastern bank of the river, after crossing the ford, the insurgents passed so near Stirling Castle that they were fired upon from the walls, and several shots fell within a few yards of the Prince. The march occupied several days.

The first night a halt was called near Dumblane, in whose neighbourhood was fought, during the insurrection of 1715, that battle of Sheriffmuir, the gaining of which was claimed by both parties, while each in their secret soul thought, with shame, that they had lost it. Passing by Doune, then the ford, and over the celebrated field of Bannockburn, near which they camped, brought them to Falkirk. Here they bivouacked for the night in the broom fields, Charles being the guest of the Earl of Kilmarnock, at Callander House. Linlithgow was their next halting-place, where Charles, expecting that the dragoons, who had continued slowly retreating before him at a respectful distance of half a dozen miles, would turn and withstand him, prepared for a skirmish. The dragoons, however, continued to execute their favourite military movement of a retreat, so that there was nothing to bar the Prince's entrance into Linlithgow, by whose inhabitants he was warmly welcomed. The provost, or chief magistrate of the town, though in his heart wishing well to Charles, had, indeed, taken himself off before the Prince entered; but his wife and daughters made some amends for his lack of zeal by wearing tartan, and mounting the white cockade, and, thus loyally attired, kissing the Prince's hand.

Whether the old gentleman had desired them to pay the homage he dared not, or whether, when he came back again, he would scold them heartily for running him into danger (for now and then papas and husbands suffer for the misdoings of their wives and children), there is no knowing. Charles was afterwards right royally entertained at the palace, an ancient structure, where Mary of Scotland was born —that unfortunate queen whose very birth was greeted with lamentation instead of rejoicing; for when told that he had a daughter, her father groaned out that "the kingdom came with a lass, and would go with a lass!"

That night the insurgents camped within twelve miles of Edinburgh; the next morning's march brought them ten miles nearer, and then the thing began to look serious.

Edinburgh was by no means so well affected to the Prince as was his good city of Perth; and the town being miserably prepared for defence, the inhabitants were in a terrible fright when they heard that he was coming. People ran hither and thither, dragged about a few useless cannon, and held meetings, and raised volunteer corps, whose courage, like that of the bold dragoons, "oozed out at the palms of their hands" on Charles's near approach.

One gentleman led out his company briskly enough; but ere they had gone far, unfortunately turning his head to see if others were following his valiant example, lo! his own troop had disappeared, leaving him to proceed, if he liked, almost "alone in his glory." There was no standing this sort of thing.

Those in the city who were opposed to the Prince comforted themselves by thinking that Cope, who was now on his slow way back from the Highlands, might, after all, arrive before the enemy. His troops, also, had, of course, to cross the Firth of Forth to reach Edinburgh, and vessels had been sent for to convey them; but the wind being contrary, many anxious eyes were directed to vanes and weather-cocks, in hopes of seeing them veer round to the right direction; and their fears were in no degree allayed by the arrival, rather hurried than otherwise, of some of Cope's dragoons, who had again modestly retired at first sight of the Prince's advanced guard. At last, when it was known that the Prince and his Highland men were actually within a few miles of the city, the fire-bell was hastily rung, and a meeting called together to decide whether they should resist, or give up the city quietly. While they were discussing the matter, to their consternation, in came a messenger

bearing a letter from Charles, in which he demanded their immediate surrender. If a bombshell had fallen among them they could not have been more startled, and it was at once determined to send a deputation to the Prince to entreat for time to think about it. Nobody seemed to have a spark of courage on this occasion. The dragoons, in whom they had put such trust, were about the greatest cowards of all. They and the town guard had been posted about a mile from the city, at a place called Colt-bridge. The cavalry were drawn up in the form of a crescent, under their colonel, Gardiner, who, being in feeble health, is described as muffled up in a blue great coat, with a handkerchief tied over his head underneath his cocked hat. A Highland skirmishing party, riding up to have a look at the soldiers, popped their pistols at them as a thing of course. Instantly, round wheeled these red-coated heroes, heedless of their officers' endeavours to make them stand their ground; scampered off as fast as they could; and never drew bridle till they had placed some miles between themselves and their imaginary pursuers.

The Edinburgh people, peering anxiously from their almost defenceless walls, had the satisfaction of seeing their protectors execute this masterly

retreat, which was afterwards ludicrously known as the "Canter of Colt-brigg." As might be expected, when they knew of what poor stuff their soldiers were made, they lost heart altogether; and when it was put to the vote, "Defend the town or not," all except two said, "Not." Some gentlemen were accordingly sent to the Prince to propose conditions of surrender. The Prince, in reply, gave them to understand that the declarations which he had already issued in his own name, and that of his father, were quite sufficient; and if they wanted other terms they were not likely to get them. Once or twice they went and came on their fruitless errand; and at the last time of returning, the Cameron Highlanders, taking advantage of the Netherbow Port being opened to admit the carriage, rushed in, seized the gate and the guard, and the city was theirs in a trice. Pouring in, they spread themselves through the streets, and by five in the morning had mustered strong in the Parliament Close, the castle still remaining in the hands of the garrison.

It was done very quietly. As one describes it, they simply relieved guard. And some queer guards they got, too; for an old Highlander appointed to this duty was afterwards found solemnly

astride a cannon (the "musket's mother," in his country speech), by way of fulfilling his notion of what keeping guard was.

The Lowlanders—Edinburgh is in the Lowlands—had never particularly loved their Highland neighbours, and, now that they had become their masters, liked them less than ever. Not that the conquerors, if we must give them that name, particularly misconducted themselves, though it is said that sundry "bawbees"—that is, halfpennies—and pinches of snuff were extorted from the trembling citizens, not at the point of the bayonet, but at the muzzle of their rude firelocks, by the Highland soldiery. But then they were dirty and ragged, and talked Gaelic, instead of broad Scotch; they were ill-armed, many of them with rusty pikes, instead of decent, soldierly muskets, a circumstance that rendered their easy capture of the city more provoking. And, to sum up all, they *were* their masters for the time being; and that in itself was quite enough to render them "disgustful" to the Royalist citizens, had they been twenty times more civilised than life in the hills and wilds had left them.

At eight in the morning the Prince rode forward to enter his capital, the remainder of his army being camped between Salisbury Craggs and

Arthur's Seat. He was accompanied by the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho; and in order to keep clear of the castle guns, the castle being still held for government by General Guest, took his route south of the town, and at a little distance from it. His approach to Holyrood was by a path formerly a favourite one with James II. of England, when Duke of York; and vast numbers flocked to see him, and cheer him to his heart's content. He was in Highland dress, wearing a tartan coat; a blue sash embroidered with gold; a green velvet bonnet, with gold band and white cockade; red velvet breeches; and the jack-boots worn by the cavalry of that period. By his side was a silver-hilted broad-sword, and Highland pistols peeped out from their usual lurking-place in his sash. His appearance, both by friend and foe, is spoken of as being striking and prepossessing. His figure was tall and well made, "as straight as a lance," the face oval and slender, fresh-complexioned, with small mouth, high nose, and well-arched eyebrows. One would like to add the colour of his eyes to complete the portrait; but as one historian says they were brown, and another light blue, one cannot altogether decide between the two positively, though our own leaning is in favour of the light-blue assertion. He wore a

light-coloured, flowing wig, with which his own fair hair mingled harmoniously. Altogether the Prince—"bonnie Prince Charlie"—was as handsome a fellow as one may see on a summer's day. But there was something more than beauty to attract the gaze of his faithful Scots. They traced, or thought they traced, in his features, the lineaments of his great ancestor, Robert Bruce; and while the air rang again with their shouts, their deeper feelings were expressed by the kisses, nay, even the tears, which were bestowed on the very boots of the Young Chevalier. No wonder that he smiled with pleasure on such affecting demonstrations of loyalty and love.

After enjoying it for a short space he took horse again, and, surrounded by a guard of aged Highlanders, moved on to the palace of his ancestors. Just as he set foot on its threshold, the troops in the castle, anxious to spoil sport if possible, levelled a gun at him, and the ball hitting one of the towers, brought down a shower of stones and mortar about the ears of those in the courtyard. That, however, was the amount of the mischief. Nobody was the worse for it. The Prince passed on unmoved; and a grey-haired gentleman, named Hepburn, stepping forward at that moment, flashed out his broadsword,

and, raising it on high, thus preceded him up the stairs of the palace.

Towards noon a movement might have been seen in the neighbourhood of the Town Cross of Edinburgh, for thither the interest was now tending. James VIII. was to be proclaimed, and the Highlanders having caught the real, genuine heralds, tabards and all, the ceremony was performed with all solemnity. There, with a guard of Camerons three deep round the ancient structure, it was declared, amid shouts and waving of kerchiefs, that James VIII., King of Scotland, England, Ireland, and France, greeted his loving subjects; and pitying their sufferings and degradation under a foreign usurper—so George II. was styled—was come in the person of his son to their rescue, forgiving all treasons against himself, save to such as should now oppose him in arms, and promising rewards to those who should aid him. Further, it was commanded that all his loyal people from the age of sixteen to sixty should immediately repair to his standard, and that those who had collected any public money for the government of the Elector of Hanover should at once yield it up to him, its lawful owner. Numbers accordingly did flock to the standard there and then; perhaps the more

so that Mrs. Murray, the wife of him who was afterwards Charles's secretary, and an exceedingly beautiful woman, sat on horseback by the Cross, distributing the white cockade—the Stuart badge—to such as were ready to pledge themselves to the Prince's service.

In the evening a ball was given in Holyrood Palace, and Scottish royalty for a brief space seemed revived again. Charles was able to give rather more time to the ladies of Edinburgh than he had been at liberty to bestow on those of Perth; and there was a gay throng that night at Holyrood. But all have passed away, and Prince and subjects alike lie in their quiet graves.

The brave doings at the Cross, and brief splendour of the old halls of Holyrood, were all very well; but there was rougher work in the background. That unfortunate General Cope, with his thrice-valiant dragoons, the heroes of the "Colt-brigg Canter," was hovering about, in hopes of falling in with the insurgents somewhere or other, and getting a chance of a "brush" with them at last. He was soon to have it, and Preston Pans was to be the scene of the encounter.

The Prince, whose troops had not only been increased in number, but refreshed by abundant

food, clothing, and other necessaries during their stay in the city, hearing of Cope's approach, marched out to meet him. Drawing his sword as he placed himself at the head of the column, Charles exclaimed, "I have flung away the scabbard;" and loud cheers greeted this welcome announcement. The two armies came in sight of each other on the 20th of September, near the village of Preston Pans, which has its name from the number of salt pits in the neighbourhood. The Prince's army was drawn up on a gentle eminence, having that of Cope in the plain before him, but separated from them by what appeared to be a perfectly impassable morass. The General had posted himself well. On his right hand was some ground inclosed by stone walls, six or seven feet high, between which ran the road to Preston. The ground in front was surrounded by a deep ditch full of water, a marsh stretched away to the left, and the sea was at his back. All seemed as snug as possible. The two armies looked at each other for a while, cheered (the winners of the Colt-brigg race distinguished themselves particularly at this exercise), and then, after trying to outmanœuvre each other, as night came on they lay there on their arms. The Royalists bade "good night" to their friends over the

way by throwing a few cannon shot among some of the Prince's people who had taken military possession of the churchyard of Tranent.

Admiring each other's position, however, was poor work for men who had come to fight out their quarrel. And yet *how* to get at General Cope over that quagmire? Fortunately for the Prince, a gentleman in his army, of the name of Anderson, was well acquainted with this ground, having frequently hunted over it; and, mentioning what he knew to a friend, the information was thought so important that the Prince was waked up from the bundle of peas-straw on which he was sleeping, to be told of it. Anderson's report of there being a path by which the morass might be crossed was found, on examining the field, to be correct; so the Highlanders were roused from their plaids among the stubble, formed in column, and, stealing along in the dark of an early September morning, at dawn found themselves safe at the other side of the morass. It was not a particularly easy transit, scrambling and floundering about in mud and water. The Prince himself, in attempting to leap a ditch, came down on his knees, and had to be dragged up by one of his aides-de-camp.

The two armies, now on the point of closing, were

very differently equipped for the coming struggle. The Royalists, superior in numbers, were so also in cavalry, in artillery, and other arms. Against Cope's six field-pieces the insurgents could only set one ridiculous gun, drawn in a cart by little Scotch ponies, and of no earthly use whatever, save that its discharge announced the march or halt of the host. Charles, who knew what civilised warfare was, would fain have left this cumbrous and inoffensive weapon behind; but his Highlanders would by no means lose their artillery. The greater number of his men were of course accoutred, Highland fashion, with that terrible broadsword, pistols, firelocks of various kinds, dirk, and target. These were formed in the first line; but there were many who had no better weapon than a sort of quarter-staff or cudgel. One officer armed his troops with scythes fastened to long poles; and terrible execution did these innocent agricultural tools perform. The second line was composed of those thus imperfectly armed.

But "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." We shall see how this affair, where the advantage was apparently so much on the Royalists' side, ended.

In drawing up the Prince's army some little

difficulty occurred, owing to the Macdonalds insisting on their forming the right wing. The Stuarts and Camerons thought they had an equally good claim to this post of honour; and some time was spent in quarrelling before the latter showed themselves the more sensible fellows, by ceasing to contest the point. They preferred doing their duty to their prince to squabbling about their own fancied superiority; so the Macdonalds were humoured with the best place, and then there was nothing to hinder the fighting out of the matter. The officers repaired to their several commands; Charles in front of the second line, bidding his friends follow him, and with God's blessing he would that day make them "a free and happy people."

The advance was made by the first line of the Prince's army, consisting of about twelve hundred men. These at first crawled forward on their knees, as though they were stalking deer, hoping, though not much caring about it, to surprise the enemy. They were perceived by his videttes, who at first, in the dusk, thought it was a hedge that they saw. Hedges, however, usually stand still, and the slow movement of this dark line soon convinced these gentlemen of their mistake; so, firing their pistols to give the alarm, they fell back on their main

body. That moment up sprang the hedge, and, with Lord George Murray at its head, rushed on at such a pace as scarcely left the Royalists time to form. Those dragoons—we know what sort of fellows they were—were soon brushed aside, and at once the fierce Highlanders were at the infantry. According to their mode of fighting, they threw one withering volley into the very faces of the enemy; then dashed into their midst, cutting right and left with the broadsword, catching bayonet points in the target, and, thus entangling them, slipped under, and plunged their dirks into the bodies of the foe.

The cavalry, as we have said, could not stand for a moment before this attack. They not only turned, but fled as rapidly as they did at Colt-brigg, and with rather better reason. Could hard riding have won the day, it had been theirs. Not even could their colonel, the brave old Gardiner, bring them to the charge; and the other regiment, Hamilton's, ran after them for company. The infantry had better stuff in them than these pitiful horsemen. A mere handful of them were seen fighting desperately, with their backs to Gardiner's park wall; and the colonel, deserted by his own men, rode up to head them, exclaiming, "Those brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a com-



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mander." But, after cheerily bidding them "fire away, and fear nothing," he was almost instantly brought down by one of those dreadful scythes, and then the men gave way. The rout was total, and almost instantaneous. Four or five minutes swept the whole royal force off the field so completely, that the second line of Highlanders, under the Prince himself, though charging at a run, could not get up in time to have a single stroke at the enemy. The Prince would fain have headed the first line; but his was a life too valuable to be risked in that way, and he yielded to the wishes of those about him, who cared for him more than he did for himself.

The Royalists ran helter-skelter, flinging away their arms on every side. Cope made an attempt to rally his cavalry, but it was useless. He was borne off with them; and away they clattered, ducking, to avoid the shot that came whizzing after them. It was in vain the poor general tried to subdue one fear by means of another and more pressing one. With his pistol at some of their stupid heads, he at last frightened them into making a stand at a considerable distance from the field of battle; but it was only for a minute. Suddenly, pop went one of their own pistols by accident, and instantly off they set again, carrying him with them. Nor did

they stay till, straining at full speed up the High Street of Edinburgh, they were brought up by the castle gates. Here—and it served them right—they were refused admission, General Guest threatening to fire upon the dastards if they did not take themselves off as quickly as they had come. Cope, whose own soldiers sneered at him, it is said, made his way through the Highlanders with a white cockade in his hat, and finally got away to England, where he was the first to bring the news of his own discomfiture. For this he was afterwards unmercifully quizzed by the Jacobites. One of their old songs drolly tells the story of his vaunting and ridiculous defeat.

"It was upon an afternoon
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town;
He says, 'My lads, come get you down,
And we 'll fight the boys in the morning.'

"But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gads,*
O Johnie took fright in the morning.

"Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,
Just as ill luck had been his guide;
Gie him the world, he 'd not have staid
To have fought the boys in the morning.

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* Gads—ox-goads.

"Say the Berwickers unto Sir John,
'O what's become of all your men?'
'In faith,' says he, 'I dunna ken;
I left them a' this morning.'

"Says Lord Mark Kerr, 'Ye are no blate
To bring us the news of your own defeat;
I think you deserve the back of the gate:
Get out of my sight this morning!'"

The whole being wound up with a sort of triumphant chorus of—

"Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye waken yet,
Or are ye sleeping, I would wit?
O haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat;
O fie, Cope, rise in the morning!"

The panic of the royal troops on this occasion is quite unaccountable, and almost incredible. One slip of a Highland lad was brought before Charles as having slain fourteen soldiers. When asked if it were indeed so, he replied simply that he did not know whether he had killed them, but he had cut down fourteen of them with his sword. Another Highlander, pursuing some half-dozen or so of the enemy along the road to Preston, which ran between the stone walls, suddenly hallooed to them, "Down with your arms!" enforcing his command by a good sword stroke at the last of them. Down went their arms at once; and then, when

quite defenceless, they had the pleasure of finding out that they had been "surrounded" and taken prisoners by one man, who with sword and pistol at their backs drove them on before him.

The formidable appearance of the king's army when, as the morning mists rolled away, the early sunshine sparkled on their arms, and showed in a moment their compact, well-ordered array, had rather disheartened some of the Highland officers, so that their unexpected and complete success cheered them all up amazingly. The Prince was seen after the battle standing by his horse, to which his cuirass was attached, in the highest possible spirits. In allusion to the Highland custom of throwing down the plaid before charging, in order to leave the limbs unfettered, he exclaimed laughingly, "My Highlanders have lost their plaids;" these being, of course, left behind in the peas-straw, where he and they had reposed so luxuriously the night before. His dress on this occasion was that of any ordinary officer, consisting of a coarse plaid, scarlet waistcoat, with narrow gold lace, and a large blue bonnet; his boots and knees bearing traces of his tumble into the ditch.

Both he and his officers did all they could to

check the slaughter of the enemy so soon as the battle was fairly at an end. Lochiel, the chief of the Camerons, sprang on a swift race-horse of his, and, riding through the field, "like an arrow," to restrain his men, saved many lives. The prisoners, of whom there were great numbers, and the wounded, were treated with the utmost humanity. It was noon before the Prince left the spot, where he had remained giving directions for the care of the wounded of both armies, for whose assistance he had sent off to Edinburgh for surgeons; and when surrounded on that ghastly moor with the the dead and dying, one of his followers said to him exultingly, "Sir, there are your enemies at your feet," his only reply was one of pity for his father's poor deluded subjects. Having attended to the wants of others, Charles had leisure to think of his own, and lunched cheerfully where he was, it is said, on Cope's cold beef and wine. His dinner the day before was coarse broth and meat. To drink the broth he, the Duke of Perth, and another officer, had only two wooden spoons; while they were compelled to cut up the meat of which it was made, with a butcher's knife, and feed themselves with their fingers. These being the hotel accommodations of the little village inn of Tranent.

Lord George Murray ably seconded the Prince in his care for the wounded prisoners, showing himself as humane as he was brave. Indeed, it has been said that none but cowards are cruel! Even the common men showed a spirit that could scarcely have been expected from "wild Highland men," as their Lowland and English neighbours were pleased to call them. Some of these poor fellows were seen, after the battle, running off to one of the neighbouring villages to procure cordials for their wounded enemies. One king's soldier who was badly hurt, was carried to a place of safety on the stout back of a Highlander, who, when he had set him down, gave him a sixpence to pay for his lodging.

As for plunder, that of course was all fair game; nobody could be expected to refrain from that, and there were some droll things in connection with this plundering. Ragged Highland men and boys were strutting about in the fine laced clothes and cocked hats of the English officers. Some chocolate found among the General's baggage was hawked about by these simple folk from the hills, as "Johnny Cope's salve." One Highlander, who had possessed himself of a gold watch, sold it the day after for a small sum, remarking triumphantly,

on the close of the bargain, that the "creature had died the night before." Of course the sagacious vendor knew nothing about winding up a watch, and the fact was that it had run down for want of it; while another was at the pains of carrying off upon his back, to his distant home among the hills, a large military saddle. What on earth he would do with it when he got it there, one cannot possibly conjecture. Only imagine a little Highland pony under so ponderous a machine!

The victory being fairly gained, the Cameron Highlanders marched back into Edinburgh to the Jacobite tune of "The king shall enjoy his own again." One may fancy how the pipes would shriek and scream till their wind-bags were nearly burst. In their tumultuous joy some of the Highlanders fired small salutes from their muskets. Unluckily one of them, in his delirium, had either popped a ball into his piece, or, being loaded, had forgotten to draw this part of the charge before letting it off; and the shot grazed the brow of an enthusiastic Jacobite lady, who from her balcony was welcoming the victorious troops. Recovering from the momentary insensibility caused by the blow, her first words were, "Thank God, it has happened to one of my well-known principles! Had it been to a Hano-

verian, people would have said it was done on purpose." That was a fine spirit,—for either man or woman.

The Prince spent the night at Pinkie House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweedale, and not far from the scene of action, reserving his formal entry into Edinburgh for the next day.

CHAPTER V.

The day after the battle of Preston Pans, or of Gladsmuir, as it is also called, that being the name of the heath, Charles, with the remainder of his army, made his triumphal entry into Edinburgh again. The long files of rejoicing Highlanders were followed by an imposing array of prisoners, and the much-prized treasure of seven standards of the vanquished host. Few people in this world are satisfied. With the entire defeat of the King's troops, and the capture of so many standards, it might be thought the Prince would have been well content; but he was not. He wanted to have had *all* the royal standards.

His reception by the people of Edinburgh, however, was one that left him no cause of complaint. They flocked around him with shouts of joy; and again, a second time, was his father, as James VIII. of Scotland, and James III. of England, proclaimed at that old High Cross. There was some reason for

this. The first proclamation asserted a *right*; the second, something very like a fact, so far, at least, as Scotland was concerned; for the recent victory had laid almost the whole of that kingdom at his feet, while in England, those who cared for it, were beginning rather to tremble for the Hanoverian succession. Edinburgh was not the only place where the restoration of the old Stuart line was formally proclaimed. The ceremony was performed in almost all the towns in Scotland. At Aberdeen, the provost, a staunch Hanoverian, refusing to drink King James's health at the ceremonial, had the glass of wine poured down his breast: an indignity of which that loyal man afterwards complained bitterly. He would have almost preferred a slash with one of the broadswords held over him, as that would have been something respectable to complain of. More substantial benefit accrued to the Prince from the taxes and other public dues being now levied for him. Glory was pleasant, but money was the "sinews of war."

Public rejoicings for his victory were forbidden on account of the great slaughter of his father's subjects—so of course he deemed them—who had fallen in arms against him; but on the evening of this eventful day Charles received his friends again

at the palace, and again those long-deserted halls put on their old royal appearance. Being thus apparently reinstated at Holyrood, the Prince did all in his power to reassure such of the citizens and Scottish people generally as had not embraced his cause, and to do away with any impression that they might have of his being there by conquest. He himself called it coming "home;" and he wished them to regard it in the same light. So he put out various proclamations, promising, as before, pardon to all who had taken up arms against him, provided that within a certain time they came in to make their submission. The bankers, who had fled, money-bags and all, to the castle, were invited to return and carry on their business as usual; and the clergy of the city, whether friendly to the Stuart or not, were desired to continue their ordinary ministrations. The only stipulation was that they should not pray, as formerly, for King George by name, but simply, for "all Christian kings." These gentlemen were not, however, disposed to avail themselves of the Prince's consideration: most of them took themselves off, leaving their congregations to do the best they could without them. One Presbyterian minister, however (they were all Presbyterians of whom we are writing), named M'Vicar, stayed behind, and,

being close under the castle guns, ventured to pray for King George as before. He certainly, at the same time, complied with the Chevalier's request for the prayers of his Presbyterian subjects, but after a fashion which would not have been particularly acceptable to the Prince had he heard him. "As for this young man who is come amongst us, seeking an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in mercy to take him to Thyself, and give him a crown of glory." Charles had previously assured the clergy that, if they would only remain and attend to their duties, they should not be endangered by any imprudent language used in the pulpit; and the sincerity of his promise is evidenced by this singularly impertinent prayer passing unnoticed, though some Highland officers were present at the time.

The castle still held out against the insurgents, and occasioned no little trouble not only to the Prince, but to the townspeople. The Prince, by way of compelling the surrender of the garrison (for of course he did not like such neighbours), had absolutely forbidden all communication between it and the town. General Guest, whose provisions were brought in that way, in return threatened to clear the road with his cannon. The next thing

was some interchange of shots between the Highland sentries stationed to enforce Charles's command, and the troops on service in the castle. And then cannon *were* played down the street, and houses were set on fire, and all sorts of mischief done. There is a classical saying familiar to all schoolboys about "Scylla and Charybdis;" and there is a pungent Scottish proverb—"Between the deil and the deep sea"—which just means the same thing. And between the shots from the castle, intended for the Highlanders, and those which they returned to it, the unfortunate citizens were precisely in the condition indicated by these old sayings. They were literally between "two fires," which is the plain English of the other two phrases; and they did not at all like it. In fact, it was intolerable; the more so that at the same time they were getting peppered by an English vessel lying in Leith Roads. So, after some communications had passed between the General and Charles, touching this matter, the good-natured Prince relieved the poor harassed citizens by taking the blockade off the castle. He preferred leaving the fortress in the hands of his enemies, to causing distress and loss of life among those whom he deemed his own people.

Spite of the inconvenience and danger arising to them out of this blockade, while it lasted, it is said the citizens could not at times help laughing to see the Royalists and Highlanders hunting each other about; first one party, and then the other, popping out of their hiding-places, musket in hand, and then as quickly popping back again. No doubt each made game of the other on these occasions. How the Royalists "twitted" the Highlanders we do not know; but when the houses were flaring up, all a-light, the Highlanders took their revenge by calling out, "Look there at the Hanover moon! O that we could get at those fellows! We would soon make them fly to their holes again for shelter."

While Charles was in Edinburgh he was urged to send one of his Preston prisoners to London, to propose an exchange of the prisoners taken by both sides during the war. He was also pressed to add to his proposal a threat, that if it were not accepted, and if any of his followers, who fell into the hands of the English government, were put to death, he would do the same to such prisoners as he took. It was pleaded with him that, if he would only consent to this, one or two examples would be quite sufficient to make the Royalists consent to the exchange. Charles's reply to all this was worthy of a

prince. "It is beneath me," he said, "to make empty threats, and I will never put such as these into execution. I cannot, in cold blood, take away lives that I have saved in the heat of battle."

It is to be regretted that many of these prisoners behaved very shabbily in return for the humane and courteous treatment which they received. The officers among them were at first confined in the house of the Duke of Queensbury; but they were soon liberated on giving their word to mix no more in the quarrel, at least for a twelvemonth. One of them the very next day broke his promise, by going to the castle, which was still kept by General Guest. His comrades, fearing this would lead to greater restraints upon their own liberty, inveighed loudly against his dishonourable conduct; but most of them did the very same thing as soon as they got an opportunity. This was disgraceful. For any one to tell a lie is bad enough; but a peculiar disgrace is always supposed to attach to military men who break their *parole*, or word of honour. The reason for this is plain. If a man's word cannot be trusted, he must, when captured, be shut up closely in prison. To many of the private soldiers the Prince gave money to take them home; for he was now in better funds than he had been,

supplies having come from France, in addition to the sums of money which had been levied on various towns, or presented to him by his friends.

The city was also required to furnish six thousand pairs of shoes, two thousand targets, and one thousand tents for the use of his troops. He was anxious not only for the military efficiency, but for the comfort of his men. So, to oblige him, they condescended to use the tents; though, had they been left to follow their own tastes, they would much have preferred lying on the ground as usual, wrapped up in their plaids. Concerning these same tents there is a pleasing story told of the Prince. It seems there was some difficulty about furnishing the required number by the time appointed; so a gentleman was sent from Edinburgh to Pinkie House to see Murray, the Prince's secretary, on the matter. When he got there, Murray was nowhere to be found; upon which Charles, hearing what was amiss, at once desired the messenger to be brought to him, saying he would rather attend to the business himself than detain the gentleman; with whom he most accommodatingly arranged the affair.

During the Prince's six weeks' stay in Edinburgh his time was spent uniformly enough. A levée

for his friends and officers was the first business of the day; then came a meeting of his council. It was sometimes long, and not very harmonious. When that broke up he dined in public with his officers, freely, on these occasions, admitting even the lower order of people to see him; a condescension with which they were not a little pleased. A small matter makes royal popularity. After dinner he rode to his camp at Duddingstone, a mile south-east of Edinburgh, sometimes preferring a tent and his plaid for the night there, to the more stately four-posters and heavy velvet hangings of a palace bedroom. In the evening a drawing-room was frequently held at the palace; and after the public had been admitted to see him at supper, as at dinner, the day was wound up by a ball. At these entertainments his dress was such as became his rank. Sometimes it was national, a rich silk tartan, and those same crimson velvet breeches of which we have already heard. Occasionally he appeared in an English court dress, very like that which may now be seen any drawing-room day in St. James's Street, and wearing the star and other decorations of the Order of the Garter. The cross of the ancient Scottish Order of St. Andrew was also one of his common decorations. The motto of this

order is, *Nemo me impune lacessit*—"No one injures me with impunity;" and for a while the poor Prince made it good.

Charles did not dislike his Holyrood life, and would sometimes jestingly say that, when he came to the throne, Scotland should be his Hanover, and Holyrood his Herenhausen. This was in allusion to King George's well-known preference for his German dominions and palace; a preference that was not particularly agreeable to his English subjects. Kings are much to be pitied. Every one of us has often, of course, to conceal his own feelings and tastes, out of consideration for those of others. Not to do so would show an unformed and selfish character. But above all others must royal personages do this. Their subjects' fancies, not their own, nor even their most sacred feelings, must guide their conduct.

Still, though this mixture of court and camp life was not unagreeable to Charles, he longed for more prompt and active exertion in his great undertaking to win back his father's crown. After his brilliant success at Preston, he was anxious to make his way into England with all speed. Had he followed his own impetuous will, and marched thither at once, while the panic into which he had thrown the

whole country was fresh, it might have been the better for his cause; but he was overruled by his leading officers, who found out all sorts of reasons why he should not do so—reasons to which he was forced to yield, whether he thought them good ones or not. Here, again, we see that kings and princes cannot do as they will. Indeed, some of Charles's friends would fain have had him be content with Scotland alone, which he had now pretty well secured, and leave England to itself. The Prince was indignant at this proposition. Indeed, a couple of sovereigns to our little island of Great Britain would, in these modern times, have been like "two bites at a cherry;" and his advisers at length reluctantly came into his views. It was, however, only his spirited declaration that go he would, though he went alone, that induced them to give way. Even the common Highlanders had a strange superstition against crossing the "border," as the line of separation between the two countries was called; so that it is said to have cost Charles, on one occasion, an hour and a half's hard talking to induce them to advance in the dreaded direction. The boundary once passed, they drew their swords with an exulting shout; but as in unsheathing his weapon one of their chiefs cut his hand, the elated

spirits of the clansmen instantly sank again; for to their superstitious minds such an accident foreboded ill-success to their Prince's enterprise.

The Prince's army was, however, benefited by this delay, and marched out of Edinburgh southwards, in much better condition than it had marched in. The order for this eventful march was given on the evening of the 31st of October, when Charles left Holyrood, spending the night at Pinkie House, about half a dozen miles from the city. His army left Edinburgh next day. Besides the large addition to his Highland infantry received there, he had also got together some very respectable cavalry, a force in which he had been much wanting before. Had he had it at Preston, that victory would have been much more crushing to the Royalists. When an army, great or small, is in full flight, it adds amazingly to the speed and distraction of its troops, to have flying parties of horsemen dashing after them. The dragoons at Preston certainly did not require it. They could not have run much faster, or further, if they had had the finest cavalry in the world at their heels.

Charles's horse now consisted of a troop of life guards, commanded by Lord Elcho, eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss; hussars, under the Earl of

Kilmarnock; and the Angus horse, headed by Lord Pitsligo—about five hundred in all. The uniform of the life guards was blue and red. The others dressed as they best could—it was no time for standing on ceremony—and armed themselves as they pleased. Artillery had also been received from France; so that instead of the solitary "musket's mother," ignominiously dragged along in a cart, with which they began the campaign, they now boasted some civilised field-pieces, with trained artillerymen to work them. Baggage-wagons and horses brought up the rear.

In order to mislead Marshal Wade, who had been gathering together troops to keep him out of England, where the people were now in a regular fright, the Prince contrived to make it supposed that the Scots would enter it by way of Northumberland, while, in fact, they took the road to Cumberland, in two bodies, making right for Carlisle, where they were to meet. This stratagem succeeded so well that Wade, who was at Newcastle, watching that route as a cat would watch a mouse-hole, let them come in quietly the other way; so that the columns of the Scots' army all met comfortably near Carlisle on the 9th of November, the day appointed. What a state the old gentle-

man must have been in when he found how neatly they had given him the slip!

The main body of the army encamped on Brampton Heath, about eight miles from Carlisle. No time was lost in getting to work, as the garrison was at once summoned to yield—of course, as usual, to its lawful sovereign, James III. The answer was a discharge of shot from the castle. This not being considered at all encouraging, it was determined to make it surrender; and a party was marched out to Corby and Warwick Parks to cut wood for scaling-ladders and fascines. A fascine is a faggot, or tightly bound-up bundle of stout brushwood, and is used for various military purposes, such as filling up the ditch of a fortress, or for laying on marshy ground to enable troops to pass over. They then proceeded to open their trenches, breaking ground near what was called the Scots' Gate. A false report of Wade's being after them drew away a considerable portion of the besiegers for a few days, leaving a small force to carry on these operations before the castle. A heavy fire soon drove them back; but advancing again, under cover of a thick fog, they made a second attempt at the English Gate, which appeared to give better hopes of success. It was "all hands to the great cable."

They caught some of the country people, and set them to work a-digging; while the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho themselves, wrought in the trenches with their coats off, to hearten the men. When all their preparations were complete the attack was made in three places at once, the force that had been hunting Wade having now rejoined their companions. The vigour of this assault struck such terror into the inhabitants, that numbers of them jumped over the city walls, six feet high, and nearly as many broad: scrambled through the ditch, five feet wide; and made off for the open country, many of them being taken prisoners in the attempt. The garrison, exhausted with fatigue (the poor wretches had been seven days and nights on guard), and the inhabitants, frightened nearly out of their lives, between them compelled the governor, whose stout heart would have led him to stand some more hard knocks, to hang out the white flag, and seek terms of surrender. It is said that a threat of throwing red-hot shot into them, helped not a little to bring the garrison to so speedy a submission. But it was a mere threat; for the besiegers were actually afraid of firing a single gun, lest the Royalists should find out how miserably unfit for its purpose was their battering-train, which consisted, in truth, of four-

pounders—mere baby cannon! However, the castle being but a tumble-down sort of place, the threat answered its purpose; and city and fortress were yielded up to Prince Charles, the garrison being obliged to swear not to serve against him for a twelvemonth. The keys were formally presented to Charles at Brampton by the mayor and aldermen, who knelt before him as they surrendered their charge of the good city of Carlisle. The Duke of Perth, whose division was the first to enter, made himself as agreeable as possible to the discomfited Royalists, shaking hands with the soldiers, and calling them "brave fellows." He would have liked to enlist some of these "brave fellows" for the Prince's army, but did not prove very successful as a recruiting-officer. The inhabitants generally were well treated.

On hearing of the siege of Carlisle, Marshal Wade marched out his troops for its relief; but, like the king of France in the story-book, "marched back again." The weather was terrible: snow three feet deep; and those rough country roads, through which their poor weary feet managed to tramp something like a track, freezing, till stumbling among broken ice was the change from plunging in snow-drifts. The consequence of this slow, painful march was that Carlisle had fallen



PRINCE CHARLES RECEIVING THE KEYS OF CARLISLE.

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ere they could reach it; and in pitiable plight they returned to Newcastle.

The insurgents lost only one man during the siege of this important town, whose capture proved a sad damper to the royal cause. The people of Whitehaven, a port on the Cumberland coast, who had been preparing for defence, changed their minds when they heard what had befallen Carlisle, and sent away their artillery on shipboard, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy. They had no fancy for having their own guns turned against them. So altogether there was a tolerably open road before the Prince to push his way further into England.

Two hundred men were left at Carlisle to keep what they had taken; and the rest of the army, amounting to between four and five thousand men, marched off on the 20th of November, shaping their course towards Lancashire, where the Prince confidently expected his friends would rise in his favour. For convenience of forage the march was performed in two divisions; the Prince, on foot, leading the second division, which was chiefly composed of Highlanders. He, at least a king's grandson, was as hardy as the best of them. One good meal at night, which did double duty, being at once

supper and dinner, sufficed him; and then, simply wrapped in his plaid, he would throw himself down for a few hours' sleep, rising again by four o'clock of those dark and frightfully cold November mornings, to pursue his march. For the weather was decidedly Hanoverian, and, by its unusual severity, did its best to stop him if he would have taken the hint. It is true he had a carriage; but in that he deposited one of his cavalry colonels, who was too old and feeble to bear the toils that Charles cheerfully shared with the very humblest of those who followed the red and white standard. How he must at this time have exultingly looked at its motto, "At length triumphant!"

Footing it in this fashion, twenty miles a day, soon wore out the soles of his royal shoes, and not having a second pair at hand, he was obliged to have one of them patched. A neighbouring blacksmith soon set the matter right for him by nailing a slip of iron over the hole; and the damage repaired, Charles said to him pleasantly, "I believe you are the first that ever shod the son of a king."

Passing rapidly by way of Kendal, Shap, and Lancaster to Preston, that town was entered on the seventh day after leaving Carlisle. The Prince was well received here. But Preston was rather

an ominous-sounding name to the Jacobites. They could not forget how Forster's incapacity or cowardice, or both, had there, thirty years before, led to the ruin of their cause, and the horrible heading and hanging of so many of their friends. They had a sort of superstition that now, as then, they should get no further; so, by way of putting that fancy out of their heads, Lord George Murray immediately marched a body of them over the bridge across the Ribble, and let them take up their quarters on the other side.

While here, a Scotch sergeant, who had had no luck at all in beating up for recruits in the town, asked his captain's leave to go at once by himself and try his fortune at Manchester, which was considered particularly well affected to the Stuarts. As might be expected, with a rebuke for his folly, the captain bade him return to his troop. Upon this the sergeant thought proper to take what is called "French leave," and set off on foot, attended by a drummer, and having a girl, who, like many others, had mounted the white cockade, in their company. They walked all night, entering Manchester next morning, when the drum was clamorously beaten, and the Prince's service boldly proposed to the lads and men who crowded won-

derisively round the strangers. It was at first taken for granted that the army was close at the heels of this singular advanced guard; but when it became known that it was still a day's march behind, the increasing throng was disposed to lay hands on the bold sergeant, and carry him off to jail, drum and all. Sergeant Dickson was, however, by no means disposed to acquiesce in these intentions for his personal accommodation. So he betook himself to his arms; and menacing the crowd with his loaded musket, with which he assured them he would blow their brains out if they touched him, he managed to keep them at bay till some of the Jacobite townsfolk came to his rescue. They mustered strong—between four and five hundred; and making the mob, in their turn, give way, left the sergeant to follow his trade undisturbed, and the result was that he picked up nearly two hundred recruits. This little adventure gave rise to a joke against the Manchester people, whose town, it was said, had been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl!

CHAPTER VI.

So far, during his progress in England, things had gone pretty smoothly for Charles. He had met with no formidable opposition. Still, his reception had not been such as he had expected, seeing that the north of England had always been reckoned peculiarly attached to his family and cause. Very few persons of any note had joined him; and as for the common people they hung back, unaccountably as it appeared. On his march from Preston to Manchester they would turn out in crowds to see him and his little army pass, and even go so far as to give him their good wishes. But when arms were offered to them, that they might strike a blow for him whom they called their prince, they would not touch them, protesting they did not understand fighting. With them, as with many of us when the time comes for action, it was *words*, not *deeds*. Words cost nothing; deeds involve labour and self-sacrifice.

[illegible] reason, however, why Charles was rather coolly received was, that the common people were sadly frightened of his "wild Highlanders;" just as, some centuries before, their ancestors had been of the "wild Welshmen." They had formed the most ridiculous notions of their fellow-subjects from the far north, and it was no easy matter to beat these out of their heads. A story had been spread about of the Highlanders having fierce dogs trained to fight in their ranks, and it was asserted that these creatures had turned the day in their favour at Preston Pans. Further, it was affirmed that the masters of those terrible beasts were not altogether human in form, being furnished with frightful claws in the place of hands; while some of the trembling English went so far in their belief of the perfectly savage character of their tartan-wearing invaders as to imagine that they ate children! One of the chiefs, Cameron of Lochiel, he who had so humanely treated the first prisoners taken among the Highland fastnesses, entering his quarters in the evening, was met by the woman of the house, who, throwing herself on her knees before him, entreated him with tears to take her life, but spare that of her little ones. He asked her what in the world she meant. Was the woman mad? And then out came

the truth from the weeping mother—that everyone said the Highlanders usually lived upon children! He assured her that neither he nor his friends would hurt either her or anybody else. She was hardly persuaded to believe him; but when at last she was satisfied that he spoke truly, she opened the door of a cupboard, where she had concealed her little ones, saying, "Come out, children; the gentleman will not eat you!" Nor was this a solitary case. In the neighbourhood of Carlisle the children had been sent away, to save them from being gobbled up by the Highlanders. What an image of a Scot from the northern hills must these poor people have conjured up—a clawed, child-eating monster! No wonder that they were astounded when they saw the shaggy-looking, half-dressed Highlanders, even though there was a mistake about the claws, contentedly eating oatmeal stir-about, instead of ordering the fattest child to the spit, and pulling off their bonnets to say grace before the simple food, "as if they had been Christians!"

Charles, however, was not a man to be daunted by half-hearted friends. His hopes were high, and, notwithstanding some little disappointment at our English want of zeal on his behalf, those hopes were far from being groundless. Nay, they were,

in fact, much more reasonable than he, poor man, ever knew, as we shall presently see.

The adventurous sergeant, who had taken possession of Manchester, was next day followed by the whole army. First, betimes in the morning, came a small party of horsemen, who fixed upon the house of a Mr. Dickenson, in Market Street, for the accommodation of their master—a building which, being afterwards converted into an inn, was, from this circumstance of the Prince having lodged there, known as the Palace. Charles himself arrived in the afternoon, with bagpipes playing, and his Highland guard about him. He wore light-coloured tartan—most probably the royal Stuart, which is gay and bright in its appearance, the ground being white, with chequers of red, purple, black, and green—a blue military sash, a light-coloured wig—an article without which, in those days, no gentleman was considered fully dressed—and Highland bonnet with white cockade.

"Business first, and pleasure afterwards:" that is the right way of going to work. So the townspeople were at once ordered to pay all public dues to the Prince's secretary, Mr. Murray; and in the evening there were great rejoicings, with illuminations, bonfires, and merry peals from the church

bells. Some of these rejoicings were sincere, others not so. At the beautiful old collegiate church, now the cathedral of Manchester, one clergyman fearlessly preached a sort of thanksgiving sermon for the safe arrival of the Prince; for which, of course, he lost his place at the earliest opportunity. Others, it is said—but the thing sounds too ridiculous to be true—fearful of injuring themselves with the reigning powers, and yet not indisposed to stand well with the Prince, who *might*, after all, be one day their sovereign, would not see him when they had an audience, but "hallooed" out what they had to say, through a silk curtain, on one side of which sat their royal visitor, on the other stood their "noble selves." It *may* be true: when people are frightened they often do very absurd things.

The recruits obtained by the redoubtable Dickson, together with some others, were now formed into a corps, called the Manchester regiment. They were dressed in blue uniforms, with plaid sashes and white cockades, and were placed under the command of Francis Townley, a Lancashire gentleman of good family. Among the officers under Colonel Townley were the three sons of Dr. Deacon, a physician in the town. All these were full of life and zeal for the cause in which they had engaged.

But alas for the changes in this world! It was not long, before, according to the brutal custom of that day, the ghastly, severed heads of most of these were affixed to various public buildings in London and the country. Those of Thomas Deacon, and another officer named Syddal, were sent to their native town to be displayed on the Exchange. There they were seen by the aged father of Deacon; who, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, reverently bowed himself before this sad relic of his child, thanking God for having given him a son willing to die for his prince. As long as this dreadful spectacle of the mutilated remains of their fellow-townsmen was presented to the eyes of the Manchester people, it was the custom of the Jacobites reverently to salute them when passing.

Charles's situation seemed now rather critical. The whole nation had been roused into alarm by his rapid progress, and troops were being gathered together in great numbers and all directions, in order to stop the Prince, if they could. Marshal Wade was creeping on his rear; the Duke of Cumberland, a young man of about the same age as Charles, and already distinguished as a commander, was ahead of him; while nobody knew

how large a force was being collected on Finchley Common, a few miles from London; some said thirty thousand. Of this, an army of itself, it was said the King talked of taking the command in person; but as it was also said that he had his yacht in readiness to sail off home again to Hanover if things went against him in the north, one does not know whether the Finchley report might not be mere bluster. Both could not well be true. Heading his troops, and skulking off to his beloved Herenhausen, are two such very different things. But what a panic the country was in! There was not only all this marching and counter-marching of the regular troops, but there were Hodge and Clodpole, Tom, Dick, and Harry, leaving their ploughtails and billhooks, and other farming gear, to don helmets and uniforms, much the worse for wear, and then hurrying to join the militia of their respective counties.

But Charles's cry was still "Forwards!" spite of regulars, and militia, and broken-down bridges, and other hinderances thrown in his way. One thing in his favour, and that of the little army so wonderfully striding along, as though both Scotland and England were its own, was, that he and his officers had the wit to keep their plans to themselves.

Nobody, even in their own ranks, knew more than an hour beforehand in which direction they were going to march; and it was impossible for the Royalists to be on the look out for him in every place at once. It is, of course, exceedingly interesting in war time for us to read in newspapers all about what our troops are going to do to the enemy; how they are going to smash them here, and actually swallow them up there; march north to-day, and south to-morrow; and a thousand other things that give us a complete peep into our own camp. But the mischief of it is that if we know all these entertaining things, the enemy will know them too. War is like a game of chess. If your opponent knows your moves before you make them, you will have small chance of checkmating him. Charles's good sense made him alive to this, and he acted accordingly.

The insurgent army left Manchester on the 1st of December. One portion of it, with Charles at its head, marched towards Stockport in Cheshire, fording the Mersey, whose bridges had been broken down for their accommodation, up to their waists in water—a terrible cold bath at that particularly bitter season. As the Prince came dripping out of the stream he was received by a small group of his

Cheshire friends, who were stationed there to greet him. Among them was a decrepit old lady, so very old that as a child she had been held in her mother's arms to witness the landing of Charles II. at Dover, at the time of the Restoration. That was in 1660; and, as Prince Charles made his attempt in 1745, she must have been near ninety years old. The loyalty of this lady and her family to the Stuarts had been of the kind of which we have already spoken,—

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shone upon."

They had served them, suffered for them, been neglected by them, but still loved and served on. From the time that James II. had been driven from the kingdoms that he so unworthily governed, this same lady had every year sent abroad for his use, and that of his family, one half of her income. No one in that little court knew from whom it came; but there it was regularly, year by year, during all that long time. And now, when her prince was actually in England, seeking what she considered "his own again," her plate, her jewellery, everything of value that she had, had been sold, that she might present the proceeds to his very self. Her poor aged eyes could scarcely discern the features she

would have so loved to look upon; but she knew it was he, her own royal Stuart, and it was enough. Grasping his hand, she raised it reverentially to her trembling lips, murmuring, in her excess of joy, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" It is added that the disappointment of her long-cherished hopes, by the fatal retreat from Derby a few days afterwards, extinguished what little life was left in this model of loyal duty and affection.

Those Stuarts had a wonderful power of attaching their people to them. They surely, with all their faults, could not have been quite so bad as some of us think. We may say so without blame, now that the last of them is dead and gone.

The second division of the army marched to the rendezvous, Macclesfield, in Cheshire, by way of Cheadle; crossing the river at that place. The bridge of course was gone; but they felled a number of trees, and tumbling them into the bed of the river, managed to scramble over it upon them. The two divisions joined at Macclesfield, whence it was determined to proceed to Derby, on their way to London; for that, being the seat of government, was, of course, what they were aiming at. No use to think of conquering a country without gaining posses-

sion of its capital. In accordance with the secrecy with which all their movements had been conducted, a feint was practised to make the Royalists think they were going to march somewhere else; and in pursuit of this, the insurgents, as usual, drove the dragoons before them. O those dragoons! If we find them running away any more we shall be thoroughly ashamed of them. No wonder the Jacobites made such fun of them.

Plodding along horrible roads, but still animated by the unconquerable spirit of their young prince, the army entered Derby on the 4th of the month; streaming in in companies during the whole of the day, so as to give the bewildered inhabitants an idea of there being twice as many of them as there really were. One of the first things done here was to hunt up the mayor and aldermen, that King James might be proclaimed with due state. But alas! those cunning gentlemen, having no love for King James, had sent their official vestments out of the town; and as mayors and corporations without robes are worse than useless, James, "King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France," had to be proclaimed as was never monarch before—by the bell-man!

Next day was spent in consultation, and preparing

to fight the Duke, who was reported not far off. The Highlanders were full of zeal and fire; and thronged the cutlers' shops from morning to night, quarrelling with each other as to which should get his sword sharpened first.

They need not have troubled themselves. There was not going to be any fighting; for, though the Prince was as eager for battle as any of his Highlanders, there were others to be consulted beside himself; and, in a sort of council of war which he held with his officers, every one of them opposed his bold proposal to march straight on to London, and beard King George, like the lion, in his own den. The Prince was exceedingly unwilling to give way to these views of his officers. He reasoned, he expostulated with them. Nay, in his agony, he declared that, sooner than retreat, he would wish himself twenty feet under ground. It was of no use. They reminded him how coolly they had been received in England so far. They had passed through that part of it considered most favourable to their cause, and not one, either of its nobles, or its influential country gentlemen, had joined them. Even the populace had held aloof. And it was further urged that if they went forward, as he would have them, even if they

demolished the Duke, that formidable force on Finchley Common would inevitably make mince-meat of such a handful as they were. Now they were in a position to make an honourable retreat; and this they gave him to understand they would do, whether he liked it or not. Then the news they had received from Scotland concurred in pointing out this as the most judicious step that could be taken in their circumstances, and one best calculated to further his design of recovering his father's dominions. In Scotland Lord John Drummond had raised three thousand men for the Prince, and when these were joined by the important succours expected from France, the whole united force would then be able to make a fresh attempt, and with much better chances of success. As it was, what could four or five thousand of them do against so many? It was madness to dream of it.

The officers who thus plied the unfortunate prince meant well. They thought they were giving him the most prudent advice in the world; but they ruined their master. Had they but advanced from Derby, and made their swift way to London, there is every reason for believing that they would have effected their purpose, and overturned the government. For in truth the rapid march of the

Scots to the very centre of England, though taken with so much indifference by its northern inhabitants, had thrown the London folks into such a panic as promised ill for anything in the shape of resistance, had the blue bonnets only shown themselves to the terrified citizens. People snatched up their valuables, and made off into the country with them. Shops were closed, business was at an end, the theatres were almost empty. What is called "a run upon the bank" took place: that is, people who had bank-notes, hurried off to the bank, requiring immediate payment of them in money, which, it is said, was dealt out to them in sixpences, in order to make what little money there was hold out the longer: for counting out even twenty pounds in such small coin, would take some time. The reason why they were in such haste to cash their notes, as it is called, was, that they feared Charles would take all the money himself if he did upset the government; so they determined to be beforehand with him. The King himself was as frightened as anybody else, having, as has been said, made preparations for rather a lengthened stay at that Herenhausen of which he was so fond, in case his son, the Duke, should be beaten in the anticipated battle near Derby. It is true there had been

much talk in town about preparations to meet the rebels, and crush them if they ventured within sight of the metropolis. Companies of volunteers were to be raised, and horse and foot to be summoned from all parts to defend it. But there was more talk than work in all this. The volunteers were too much like their brethren at Edinburgh; and as for those fierce fellows on Finchley Common, it was generally believed they would have melted away, and been no more heard of had the Duke been defeated. Such was the state of things in London on that Black Friday, as it was afterwards called. But of all this Charles was ignorant—ignorant also that his younger brother, Henry Benedict, was menacing the southern coast with a French army, and that English and Welsh gentlemen of consideration were on the point, not only of declaring in his favour, but of tendering their service to him in what way soever he might think fit to desire it. These movements in his favour were then actually taking place, but he knew not of them; else, as at first, when he spurred on his reluctant Highlanders to enter England, by vowing he would go without them, he would now, in the same way, have forced his officers to follow his bold leadership. On this occasion, as on many others, boldness would

have been safety. Timidity is often destruction. So it was to prove now.

Overpowered by his council—even the brave Murray was against him—orders were given for a retreat; and, full of grief and indignation, the Prince turned his face again toward Scotland. No longer, as before, did he march on foot, light-hearted, in front of, or mingling with, his plaided followers, but sullenly hanging behind, apparently anxious to avoid them, and then spurring hastily on to his post in the van. The retreat from Derby took place in the dusk of early morning, before surrounding objects were discernible; and the Highlanders, ignorant of the decision of their leaders, imagined they were being led out to meet the Duke. They desired nothing better, and trudged on merrily enough. Presently, as grey gleams of light began to struggle through the darkness, one wayside mark after another seemed strangely familiar to them. Surely the road was one they had traversed before, and yet they were strangers in this England which they had come to win. At length the truth burst upon them. The road was too surely one that they had travelled; this and that wayside mark was but too familiar, for they were actually retracing the steps that had led them so gallantly into the



THE RETREAT FROM DERBY.

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very heart of the usurper's dominions, and were now in full retreat. The rage and disappointment that took possession of them when the dull, broad daylight unmistakably told them their disgrace, broke out in hot, Highland fashion. And the men who had behaved with such singular moderation on their advance, paying for any supplies that they required, and receiving little gifts with thankfulness, now could not be restrained from the too common license of soldiery in an enemy's country. Had they sustained a defeat they could not have been more disheartened, though they still might have been more demoralised. But if they were changed by their ill fortune, so were those among whose homes they had to pass. Success, and the want of it, are fine tests of friendliness. If they had failed, during their advance, to receive the substantial help of men and arms from their English friends, still the common people had not treated them unkindly, as, elated with their quick capture of Carlisle, they had tramped on cheerily through Cumberland, Lancashire, and Cheshire, with London glittering right ahead of them. Now, retreating and disgraced, those excellent country folk had more than half a mind to pay them off for the fright they had given them; and the Scots fiercely

resented their attacks. At one little place the inhabitants, seeing the Highlanders were really going away, thought it safe to send a few shots after them; and they revenged themselves by setting the village in a blaze. Manchester, where they had been so well received, and where even the ladies had gone flaunting about in the Prince's colours, changed its mind on Charles's change of fortune. His vanguard was mobbed on his re-entering it; and though his troops, forcing their passage through the town, dispersed the assailants right and left, they united again, and fell upon his rear. It was bitter work! Though Charles punished his fast and loose Manchester friends by imposing a fine of five thousand pounds upon them—a sum less easily raised there in those days, than fifty times its amount would be now; for since that time they have learned how to turn cotton pods into gold. Acts of violence were committed on both sides: the Highlanders took to theft and other outrages. Kilted as they were, and possessing neither saddles nor bridles, they stole horses, and rode off on their bare backs, content to guide them with a hayband. In return, their stragglers were unmercifully shot. Even their sick, who were necessarily left behind, were inhumanly treated, which was a great disgrace

to us English; for sick and helpless people, even if they were ten times our enemies, ought to receive the succour that they need. There is one great Father of us all, and He has told us that it is the "*merciful* who shall obtain mercy." These merciless country folks did not think of that. One man even took a deliberate shot at Charles himself. *That* was murder, for it was not done in battle, but in cold blood, on the march. The assassin eluded the search made for him; and the Jacobite officers said it did not much matter, as, had he been caught, he would not have been punished according to his deserts. The Prince was known to be so forbearing, that it almost invited people to do such things.

At Lancaster, which was reached on the 14th of December, a halt took place, to allow those of the insurgents who had straggled behind, to come up with the main body. Meanwhile Perth, an active fellow, who thought nothing of tiring three horses in a day, rode forward with a troop of hussars to see how the land lay. He stopped for a short time at Kendal, to bait; and on leaving the town, just as his last ranks had got to the bridge, some country people who were about, set upon them. One of the troopers was shot from a window, and two of them were bundled away as prisoners by these bold

rustics, who were not ill pleased to vary the ordinary business of market-day by capturing a rebel or two. Finding themselves beset in the rear, the leading files wheeled round, and, forming with as broad a front as the narrow bridge permitted, fired off their pistols, by which two of the assailants were killed —a punishment that procured their being allowed to proceed without further molestation.

When the main body arrived they were disposed to avenge the ill-treatment of their comrades by levying a heavy fine upon the town. The magistrates pleaded that, being market-day, when all sorts of people came in from the country round about, it was impossible for them to ascertain who it was that had attacked the hussars; and therefore it would be too bad to make the whole town suffer for it. If they could have found the particular bumpkins who had done it, no doubt they would have given them up with pleasure, in order to spare their own purses. The insurgent leaders were considerate enough to admit their plea; and at Lochiel's request, an abatement was made of the sum that had been demanded.

CHAPTER VII.

THE retreat, which was conducted with coolness and military order, was undisturbed, with small exceptions, such as those named, till the 18th; for though the Duke was in pursuit, his cavalry and heavy baggage could not get on through broken roads and adverse weather as the light-footed Highlanders did. By that day the Prince, together with the larger portion of his army, were in temporary quarters at Penrith; the rear guard, under Lord George Murray, having been compelled by the breaking down of some baggage-wagons to halt for the night at Shap, in Westmoreland. Some of their powder, not having the means of carrying it away, they pitched into the river, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. Early next morning they were on their march to rejoin the main body; and very soon the Royalist light horsemen were seen popping up hither and thither, and then disappearing again, taking care to keep themselves

out of harm's way. Then, as the Highlanders drew near the foot of a hill which they had to cross, cavalry in marching order were visible for a moment on its crest; while, at the same time, so prodigious a drumming and trumpeting was heard as led to the belief of the whole of the Duke's army being at hand. This was a very clever trick; but it was only a trick, and did not answer its purpose; for the Highlanders, charging up hill as fast as their legs could carry them, got there in time to find only a small body of three hundred horse, who had then nothing to do but to run for it, which they did pretty briskly.

But though this was a mere stratagem, the Scots were not far wrong in supposing that the Duke was close at their heels. Presently their march was again interrupted by the breaking down of an ammunition wagon; and one of the officers, who had not felt quite at ease since the little [illegible]-hill adventure, set off to a farm-house at hand to try to get some sort of cart. He took with him a small party, of whom Dickson, the hero of the Manchester affair, was one. A farm-wagon was obtained, and little time lost in transferring it from its old duty of carrying hay and other farm produce, to its new one of transporting grim gunpowder and

ball. But, as they were returning, Dickson's quick eye discerned something like a black line on the top of a distant hill; and he instantly cried out that the Duke *was* there after all. His captain pooh-poohed him. It was only a hedgerow that he saw, and as for its moving, that was all fancy. Two more miles of that dreary march northwards, and then they found that it was the Duke with a vengeance. In a moment he was upon the Mac donalds, who were in the rear of the column (that is the post of honour in a retreat), but who were fortunately screened from a decisive cavalry charge by the nature of the ground, which was inclosed by hedges and ditches—vulgar impediments no doubt, but capital defences from the cavalry, who, in the confined space in which alone they could act, were soon driven back by the Highlanders. These, having beaten off the enemy for a time, wheeled rapidly round, and ran forwards till they again joined their artillery. A second charge was then withstood as before. Thus running and fighting, the game was kept up for the distance of a mile, till, having joined the remainder of the division, it was determined to make a stand against the Royalists, at a spot between the village of Clifton and Lord Lonsdale's seat at Lowther.

Lord George drew up his men so as to give them as much advantage from the nature of the ground as possible, in case of attack. A bridge, a park wall, and some quickset hedges, form no contemptible defences to an able military commander. The insurgents were skilfully posted so as to avail themselves of these, and then awaited the advance of the enemy; who, when they arrived, were no less acute in turning the peculiarities of the ground to their own account.

It was sunset when the advancing files of the Duke's force came in sight, and they continued coming up till it was quite dusk, forming in two lines on Clifton Moor. It was well the Highlanders were ready for them; for, by occasional gleams of moonlight that streamed from between the dark clouds of that December night, Lord George soon saw a body of dismounted dragoons stealing along behind the stone fences and thorn bushes, where they had been drawn up to take him by surprise. Shouting out the Highland war-cry, "Claymore!" he dashed at them at the head of his brave clans; who, as the well-known cry rang through the air, heedless of the volley with which they were received, first coolly with their dirks cut away the thorns that protected the enemy, and then sprang in among



"COLONEL ANNE" AND HER HUSBAND.

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them. The Highland broadsword rang, and even broke upon the steel caps of the cavalry, but still did fearful slaughter among them. They were literally mowed down by platoons, yet closed up their ranks as fast as death opened them. At length the fierceness of the attack forced them to give way, and the hot Highlanders were with difficulty restrained from pursuing them further than would have been safe. For the enemy, having rallied, had again formed at some distance from the scene of the first defeat; and the Highlanders said it was a shame to see them drawn up there, in sight, without their being allowed to have at them once more. The loss sustained by the Scots was small; that of the Royalists considerable, compared with their numbers. But amid the darkness, buff belts and laced hats afforded better marks than did plaids and bonnets. Scarlet coats and cross belts, with their glittering ornaments, look very smart on parade; but they have helped many a poor fellow to the death, from which a duller uniform might have saved him. We are now mending these matters by degrees.

Lord George shared the disappointment of his plaided followers in not being allowed to beat the enemy more thoroughly; but the Prince's orders

against it were peremptory; and enough had been done to prevent the Duke's at that time again annoying their retreat. In the course of the day one of the Duke's servants had been taken prisoner; but the Prince, with the courtesy of a gentleman, sent the man back to his master. From him it was learned that, had not Dickson's keen eyes made out the difference between a hedgerow and a line of soldiers, the party first attacked would inevitably have been cut off from the main body.

Having thus cleared their way, the Scots pursued their route unmolested to Carlisle, where they arrived early the next morning. The night was spent there. The next day was the Prince's birthday; and being once more where they were masters—for their little garrison had held the town and castle for them while they marched into England—some suitable notice was taken of the day by his officers. It would be but a gloomy birthday after all. The army, being drawn up in battalions on the moor, remained under arms till noon. There was some thought of fighting the Duke before his artillery arrived; but as it appeared that both foot and artillery were coming up post haste, it was decided to draw off, instead of waiting to meet them. The Scots accordingly pursued their march, with colours

flying and pipes screeching, doubtless their most defiant measures. We are not told what strains led off the march; but our own private opinion is, that at least some of those stout clans stepped out to the tune of, "O wha daur meddle wi' me?"

While thus proudly marching out of their first English capture, a gentleman made his way through the crowd of Highlanders, up to the Prince himself, and begged him to be good enough to stop that dreadful groaning and whining, in which their hearts were delighting as the finest of all earthly music: urging as a reason, that they were just about to pass the house of a lady who was ill. Charles, out of consideration for the invalid's English ears, instantly complied with the request, the column striding on, accompanied only by the music of its firm, manly tread. On reaching the house he dismounted, went in, and, finding that the lady had a very young baby, begged to see it. It was brought to him; when, taking the cockade out of his own bonnet, he pleasantly fastened it on the breast of the little creature. It was a small matter, but a very kindly thing for all that.

Though not disposed to make Carlisle a standing-point against the Duke, there was no idea of quietly yielding it up to him; so a garrison, consisting of

the Manchester regiment, commanded by Colonel Townley, and some Scots under Mr. Hamilton, was left behind to keep it for the Prince.

Before following Charles's route, we may advert to the fate of this city and its unfortunate defenders, which was speedily accomplished. The Duke, coming up as quickly as the ice, mud, and snow through which his troops had to plunge would let him, at once laid siege to it, making his attacks at four points at once, under certain of his officers; he himself riding about here and there, with balls whistling round his head, to see that everything was rightly conducted. Colonel Townley made the best defence he could of so shaky an old place. His few guns were mounted on the walls, houses that would have interfered with his fire were cleared away, and *chevaux de frise* fixed across the road at the various approaches to the city, to stop the advance of cavalry. A *cheval de frise* is a great beam of timber stuck full of spikes on every side, and is an awkward customer enough for either horse or foot to deal with. The name means a Friesland horse.

Finding such vigorous preparations for his reception, the Duke at once sent off a messenger to Whitehaven to bring up his artillery. It consisted of ten

eighteen-pounders; that is, guns carrying balls of eighteen pounds weight; and it was no easy matter to get them along the wretched roads of that district and season. Four of them were drawn, each by ten horses belonging to Sir James Lowther, and these got on briskly enough; for the baronet's horse-flesh had some mettle in it. The others were dragged by wretched cattle, hastily taken from ploughs and carts, sixteen or eighteen to a gun, and yet from time to time sticking fast in the mud. The country people about Carlisle, besides contributing their horses, would fain have offered their personal help to the Duke in his attempt to reduce the city and castle; but as, owing to the game laws, which forbade it, they had no fire-arms among them, he did not think it worth while (much obliged to them!) to encumber himself with their clubs and staves. A few of them were, however, graciously permitted to make themselves useful by cutting fascines for the batteries.

The guns being safely landed, and batteries thrown up on which to mount them, fire was opened on Carlisle; and the Royalists pounded away at it with such hearty good-will as in a day or two compelled the garrison to hang out the white flag, as their predecessors had done before them, and ask

terms of surrender. As it was at Preston in 1715, so it was now. No terms were to be made with rebels, beyond this, that they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for the King's pleasure. That phrase, "the King's pleasure," must have made the very flesh creep of such of the Jacobites as remembered what it meant thirty years before—heading, hanging, chopping in pieces, and sending those human fragments up and down the country to regale the eye of friend and foe. But there was no help for it. Whether "royal pleasure" in 1715 and in 1745 might, or might not, be two different things, they were obliged to trust themselves to it. The place was given up, and the Duke at once took possession, sleeping, it is said, in the very bed that the Prince had occupied. The garrison were confined in the cathedral, under a guard, till they could be safely disposed of. They, poor wretches, earnestly recommended themselves to the King's mercy; and in due time had their heads stuck up at Temple Bar, Manchester Exchange, and other places.

But we must return to the Prince. After a stiff march in bad weather and worse roads, his army, at two o'clock in the afternoon, was brought to a halt by the little river Esk, which flows between

Scotland and England. This usually shallow stream had, by the heavy rains of the preceding days, been converted into a swift current four feet deep. Delay, however, was only likely to make it worse, as it was evident those black clouds that hung over the retreating Scots had by no means discharged the whole of their contents. Wet jackets were still there in store for them. Not that they cared for wet jackets; a thorough wetting, to a genuine Highlander, would only be like water on a duck's back. But it might become too deep for them to ford (bridge there was none); and with *that* in front, and the Duke close behind—no, it would not do to wait. So it was determined to make the passage at once, in the best way they could. Accordingly the cavalry were drawn up in the stream; one portion of them about twenty-five yards above that part of the ford where the infantry were to cross, and in such a manner as to break the force of the swollen current; another portion below it, so as to catch any who might be drifted away by the force of the waters. Between these two squadrons the foot passed over, arm in arm, ten or twelve linked in a row, so that one might help to hold up another. Numbers of them splashed into the water in this way; and as only their heads were visible bobbing

about above the stream, the space between the two sea walls of cavalry looked, we are told, as though it were set with paving stones. Charles and some of his well-mounted friends rode through, a little lower down. While in mid-stream, one or two poor fellows, who had been washed from the grip of their companions, were hurried along by the current close to the Prince. He instantly darted forward, seized one drowning wretch by the hair, and shouting out in Gaelic for help, held him fast till both were rescued by their comrades. Those warm Highland hearts would not beat the less lovingly for him for this spirited, manly act. All finally got safe over, except two or three women, who were unfortunately lost in the swift waters. Large fires were lighted to dry the troops as they came dripping ashore on the Scottish side of the river. And, forgetting the shame and vexation of their retreat, with pipes playing a merry "spring," they fell a-dancing for joy of being at home again.

After this passage of the Esk, the army was formed in two divisions, and marched onwards, two thousand of them to Ecclefechan, where they halted for the night, going forward next day to Moffat; and the other party, numbering about a thousand, with whom was the Prince, taking the road to Dumfries,

by way of Annan. The cavalry, under Lord Elcho, made at once for Dumfries, where they arrived just in time to snuff out the candles which had been used to illuminate the town in honour of their own defeat: for that was the report that had reached the good people of Dumfries. They had their illumination; and they had to pay for it too, as rather a heavy fine was imposed upon them by the insurgents. It was so heavy, indeed, that the money could not be raised all at once; so that the provost, together with another magistrate, had to march off with the troops, when they left next day, to remain in their custody till the remainder should be forthcoming. This gentleman's zeal for government had rendered him very odious to the insurgents, who, in return, threatened to burn down his house for him. His family fled in fright at this announcement, one little girl being picked up, to be out of harm's way, by a kindly Highland gentleman of Charles's army. The innocent little creature, too young to be alarmed by her situation, with all the curiosity of childhood, begged her protector to show her the "Pretender"—so the Royalists called the Stuarts, father and son—a request that was at once granted, provided, as the officer pleasantly told her, she would not call him by that name any more, but give him his proper

title. The night that Charles spent at Dumfries was passed in the house of a gentleman who, like many others, wished to keep well with both parties to the struggle. He could not refuse hospitality to the Prince at the head of his guards—that might have been dangerous on the spot. To appear a willing agent in his entertainment might have got him into trouble with government afterwards. His way of evading the difficulty was ingenious and perfectly novel: he made himself so dreadfully tipsy, that the only thing that could be done with him was to thrust him out of the way—no matter where, so that he was kept out of sight of his guest.

Charles left Dumfries rather hastily, owing to a false report of the Duke's being after him. The truth was that, after the capture of Carlisle, the Duke had been recalled to London, the south coast being deemed in danger of an invasion from the French. The care of the north was deputed to Wade and General Hawley. Wade, who had already been distinguished as a "slow coach," was left in his old quarters at Newcastle; Hawley, to whose character we shall have occasion to refer before long, taking the command in Scotland. Marching by way of Drumlanrig and Hamilton, the army reached Glasgow on the 20th. The inhabitants of this town

did not love Charles—indeed, one of them went the length of shooting at him as he passed along; but luckily the pistol only flashed in the pan, and so saved its unworthy owner from becoming a murderer. Their zeal for King George's government had led them to raise a regiment for its support; and so, like the Dumfries people, they had to pay for their disloyalty to the Stuart. Broadcloth, tartans, shoes, bonnets, sheets, stockings, to the amount of ten thousand pounds, were demanded from them for the purpose of refitting the Prince's army, whose rapid march into England and back again, in less than two months, had left them in a very ragged and wretched condition. So wretched, as to occasion some complaint, that as they travelled on, weary and footsore, they took the very shoes off people whom they met; while remonstrances addressed to the officers, by those who were thus unshod with so little ceremony, only elicited the reply, that if the men wanted *shoon* (shoes), why, they must have them.

But though the gentlemen of Glasgow abominated the Stuarts, and all belonging to them, it was very different with the ladies: they fell in love with the Prince so heartily, that, spite of their fathers and brothers and other masculine relations, who did their

best to keep them at home, the sort of drawing-room that he held twice a day in the Trongate, was thronged with his fair admirers; and Charles was polite enough to acknowledge their attention by dressing and brushing himself up much more elaborately than he had ever done before.

Eight days were passed here in much-needed rest, and newly equipping the now greatly diminished insurgent forces; for they had sadly melted away in Charles's flying and disastrous expedition. There were, however, stout hearts left still; and after holding a review on the green, where "drums were beating, colours flying, and bagpipes playing," as gaily as though nothing had gone amiss, the little army and its undaunted chief left Glasgow. One of their two columns making as though Edinburgh was its destination, threw the citizens into a sad fright again; perhaps the greater, that their military defenders were those same precious dragoons, whose feats in running away we are tired of chronicling. This movement was, however, only a *ruse;* the threatening column, after resting for the night at Kilsythe, turned aside and joined the other column at Bannockburn, which is about four miles from Stirling. Charles himself spent the night at the house of a Mr. Campbell, near

Kilsythe, where, as was his custom, he caused an intimation to be made that he should pay his own expenses. But, alas! next morning he thought differently about it; and the dismayed steward was informed that when his master accounted to government (meaning King James's) for the rents of his estate, the cost of entertaining King James's son should be allowed him. On arriving near Stirling a junction was effected with the force under Lord John Drummond. Lord John's new recruits included Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke, at the head of some hundreds of the "gay Gordons," rustling in their green tartans; the Master of Lovat, with the same number of Frasers, distinguished by their badges of yew; the Earl of Cromarty, with his clan, the Mackenzies; and a body of Irish and French troops. Fraser, or the Master of Lovat as he was called, was the eldest son of Lord Lovat, a man infamous for his crimes. The old lord was, in reality, as much of a Jacobite as his son; but not having the courage to risk life and estate in his Prince's cause, as so many others had done, he adopted the expedient of sending out his clan, the Frasers, under his son, the Master; pretending that he himself did not like it, but that he could not control his headstrong son.

To carry his deception further, he, at the same time, wrote whining letters to government, complaining of his son's wilfulness, for which he hoped he might not be held responsible, as he was not the only father afflicted with an undutiful child. The old wretch's duplicity did not avail him; and he eventually lost his head, along with better men than he, on Tower Hill. The Macintoshes and Farquharsons also swelled this most acceptable contingent. A portion of these latter were under rather extraordinary leadership; the wife of the chief of Macintosh having herself raised them, and placed herself at their head, while her husband held a commission in the government militia. A story is told that in some subsequent skirmish Macintosh, being taken prisoner, was ordered, pleasantly, to be given into the custody of his wife, the Prince observing that he could not be in better keeping. The discomfited captain was forthwith brought into the presence of "Colonel Anne," who kept up the joke by greeting him (according to the fashion of that day) with, "Your servant, captain;" to which he, not to be outdone, demurely replied, "Your servant, colonel." What a laugh they must have had afterwards!

Encouraged by this accession, it was at once

determined to lay siege to Stirling. The town was not in condition to hold out long; but the castle was well fortified, under a good officer, General Blakeney. It, however, kept the pass to the Highlands, so that the further designs of the insurgents made it necessary for them to take it if possible.

The various divisions of the Prince's army were so posted as to invest Stirling on every side save the north, where the enemy had himself saved them the trouble of a blockade, by breaking down the bridge. They were distributed thus:—Upwards of a thousand men, under Lord John Drummond, were stationed at Falkirk; Lord Elcho and his cavalry at Linlithgow, eight miles off; the remaining infantry were divided among the villages of St. Dennis and St. Ninian's (within artillery range of the castle), and Bannockburn, two miles distant, where Charles took up his quarters. A small force, if judiciously posted, will command a considerable tract of country. Here were only eight or nine thousand men.

All being ready, the town was duly summoned to surrender, and as duly refused to do so. Trenches were accordingly opened before it on the 6th of January. The sight of them was quite enough. Charles was immediately sought out at Bannockburn, and an offer to give up the town to him

being made, was at once accepted. The castle was not included in this capitulation; so that, easy as had been their conquest of the town, its old grim walls were still left for the insurgents to knock their heads against. The Prince proposed terms of surrender to General Blakeney; but his answer was, that "His Royal Highness would assuredly have a very bad opinion of him were he capable of giving up the castle in so cowardly a manner."

As the old general would not yield, the next thing was to try to make him, as the town without the castle was worth nothing. It was rather a difficult matter, as, from the nature of the ground about the castle, which stood very high, it was almost impossible for a besieging force to bring their fire to bear upon it; while, on the other hand, the besiegers themselves would be commanded by its guns. There was, however, one spot, a burying-ground, that would afford them a level; and of this, Mr. Grant, an engineer in the Prince's service, proposed to take advantage, by erecting their batteries upon it. It was a good, feasible plan; but the townspeople objected so vehemently to it, as the return fire from the castle would have knocked their houses about their ears, that the Prince, always prompt to lean to the side of mercy, whatever became of his own

interest, immediately abandoned it. In this difficulty he consulted a French artillery officer, Monsieur Mirabelle—an ignorant, conceited fellow, whom the Highlanders used, for fun, to call Mr. Admirable—as to the mode of attack he would recommend. Mr. Admirable, of course, saw no difficulties in the matter. Doubtless he would have opened trenches against the moon, had he supposed it would be agreeable to his master to fire away at it. As it was, he did the next best, or rather worst thing for him. He opened his trenches upon a spot, where digging fifteen inches brought them to the solid rock; so that the earth-works to be thrown up for the protection of the ditch, had to be constructed of bags crammed with wool and soil, brought in sacks from a distance. This insufficiency of defence cost the besiegers many lives, sometimes as many as five-and-twenty in one day.

CHAPTER VIII.

While the siege of Stirling Castle (thanks to Mr. Admirable) was going on in this dismal fashion, there was, however, something to be done elsewhere. General Hawley, as has been said, had arrived in Scotland to take the command against the Prince and his friends. The General was brave, but had not much ability as a commander. He was cruel to an extent that made him hated by his own men; and he brought to the business in hand a supreme contempt for the "Highland rabble," as he was pleased to term the Prince's army. The spirit in which he came out against the insurgents may be imagined from the circumstance of his having gibbets prepared beforehand, on which to hang up the Scottish rebels,—when he caught them!

This amiable individual was now understood to be in full march towards the Prince's army, at the head of a considerable force of infantry and horse.

He particularly trusted in his cavalry, having the impression that they were capable of sweeping off from the face of the earth, any number of bare-legged Scots. Of course he knew, as well as every-body else, what had happened to Cope's dragoons; but then Cope was in fault. *That* was his way of explaining it. Only let him come near them, and they might look out for squalls! Well, he came, marched from Edinburgh after the insurgents, and speedily formed his camp in the immediate vicinity of Falkirk. O what an array was there to swallow up the "Highland rabble!" There were Hamilton and Gardiner's dragoons; but we might as well cross those out, because we know of what sort of stuff they were made. Even Hawley himself, when they came to meet him near Edinburgh, flourishing their swords by way of welcome, sarcastically bade them put up their weapons, and use them better the next time they were drawn in earnest. Then there were Cobham's horse, Squire Thornton's Yorkshire Blues, and several foot regiments, bearing, as was at that time the custom, the names of their commanders—Cholmondeley's, Price's, Munro's, Barrel's, Howard's, Pulteney's, Fleming's; the whole being wound up by the Glasgow militia and ten field-pieces.

Field-pieces are what their name implies—cannon used only in the field, being too small for battering purposes. It takes a much heavier ball to knock down stone walls than to bowl down lines or columns of men. General Huske, another rough old campaigner, was second in command.

Hawley's plan was to raise the siege of Stirling, and give battle to the Highlanders; which in his mind was only another name for destroying the whole lot of them. It was with this intent that he moved his troops from Edinburgh; and, when Charles became aware of it, he determined to anticipate him. At nightfall, on the 16th of January, he issued orders for a review of his whole army at break of day the next morning, on a plain to the east of Bannockburn. The men and officers had no idea of its being anything else; but, when the usual evolutions of a review were at an end, the order was given to form in column, and march off, by a circuitous route, in the direction of Falkirk, where Hawley was encamped. Off they moved accordingly, across fields and through by-roads, to the little village of Dunipace, far away from the high road that led from Stirling to Falkirk. After passing through this village—which may be three and a half miles from Falkirk—about two o'clock in

the afternoon, and fording the Carron water, the march was continued in the same way, till the troops, to their surprise, suddenly found themselves within sight of the English army, which was spread out on the low ground beneath them, at a distance of little more than half a mile.

The surprise was mutual, for the English did not know that the insurgents had left their ground at Bannockburn. Rumours, indeed, of the movement had reached them, but they were not credited. A countryman gave them the first alarm, and was threatened with hanging for his pains. Presently, a little before one o'clock, when the soldiers were just going to get their dinner, some uneasiness began to be felt by the officers; and two of them climbing a tree, in order to sweep the country with a telescope, perceived that there was really some truth in the report of the enemy's being on the move; though Charles's plans had been laid with such skill, as considerably to embarrass them as to the point whence an attack was to be apprehended. One portion of his force was sent in one direction, another elsewhere. The troops now seen were most probably Charles's cavalry, which had been detached, and sent on the high road to Falkirk, in order to mask for a while, his real design of ad-

vancing on the foe from another quarter. The sight was alarming; and, to make ill worse, there was no General Hawley to be found. He, good man, in his easy contempt for the "Highland rabble," was enjoying himself at Lady Kilmarnock's; who, as her husband was in the Prince's army, was supposed to have had her own reasons for making herself and Callender House particularly agreeable to the old general. General Huske certainly was in the camp; but he had no orders to act, and military law is so strict that few care to exceed their commission. A messenger was therefore sent off to Hawley to report what had been seen; and brought back for reply that the troops might put on their accoutrements, but there was no necessity for their arming: for he thought it simply impossible that mere Highlanders should dare to attack *him*, with all that cavalry at his back. So the men went quietly on with their dinner. When, however, the sudden apparition of the Scots army upon the high grounds above Falkirk, only some half-mile off, presented itself, there was not a moment to lose. Trumpets sounded, drums beat "to arms;" there was equipping and mounting in hot haste; and the General, hurrying from his unfortunate breakfast with Lady Kilmarnock, galloped up

hatless and breathless, in his zeal to repair his fault.

His troops had already, by the officers in the field, been drawn up in two lines to receive the enemy; but, seeing the Highlanders bending their quick steps towards the high ground on Falkirk Moor, he ordered his three regiments of cavalry to advance, and take possession of it before them, as it was important to deprive them of this advantage. The infantry were to support them with fixed bayonets, while the artillery lumbered behind in the rear: where it got "bogged" so speedily as to be of no use to any one. Setting spurs to their steeds, up hill galloped the dragoons, with a storm of wind and rain in their faces, that not only nearly blinded them with the smoke of their own firelocks, as well as those of the enemy, but so drenched their powder as to make many of their pieces useless, and utterly unable to reply to the scathing volley with which the Highlanders, who had outrun them, and already gained the hill-top, saluted their advance. Out-manœuvred, there was nothing for them but to give it up, and take ground lower down.

Both armies were now drawn up in two lines, and the battle began in earnest. The English cavalry

advanced to the charge at a quick trot; the right wing of the Scots, to which they were opposed, reserving their fire till the enemy was fairly within musket range. Then they poured in a volley, aimed so well, as to empty near eighty saddles, the commanding officer of the brigade being among the number who were brought to the ground. Our old runaway dragoon friends, immediately turned and fled, crying out, as they dashed in among their own infantry, that they should all be killed. The remainder of the horse had some better spirits among them; and, closing up their ranks, they charged the Highlanders gallantly, riding them down, and trampling them under foot. But their agile opponents, overthrown as they were, were not baffled. Writhing and wriggling like serpents as they lay upon the ground, they dirked the horses, dragged the riders down by their long coats, or anything else they could catch at, and then pistoled or dirked them—for there was no room for the swing of the broadsword—till the English were fairly overpowered and forced back. No sooner had they turned, than up sprang the prostrate Scots, and, charging on foot as rapidly as the others fled on horseback, drove them pell-mell upon their supporting infantry. These, in as utter disorder, from

having their own horse thus flung upon them, as though they had received a charge of hostile cavalry, gave way, and the whole right wing of the English army fled from the field.

Strangely enough, while the Highlanders had thus demolished the English right, their own left wing had received a severe repulse. They charged, and drove back the infantry to which they were opposed; but, when in full pursuit, received so terrible a flanking fire from three regiments, which were hidden from them by the inequality of the ground, that, fearful of falling into an ambuscade, their advance was suddenly checked. This spread an alarm through their rear ranks, and threw them, in their turn, into such disorder as saved that division of the English forces; which, though defeated, retired in good order, drums beating, and colours flying. They were thus enabled to protect their own rear; turning, and treating the enemy to occasional discharges of musketry, till they reached Falkirk. The regiment that gave way was rather a celebrated one, the Scots Royals, who had behaved so gallantly, but a few months before, at Fontenoy, that Lord John Drummond, who knew them, could not believe they were retreating in good earnest: he thought they were only pretending, in order to lead their

enemies into a trap. The fire from the three regiments in the hollow ground confirmed this idea: hence, instead of following up their first advantage, the Highland left fell back, so confused and disordered as to lead many of them to believe that they had lost the battle, when in reality they had gained it. Indeed, some of the officers wandered about for several hours before they found out their mistake.

Night—a wet, dreary one it was—was now coming on; and, as fires were seen gleaming in the English camp, the Scots supposed that the enemy was making himself comfortable there. No such thing; the rout of the English army was far more complete than the insurgents could have dreamed. Hawley and his dragoons were flying to Linlithgow, having first ordered the tents to be burnt; the English army was thoroughly beaten, horse and foot; and all had been done in the space of ten minutes. The Highlanders could scarcely believe their own eyes and ears. But so it was, in very truth; and, after five hours' exposure to the pelting storm, Charles retired to Falkirk, and took up his quarters for the night in the town.

The loss of the Royalists on this disastrous day was very great; their list of killed, wounded, and

prisoners was a long one. Among the most notable of their slain was the brave Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, who, as colonel of the celebrated Highland regiment, called, from its sombre uniform, the Black Watch, had distinguished himself at Fontenoy. He was so very fat and unwieldy that, on that occasion, he had to be dragged out of the trenches by the arms and legs; and when the whole regiment lay down on the ground to receive the French fire, the stalwart colonel alone remained standing exposed to it, knowing that, if he once laid himself down, it would be long before he could raise his huge bulk again. Fortunately, spite of his presenting so fair a mark, he escaped being hit. Now, however, there was no Black Watch at his back; and deserted by his regiment, though most of them were of his own clan, he was set upon by half a dozen Camerons at once. Two of them he killed with his half-pike, a weapon then carried by officers; but a shot from a seventh man bringing him to the ground, that terrible broadsword finished the business. His brother Duncan, who was a surgeon, coming, though lame and unarmed, to give him such help as he required, was shot, and cut down in the same manner; and so they perished together. Together they were laid in

the grave by the enemy; the Macdonalds and other Highland chiefs attending to do honour to the remains of their brother chief, who had fallen so gallantly, though in arms against them. A third brother, Henry Munro, also fell in this insurrection. A Highlander, maddened by the cruelty with which his family had been treated by the detestable military executioners of the English commander-in-chief—his dwelling burned down, his cattle driven away, and his poor starving children turned out amid the snow—shot Henry Munro, believing him to be the officer under whose orders these crimes had been committed. That brave man, however, was innocent: he lost his life for the misdoings of others.

The Highland army was less unfortunate than the opposing one. One of its officers, a Major Macdonald, was made prisoner in rather a curious manner. Having unhorsed an English officer, he himself mounted the animal, which was a valuable one. Unluckily for him, the horse was military; and when the regiment, commanded by its master, turned and fled, no earthly power could prevent its falling into their ranks, and galloping away with them, with its new owner upon its back. It was in vain that he tried to pass himself off for an Argyle-

shire Highlander (the Argyle men sided with government); Huske's quick eye detected the white cockade, however dingy it might have been made to look; and, before the poor major had time to throw himself off, he was seized, carried away prisoner, and ultimately lost his life upon the scaffold.

This victory threw a large supply of military stores into Charles's hands; for the retreat had been so hurried that the enemy could carry little away with them. Tents—for the attempt to fire them had not been successful—guns, firelocks, powder, with various baggage, were no unacceptable addition to his own rather meagre equipment; while on the field, where the slain lay thickly grouped together, the plundering parties exercised their vile trade briskly, spite of the deluge of rain, and the wind that swept in almost resistless gusts across that wild heath. Nothing came amiss; even those poor dead bodies were remorselessly stripped, till in the distance, as one said who saw it, they looked "like a flock of white sheep resting upon the hill-side." But theirs was a sad, sad rest! And that "flock" will never arise till the great day, when victors and vanquished, the slayers and the slain, shall alike stand before One who shall judge the whole world in righteousness.

The extremely stormy weather kept the victorious army tolerably quiet the next day. It must have been bad when even Highlanders could not face it, but left the captured artillery on the field to take care of itself. At seven o'clock in the evening, however, one of the officers was desired to take a sergeant and twenty men, and mount guard for the night over the cannon. A pleasant piece of work that! Accordingly, off set the little party, with a lantern to light them. The wind soon blew this out; and then, losing their way, with wind and rain blowing in their teeth, they stumbled hither and thither among the slain, the whiteness of whose poor unclothed bodies rendered them startlingly visible, even amid the darkness of that stormy winter's night. The very horse ridden by the officer shook with terror as, planting his feet blindly in the dark, they occasionally came in contact with the dead, stepping upon or climbing over them.

Hawley halted but one night in Linlithgow. He and a portion of his troops found shelter in the old palace of that city; and, being nearly dead with wet and cold, the poor fellows lighted such huge fires as made the people of the place afraid they would set the building itself on fire. A lady who lived in the palace, entreated the General to inter-

pose his authority against such hazardous doings; and when he, in return, only ridiculed her fears, keenly replied, "Very well, General, I can run away from fire as fast as you can;" and with that she posted off at once for Edinburgh. Her retreat was by no means premature, as within a couple of hours the ancient pile was in a blaze, and speedily burned into utter ruin. Hawley next day continued his flight to Edinburgh, where he used his gibbets to hang some of his own soldiers for their cowardice; somewhat to the disgust of the Edinburgh people, who, not being accustomed to such sights, were not a little shocked at seeing four of these unfortunate wretches strung up at once. His defeat is said to have afforded great consolation to Sir John Cope, who now felt the disgrace removed from his own shoulders to those of his successor; as, indeed, he is reported to have betted largely that it would be, whoever that successor might be. So when the news reached London, throwing everybody else into a fit of the dismals, Sir John cleared up his countenance, and pocketed his money. He must, however, have felt a little disconcerted that same day, when a nobleman, in a fit of absence, called him "General Hawley:" a mistake that set the bystanders a-laughing.

A few weeks before this battle the insurgents had taken an English sloop of war—the *Hazard*—which annoyed them terribly by cruising about Montrose, where Drummond, with his men and stores, had been landed, and popping at them with her guns whenever opportunity offered. One or two of the French transports, indeed, had fallen into the hands of the English, whose vessels were hovering about the coast on purpose to intercept them. Captain Hill, of the *Hazard*, also made a boat-descent upon them, carrying off rather more of their war stores than the insurgents could well spare. Altogether, it was time to put a stop to him and his proceedings. That very night, accordingly, a party of Highlanders marched quietly into the town; and when, next day, the long boat, with twenty men, was sent ashore to seek for more arms, no sooner had her keel grated on the shore than, rushing forward, they seized it, killing one man, and making prisoners of the rest. Rowing off in her themselves, accompanied by some fishing-boats they had got together, they reached the *Hazard* under cover of so thick a fog, that they were not seen till close upon her. The suddenness of the surprise prevented much resistance. The vessel was their own; and, clambering on board, they compelled the master to steer them into the harbour.

The vessel thus cleverly seized was now re-equipped, named the *Prince Charles*, and sent to France with the intelligence of the battle of Falkirk. Their prisoners, who were rather numerous, were stowed away in the castle of Doune, and various other places. A little group of them cleverly managed to escape from the castle, by letting themselves down to the ground by their bed-clothes. The rope broke with the heavy weight of the fifth person who descended. Number six, not choosing to stay behind and account for the disappearance of his friends, took his chance with what was left. Down he went, hand under hand, and let himself drop when he reached the end. Poor unlucky fellow! the fall dislocated his ankle, and broke several of his ribs. His comrades, however, managed to drag him off with them, and all got away safely, spite of the rigorous search and pursuit after them, which were immediately instituted.

The post occupied by the Prince on this day was, as before, with his second line, on a little rising ground that is still, from this circumstance, called Charlie's Hill.

A variety of causes concurred in rendering this astonishing defeat of the King's troops very little serviceable to the Prince. It seems strange that

victories should ever be useless; yet so they are sometimes, and this was to be one of them. The leading officers in the insurgent army quarrelled among themselves; and quarrels among leaders generally lead to inaction or futile efforts on the part of followers. They quarrelled because the defeat of the enemy had not been so complete as it might have been, and each laid the blame of this upon the other. Lord George found fault with Lord John, and Lord John was not slow to retaliate upon my Lord George. While, in addition to the weakening of the forces by differing councils, their strength was physically diminished by the loss of large numbers of the Highlanders, who, according to their custom after a successful engagement, at once made off home, laden with the spoils of the battle of Falkirk. Further, Charles was unhappily bent on taking that old castle of Stirling, that had, so far, scowled defiance at him. He had, just by way of intimation that he had not abandoned them, left a small force before it when he turned aside to beat Hawley; and he now resolved to return thither, to finish, as he fondly believed, the business he had begun.

As we know how Mr. Admirable had set to work to construct his batteries, we can understand how it

was that their progress was rather slow, though the difficulties in the way of their completion were not so great as they might have been; for Blakeney, seeing they could not do him any harm, did not take the trouble to interrupt the enemy at their toil. He thought it as harmless an amusement as any in which his Highland neighbours could be engaged, and so left them to it. On the return of Charles and his victorious Falkirk troops, another formal summons to surrender was sent to the castle; and the answer returned was, that General Blakeney had hitherto lived as a man of honour, and that so he purposed dying. This was a fair challenge to the Scots; and, in their zeal to accept it, one of the half-finished batteries was opened upon the castle. That was the Frenchman's doings, who shot off his three guns with great cheerfulness: there ought to have been six, but he could not wait. The three made noise enough; but noise will not break down stone walls, and it was the greater pity on this occasion, as, from the position of the guns, so completely overlooked by the castle that the very shoe-buckles of the artillerymen were visible to the garrison, there was not the slightest chance of their shot doing any mischief. The discharge of these popguns had, however, one striking effect—

that of drawing down such a storm of shot from the castle as in half an hour dismounted them, and drove gunners, soldiers, and every one who did not wish to be smashed, precipitately from the spot. The idea of placing their cannon precisely where old Blakeney could, with the least possible trouble to himself, silence them, was certainly an original one. His permitting them to go on with their ridiculous earth-works, so long undisturbed, ought to have awakened suspicions as to their value.* The poor Scots must have been sick of carrying on sieges, French fashion, under Mr. Admirable, when thirty minutes demolished their three weeks' hard labour.

It was a mortifying thing; but it now became evident that this siege, on which Charles had so set his mind, must be relinquished. Further attempts were hopeless; not only on account of the ill success attending those already made at such expense of time and toil, but that now the Prince's officers, as they had done at Derby, "took the bit between their teeth," and, refusing Charles's command, told him roundly what *must* be done, and what they intended doing. Their opinion was, perhaps, couched in rather more civil terms; but he knew what was meant. Their decision was that the

siege must be at once raised, and the army drawn off into the Highlands; where they felt sure they could not only hold their own, and keep out the enemy during the remainder of the winter, besides making themselves masters of the government forts, but, by adopting this plan, be in condition to open the campaign with spirit in the spring.

Poor Charles! It was the Derby advice over again, and he had already seen what came of following that. However, he could no more help himself now than he could do then; and, as before, he was forced to yield.

The first pang over, he submitted with composure to what was thus forced upon him. The siege—a blunder from first to last, and only the beginning of fresh misfortunes—was at once abandoned, and preparations made for the new retreat; or, to phrase it less gratingly, advance into the heart of the hill country. The works, such as they were, were demolished; their battering train of thirteen cannon, which were too heavy to be carried off, were spiked. This is a neat little operation for disabling artillery; and consists in driving a steel spike into the touch-hole, which renders them as utterly useless as though their great, gaping, round mouths had been plugged up. Modern

science has contrived that, while these spikes are as inextricable as ever, they shall still fit loosely in the hole, so as to throw a few additional difficulties in the way of any enterprising engineer who may have a mind to drill them out—the only way of getting rid of them. Their ammunition was blown up, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. This proved a disastrous affair. The church of St. Ninian's had been converted into a powder magazine; and, on hastily discharging a musket into it to fire the powder, the fabric blew up with so sudden a shock as to destroy three of the men who had been charged with this duty, as well as several of the townspeople, who were buried in the ruins, and dug out afterwards, we are told, by the King's troops, for the sake of their clothes! The report, which was heard to a considerable distance, gave the first intimation to the advancing Royalists of the retreat of the Prince's force.

Charles left Stirling on the 31st of January, crossing the Forth at a ford about four miles higher up, one of the arches of the bridge at Stirling having been destroyed some time previously by General Blakeney, so as to render it useless. But for having friends about him, the

crossing of this ford might almost have destroyed his little army; for the very evening before, up came a King's officer, with his troop, demurely inquiring whether there was any one who could point out to him the spot where the river was usually forded. The person to whom this inquiry was addressed, imagining that mischief to the Prince was intended, instead of acquainting the stranger with the ordinary crossing-place, sent him to one a little distance off. His suspicion saved Charles's army; for in this very spot, which was *not* the ford, the military stranger deposited caltrops enough to have lamed twice as many men as Charles had to lead through the Forth, and who (thanks to the countryman who had done them this service) got over at the right place in safety. A caltrop is a small three-clawed instrument, so constructed that in what direction soever it may be thrown on the ground, one claw will project, inflicting a severe wound on either man or horse who treads upon it.

Inverness, often called the capital of the Highlands, was the point towards which they were now making; and, Stirling fairly left behind, their first night's halt was at Dumblane. Thence they took their straggling and somewhat disorderly way to

Crieff, where they divided into two columns. One of these, under Lord George Murray, took the road to Perth, into which they continued streaming and passing out for nearly two days. Perth had formerly been taken, and fortified by Lord John Drummond and his division. It was now, before they finally left it, hastily dismantled; thirteen ten and twelve-pounders being spiked, and the swivel guns taken out of the *Hazard*, pitched bodily into the river.

With Lord George were Lord Lewis Gordon and his people, and others from the Lowlands, some of the French troops, the cavalry, seven cannon, and some chests of arms. Lord Lewis turned off at Dunkeld, and made his way northwards, through Braemar. (*Brae* means a hill; so the name signifies "the hills of Mar.") Lord George and the rest marched through Dundee, direct for the coast at Montrose. Here they placed two of their guns on board a small vessel, which kept up with their progress as they skirted the coast to Aberdeen; whence, some by way of Banff, some by Strathbogie, they advanced towards Inverness to meet the Prince. This was a roundabout mode of getting to their rendezvous; but the provisioning of their men rendered it desirable that they should not all move by one track.

The Prince himself, with Tullibardine and about five hundred of his Athol men, together with other of the Highlanders, took the more direct road through the mountainous district of Blair-Athol. During this march they seized a small fort at Ruthven, one of those raised by the government to keep "Jack Highlander" in order, and carried off its garrison as prisoners of war. Here an unfortunate fellow was laid hold of, who had undertaken to carry intelligence from General Guest (he had retained Edinburgh Castle when the city was taken) to the Earl of Loudon, who now held Inverness for King George. The letter was found concealed in the finger of one of his gloves. He met with the usual fate of those who, in time of war, are either proved or suspected to be spies. No one shows any mercy to such.

The valley of the Spey was traversed by the Prince and his column undisturbed, though the Grants, whose country it was called, were in arms for government. But they contented themselves with garrisoning Grant Castle; and, as Charles was not disposed just now to run himself against any more stone walls, he passed on at once to Moy. This was the home of the chief of the Macintoshes, and about ten miles or so, from Inverness.

CHAPTER IX.

Hawley's defeat at Falkirk was a sad blow to the English people and government; who, when the insurgents turned their backs upon them at Derby, had hoped that they were going to be fairly rid of the Prince and his Highlanders. Now what a change there was in their prospects! Indeed, the whole affair would scarcely bear looking at, it was so very humiliating. In this short campaign two of their boasting generals had been beaten, and that shamefully, in Scotland. While, as to how they had fared in England, the less that was said about that was, after all, the better; seeing they were indebted for their escape, rather to the irresolution of the insurgents at Derby, than to any check which had been given them on English ground: and it was now evident that the danger was by no means at an end. Something must be done promptly, and with greater vigour than had yet been shown on their side in this unhappy contest. King and ministers, and

great people, who manage such matters for us (and a thankless office it is, too!), accordingly laid their heads together to consult about this unfortunate business. The result was, not only that more troops were sent to convince the Scottish Jacobites that they were decidedly in the wrong in preferring James to George, but that the Duke of Cumberland, who had acquired great fame in Flanders, went with them in order to try whether he could not retrieve our military honour in Scotland, where it had received no little damage. The Duke laid the blame of this Falkirk disaster on the General, and declared that he himself would beat the rebels with the very men who had run away under Hawley.

The additional forces, which were dispatched at once, consisted of artillery—sixteen cannon, with their full complement of gunners, drivers, and other attendants (for it takes about twelve people to wait upon one gun); and three regiments of horse—Bland's, St. George's, and that of the Duke of Kingston.

The Duke set out on his journey also immediately, by way of Newcastle and Berwick; and travelled with what was then thought such speed as to present himself in Edinburgh within four

days: for those were not railway times, neither were they the days of high roads smooth as billiard tables, such as those which our long lines of rail have now consigned to disuse, if not exactly to being grass-grown. He was accompanied by the Duke of Athol, younger brother of the Marquis of Tullibardine (the Marquis had been attainted—that is, deprived of his title—for his share in the rebellion of 1715); the Earl of Albemarle; his son, Lord Bury; Lord Cathcart, and some other officers.

The Duke arrived among the frightened Edinburgh folks at three in the morning. Even heroes must sleep. The first thing he did was to go to bed—the very bed in which Charles himself had slept during his stay at Holyrood. It must have been the best bed. A short nap sufficed, for he had much business on hand; and the "King's business," that he had come to do, especially required "haste." An interview with Hawley, Huske, and other officers followed, when plans for the coming struggle were talked over. Then came a levée; magistrates, grave professors, and ordinary citizens hurrying to kiss his royal hand, while an hour or two later he was good enough to kiss their wives and daughters; for that was the fashion in which, a century ago, it was reckoned polite for gentlemen to greet ladies.

Only fancy a gentleman of that date being suddenly planted in a modern drawing-room, and behaving himself, according to the best of his belief, with the most rigid politeness, after this manner. What a "flutter in the dovecot" would ensue—hoops and white muslin flickering off in all directions out of the way of the "horrid man," who might perhaps, next thing, find himself in a police court! Thus do things change.

Edinburgh was in a delirium of joy on this occasion. All was shouting, ringing of bells, illuminations, and running hither and thither to get a look at the Duke's huge, unwieldy person, which some of the sight-seers, in the height of their loyal zeal, pronounced much handsomer than that of the tall, lithe, graceful Prince Charlie. There certainly was nearly twice as much of the Duke as there was of the Prince, and perhaps his admirers judged him by quantity. Descending into the courtyard of the palace to inspect the guns, which had been placed there, he was received with drums beating, and loud huzzas from the populace, who thought that the hero, though not a successful one, of Fontenoy, would certainly help them out of the difficulties in which two stupid English generals, and some rather clever Scotch ones had, between them, contrived to

place the northern friends of the Hanoverian succession. The artillery was found in working order, all right—not a rammer, not a sponge, nor even a screw missing. The troops were reported equally ready for action; and in rather better spirits, the Duke having pardoned two of the soldiers, by whose hanging Hawley had sought to relieve his feelings after the Falkirk affair. It was therefore decided that an advance upon the besiegers of Stirling Castle should take place at four o'clock next morning; while at the same time, in order to deceive the enemy, a report was spread abroad that the Duke designed waiting in Edinburgh for fresh reinforcements—a report that the enemy knew better than to believe.

The royal force, numbering about ten thousand, was under arms betimes next morning, and speedily set out on its travels, in two columns. The Argyle Highlanders, under Colonel Campbell, together with Cobham's dragoons, led the van, commanded by General Huske. The artillery brought up the rear. Hamilton's and Ligonier's dragoons were sent forward to patrol the roads westward in the direction of the march, to prevent intelligence of the Duke's movements being carried to the enemy. No one was suffered to pass that way, save those who were

either in the royal service, or could show a written permission from some high legal or military officer.

Having thus sent off his men before him, the Duke about nine o'clock got into a fine coach, drawn by twelve horses—the gift of a Scottish earl —and with some little state took his departure from Edinburgh. At Castle Barnes, half a mile from the city, he mounted his horse, and galloped off to rejoin his troops; putting himself at the head of the Scots Royals, with whom, and eight battalions of foot, he reached Linlithgow that night, taking up his quarters there. Brigadier Mordaunt, with six battalions, camped at Borrowstounness, and the horse at other villages in the neighbourhood.

Next morning, as it was not known how soon they might come to a meeting with the insurgents, the scattered divisions were united. Before pursuing his march the Duke addressed his men, telling them that he was aware there were many Scots among them; and if any were reluctant to fight their own countrymen—possibly their friends and relations—as in all probability they were just about to do, they had his free permission to retire from the ranks; nor should their doing so expose them to any imputation of cowardice, as though they were afraid of a battle. This speech was cheered as it

deserved to be, but none appeared to take advantage of it. The Duke, who had a knowing military eye, was much pleased with the Argyle Highlanders as they marched past him; their sinewy frames were, he could perceive, well fitted for a tough contest, especially with their own people, whom they would have to engage; and he admired them the more for wearing the trews instead of the philibeg. People had not learned in those days, as they have done now, to consider the kilt, with short chequered hose gartered below the knee, a highly picturesque costume.

Proceeding towards Falkirk, rumours reached the army, of the insurgents' having already left that place, and being in retreat over the Forth. It was certain their advanced guards had retired whenever the King's troops came in sight; and presently the distant explosion of that great powder magazine at Stirling, placed the fact beyond doubt. On entering Falkirk at ten in the morning—the Duke on foot with his infantry—it was found that the enemy had evacuated it, leaving behind them some of their prisoners of the late battle. The horse, and Argyle Highlanders, under General Mordaunt, were instantly sent forward to Stirling, that they might harass the retreating foe as much as possible; and,

on arriving there, found, as we know, that they had already abandoned the siege, and were off to the north. The Duke, with the remainder of his army, rested that night at Falkirk, as this retreat of the Prince gave them time to take breath.

On taking up his quarters at Falkirk, the Duke is said to have inquired humorously where his cousin, the Prince, had lodged, as he was sure that would be the best house in the town. He was taken to it, and so a second time slept in Charles's bed.

The following morning, February 3rd, he marched to Stirling, where he was joyfully welcomed both by Blakeney and the garrison; three rounds of cannon being fired, by way of royal salute, as he entered. Some of the Prince's friends were seized here, and sent off prisoners to Edinburgh. The broken arch of the bridge was now patched up with timber, to allow of the passage of the King's troops over it after the fugitives. They were obliged to wait till this was done, because they could not have taken to the ford, had they desired it, for fear of laming themselves with their own caltrops. Two days' work built up the bridge, and over it they streamed. But, as was the case when leaving England, the pursued far outstripped the pursuers, who, the further they advanced to give chase, only

found themselves the more hopelessly left behind. Those light-footed Highlanders, and even their Lowland horse, had it all their own way when it came to a run for it. The Royalists left Stirling at six in the morning on the 4th of February, following the Prince's route to Crieff, where they halted for a night. A party being sent out from this place, gallantly captured two ladies, the Duchess Dowager of Perth and Lady Strathallan, who were forthwith consigned to Edinburgh Castle for the next ten months. We are not informed what amount of "killed and wounded," was the result of this brilliant achievement. A seizure was also made of the valuable stud belonging to the Duke of Perth, who was fond of horse-racing, and whose steeds were, of course, confiscated for military purposes. So far the King's troops were "covered with glory," having carried off the ladies, and swept the Duke's stables!

The weather was now so bad—such rain, such mud, such snow—that on arriving at Perth, three days after the last of the insurgents had quitted it, the royal Duke did not think it prudent to follow his game any further. So he gave his troops a few days' rest there, sending out detachments under Sir Andrew Agnew and Colonel Leighton to secure the passes

at Dunkeld and Castle Menzies. The place of the men thus sent out was filled up by fresh arrivals from England, by way of Edinburgh. Foreign troops were also brought in to aid the Royalists, who felt that their condition was becoming a very serious one. These consisted of about five thousand Hessians, under their Prince Frederic. They landed from thirty-six transports, convoyed by four men-of-war, in Leith Roads, on the evening of the 8th of February. Leith is the port of Edinburgh. The good people of that city were apparently not a little gratified by this reinforcement, whose arrival was saluted by all the vessels in the harbour and Roads, as well as by the castle guns. It is an odd custom, that of blazing away a quantity of powder when you either wish to do people honour, or are glad to see them.

These Hessians seemed a decent, quiet set of men; the only breach of discipline recorded against them, while quartered in the city, being that two of the privates helped themselves to a calf, which they proceeded to dress without paying for it. It is very much to be feared that those poor fellows would get the lash. They had better have been content without veal. Their hussars were a fine-looking body, mounted on long-tailed

horses, chiefly black, and very strong, though much less in size than those generally used in the English cavalry service. They wore unusually long curved swords, in slings, such as are now commonly worn by horse soldiers, instead of being stuck in the shoulder belt, according to the prevailing fashion of that time.

After doing what could be done in Perth, which included rescuing those fourteen drowned guns from the bed of the river, and doing some little mischief to people who were favourable to the Stuart, the Duke posted off to Edinburgh, attended by Lord Cathcart and a few servants, to meet his brother-in-law, the Prince of Hesse. One day there, was devoted to dining in public, and concerting his schemes with the Prince. This done, he took his leave under a very royal salute, and returned to Perth with as much speed as he had left it. On the 20th he moved his force in four divisions to Aberdeen, taking very much the same route as that pursued by Lord George Murray —by Coupar, Dundee, and Montrose.

His progress through this part of Scotland did not impress him very favourably as to the loyalty, towards his own family, of its population. Recruiting for the Prince went on almost under his very

nose. He himself complained that he felt more completely in an enemy's country than when he was fighting the French in Flanders; and it became evident that the idea which had been entertained of the insurrection's being entirely broken, was a very erroneous one. One or two instances may illustrate the spirit of the people. At the house of one nobleman, where he had passed the night, the very bed in which the Duke had slept was ordered to be taken down as soon as he was gone; by way of expressing the disgust felt by the family at having been obliged to give him a night's lodging: while, at the same place, somebody or other, in the course of the night, contrived to do him a more effectual piece of mischief, by cutting the girth of every horse in his troop. It is clear that, according to popular notions in that district, though the Duke might be the "right man," he was in anything but the "right place." Such small contempts and real injuries were something to set against the extravagant, fulsome flattery with which, in those days, it was the custom to regale royal personages.

The Duke made Aberdeen his head quarters for a few weeks, sending out parties from time to time into the adjacent country on special services. These services were various. Burning Episcopal places of

worship was one of them, the members of that communion being generally attached to the Stuarts, as those of the Presbyterian one—the established religion — were to the house of Hanover; and, of course, burning their churches was the best way of making disaffected Episcopalians love their new Hanoverian governors. With a praiseworthy eye to business, the soldiers, previous to making a bonfire of two of these buildings, stripped off the timber to heat their own ovens. But while thus maltreating the adverse church, the Duke, at the same time, managed to get rather into the bad graces of his Presbyterian clerical friends; into none of whose chapels in that part of the country did he ever put his foot. The assigned cause of this extraordinary slight to the established ministry, is rather an amusing one. It is said that the Duke requested Mr. Bisset, one of the ministers of Aberdeen, to allow some gentleman whom his Royal Highness wished to hear preach, the occupancy of his pulpit. Good Mr. Bisset, dreadfully offended at his Grace's preferring any one to himself, (it was such bad taste,) hotly returned for answer, that "though he neither preached before kings nor kings' sons, he would yield up his pulpit to no living soul!" And so he had his revenge (such as it was) on the Duke; and

the Duke had his (such as *it* was) by not going near any of them.

Another little special service was to destroy a magazine, or ammunition store, of the insurgents, in an old castle, situated in a wild, mountainous district fifty miles off, near the source of the Don, whence Aberdeen takes its name; for the word *Aber* signifies "the mouth of a river," and the town of what is now called Old Aberdeen, is built near the spot where the Don falls into the sea. It was originally called Aber*don*, which renders the origin of its name more apparent. Three hundred of Conway's foot, under the command of Major Morris, and one hundred of Lord Mark Ker's dragoons, were sent off on this errand, over wretched mountain roads, deep with the snow of that inclement season. They returned at the end of seven days, during which not one of them had had his clothes off, having thoroughly executed their commission. They had seized the fort, thrown away into the snow and heather between three and four hundred firelocks, and twelve thousand musket balls, and staved sixty-four barrels of fine Spanish gunpowder (then reckoned the best), which were afterwards rolled into the river. That magazine of mischief was thoroughly done for. And this special service was rather a more soldierly

piece of work than either burning churches, even though they did belong to Episcopalians, or carrying off elderly ladies to Edinburgh Castle.

Of course Duke William, as he had taken the matter in hand, was bound to harass and crush the insurgents as much as possible; and in such circumstances many hard cases were sure to occur, much wrong and injustice to be committed. In the course of these raids from Aberdeen we find that two of his officers were deprived of their commissions, for abuse of the powers intrusted to them. One of them suffered this disgraceful penalty for robbing a gentleman's house; another for taking a bribe of six guineas to spare that of a merchant.

It is right that even these two instances of his interfering to prevent undue oppression of the Jacobite population of this district should be recorded. And for this reason: that, before the Duke left Scotland, the cruelties which he not only sanctioned, but committed himself, yea, and urged upon others, were so excessive as to cause his name to be execrated, not only by the suffering Scots of that period, but even by the calm historians of the present one, who deliberately apply to him now, the disgraceful name which he acquired then—that of the *Butcher!* Assuredly, of not one single

good deed of his can he afford to lose the reputation. The Prince of Hesse, on the contrary, is spoken of as conducting himself courteously alike to Jacobite and Hanoverian.

Surprises, however, were not peculiar alone to the Duke's tactics: two could play at that game, as he found to his cost. The small town of Keith, in Strathbogie, was one post occupied by his troops, while making Aberdeen their head quarters; and Mr. Glasgow, an officer in the Prince's army, volunteered to carry it with only two hundred men. The Prince doubted whether he could do this, did not much like the scheme, but finally yielded to his importunities. Glasgow accordingly got his men together, marched off in the evening, got quietly across the river Spey, and reached Keith at one o'clock in the morning, without any one there having an idea of the plot that had been laid for them. Advancing noiselessly to the guard-house, they were hailed by the sentinel, "Who goes there?" "A friend," was the prompt reply. But alas for such friends! A blow with the dirk, that killed the sentinel on the spot, instantaneously followed the treacherous answer. A rush from the Highlanders speedily overpowered the guard; they were disarmed and secured; and then, spreading

themselves through the town, this little band of the insurgents soon made themselves masters of it. Some of the Argyle men, who had turned the church into a fortress for the occasion, blazed away gallantly at the attacking party, but were at last, together with the few horsemen, who were doing their best outside, obliged to give way. And then the insurgents had it all their own way; carrying off, from the houses where the soldiers had been billeted, upwards of eighty prisoners, whom Mr. Glasgow had the satisfaction of presenting next day to the Prince. This little successful enterprise had the effect of harassing the enemy considerably; the feeling of insecurity which it created compelling them to take such additional precautions against surprise, as added seriously to the fatigue of the already over-taxed soldiery. Such work in such weather, filled the Duke's hospitals.

CHAPTER X.

We left Charles at Moy Castle. Lord Loudon kept him out of Inverness, having contrived to fortify it in some simple fashion, and garrison it with near two thousand men—Monroes, Grants, Macleods, Macdonalds of Skye, and others. The mere troop that Charles had with him—three hundred, or thereabout—could, of course, have no chance of dislodging the Earl; so the Prince was content to be quiet till the arrival of Lord George Murray, who went the roundabout coast road to Inverness, should bring him reinforcements. Meanwhile, it occurred to my Lord Loudon that if he could manage to surprise Charles, kidnap him in a sort, it would be an exceedingly clever thing on his part, and a very convenient way of putting an end to the contest. The idea was one too good to be lost sight of, and he forthwith set himself to the carrying of it out.

In the afternoon of February 6th there was an unusual commotion among the garrison of Inver-

ness. No one knew what was the meaning of it; but the town, inside and out, was soon surrounded by a chain of guards and sentinels, to whom a strict charge was issued not to suffer any one to pass out, whatever might be his rank or the urgency of his plea. So far so good. Then, having ordered fifteen hundred of his men to be ready to march at any moment that the word of command might be given, the next thing was to place himself at their head, and lead them off on the road to Moy; the time of their setting out being so calculated as to bring them to the castle about eleven o'clock at night. The Inverness people wondered what my lord was after; but, as there was no one to relieve their curiosity, they were obliged to be content without its gratification. On tramped the Highlanders, and soon their last file disappeared from the gaze of the sight-seers of Inverness.

The scheme was well planned, and promised to be successful; but its defeat—for it was defeated, after all—was much more ingeniously accomplished. Some officers, who were to join the Earl on his secret expedition, whiled away the time, till the hour fixed for their departure, by sitting over their wine in an inn kept by a Mrs. Baily, where they were waited upon by her daughter, a girl of about four-

teen years old. They had no more wit than to talk over their fine project here, taking no notice of the girl, who was coming in and out, but going on with what they had to say, as though she were not present. At last, something or other that was said excited her attention, she listened eagerly, and was not long in finding out upon what errand they were bent. Not a moment did she lose. Slipping unperceived out of the house, she managed to elude the sentinels; and, once outside the town, ran as if for her life, straight off to Moy, to apprise the Prince of his danger, taking off her shoes and stockings (Scotch fashion), that she might run the faster. Her poor bare feet fairly distanced Lord Loudon and his men; the castle was reached; and rushing in, breathless and near fainting, she gasped out the news she had brought.

The Prince, who was asleep, was instantly waked, and came down to see what was the matter. Down, too, came the lady of Moy, half dressed; for there was no time for ceremony when life, and such a life, was at stake. They sent the Prince away, about a mile up the bank of Loch Moy, where it was thought he might be safely concealed till the storm had blown over. Meanwhile, the blacksmith of the village, a bold fellow, finding what was afloat,

determined to meet stratagem by stratagem, and see whether he could not turn the tables upon the great lord, with his Highlanders at his back, who had fancied he should catch them all napping. Taking with him a few companions well armed, they posted themselves on the road to Inverness, listening with all their ears for the expected enemy. Surely the girl had not fooled them all! No, she was right; for now, in the distance, was heard the sound of advancing footsteps—a measured tread as of many, and those trained to step in concert General Blacksmith immediately took up his position on the road, adroitly placing his forces—half a dozen country fellows like himself—in a kind of ambuscade at each side of the way, and at some little distance from each other. The word of command was, not to fire till he gave the signal, and then not to give a volley, but a dropping fire, one after the other, so as to convey the idea of an extended line of troops. They waited in utter silence till the first ranks of the hostile Highlanders came up with them. Then was the time for action. Crying out, "Here come the villains!—fire away, my lads!" the smith let fly at them, his own shot killing Macleod's piper. Instantly, from both sides of the road, and as if in answer to the

smith's call on the "Macdonalds," "Camerons," and other imaginary clans whom he was pleased to invoke, and whose war cries were imitated with perfect success, balls were poured into the advancing column; which, confused by the suddenness of the attack and the dark night, imagined themselves set upon by a considerable body. Nay, for anything they knew, it might be the whole insurgent army. Turning at once, they rushed on those behind them, throwing them down, and trampling on them, in their zeal to get out of the way. These were not slow in communicating the alarm to their rear; and in an amazingly brief space of time the whole fifteen hundred of them fled, as quickly as they could put down their feet, back to Inverness, where they arrived out of breath, wounded, and in an extremity of terror and shame. Fifteen hundred dispersed by half a dozen! Well done, blacksmith! And poor, *poor* Earl! No wonder that he deemed it expedient to retire from Inverness the very next day.

This extraordinary affair was afterwards known as the "Rout of Moy." The Master of Ross, a chief who accompanied the unfortunate expedition, declared that though, in his lengthened military career, he had been in perils enough, he had yet

never found himself in so grievous a plight as that in which he was placed at the rout of Moy.

Charles, receiving the reinforcements for which he had been waiting, next day followed up this ridiculous discomfiture of Lord Loudon by attacking Inverness. It was, after a fashion, returning my lord's call. On advancing to the town, however, they found it was deserted by its defenders, who had gone to hide their blushes elsewhere. The insurgents were just in time to see the last of them passing over the Murray Frith, by the ferry of Kessock, and to hasten their flight by sending a few cannon shot after them. The castle was still held by two companies of Loudon's regiment. It was a place of considerable strength, known as Fort George, and had cost the government a large sum to keep it up as a sort of check upon the "wild Highlanders." Major Grant, the governor, had received strict orders from his recreant and departing chief, to stick to it. It was summoned; and, as it declined to surrender, preparations were made for laying siege to it. A trench was opened, and some firing took place. Then ground was broken a little nearer; but from this the besiegers were driven, owing to secret intelligence of their designs having found its way into the fort, which enabled the

artillery men to lay their guns so as to sweep the trench. An old disused kiln was next seized, and converted into a hasty battery, which did some little damage to the roof of the building. Next day the firing was resumed on both sides, rather to the disadvantage of the insurgents, who forthwith began to drive a mine towards the north bastion of the fort. This finished the business. The garrison, in a panic at the idea of being blown up—and indeed it is a very horrible thing—compelled the governor to give up the place. For this he was afterwards cashiered; and it served him right, seeing he made a shabby arrangement for his own benefit, leaving the poor soldiers under his command, to bear all the brunt of the defeat, so far as hardships went. The garrison, as prisoners of war, were confined in various places. At Nairn a few of the officers made their escape through the back window of an inn; which made it rather worse for their less fortunate companions, who were, in consequence, more strictly guarded. Some of the Grants, who composed the garrison, enlisted with Charles; and the remainder of the clan, under the influence of Roy Stuart, one of the Prince's officers, went quietly to their own homes.

The taking of Fort George supplied the Prince's

army with arms, ammunition, and provisions, all of which were very acceptable. A vessel, heavily laden with such things as the townspeople thought they could best carry away, was also captured by some of the Athol men, and from its various stores furnished a good stock of copper money; a thing not to be despised, on account of the wants of the private soldiers: for, without small money, people in humble life are sadly inconvenienced. And even such of us as are more familiar with shillings and half-crowns than were these simple Highlanders, would miss the pennies considerably.

The fort in his own hands, the Prince now had his revenge upon Lord Loudon, for the trick he had attempted to play off against him, by blowing up his castle for him.

A strange accident happened during the performance of this rough operation. A French officer, who was charged with its superintendence, unfortunately stood too near his work, when the train that was to be fired, exploded suddenly, blowing the poor man himself into the air. The force of the shock whirled him round and round before he came down again, with a heavy splash, into the river, a yard or two from its bank; and yet, though so tossed and turned over, strangely enough his hat and wig

fell close by his side; even his watch and money still remained where they were—in his pockets. His dog, which had stood near him on a large stone just above the spot where the match was applied, was sent right across the river, there two hundred yards wide, stone and all, and was very little the worse for its flying journey. Let us hope the unfortunate Frenchman was not our old friend Mr. Admirable.

Charles was by this time joined by his whole army. The troops under Lord George, who had travelled wearily by that long coast road, had been coming in by detachments during some days. On the 16th of February a small party of their horse, having crossed the Spey, arrived at Elgin, where they required billets for five thousand men, and stabling for five hundred horses. These kept pouring in that night and next day. Then came up a troop of Roy Stuart's regiment, with arm-chests and ammunition—good store brought over by two Spanish privateers; and scarcely were the Elgin people rid of these, when their room was filled up by Lord Elcho and his cavalry. On the 18th came the main body, comprising the Macintoshes, the French aid, Lord John Drummond's, and Lord Lewis Gordon's regiments, who proclaimed James VIII. at the Town

Cross, in more than due form; beating drums, shouting, drinking healths, and winding up the ceremony by flinging their glasses over their heads. This was a cheerful company to be entertained that night. No wonder that hay, straw, and oats—not to mention other provisions—were largely in demand. Next day, by way of Forres and Nairn, they continued their route to Inverness, leaving Elgin under a garrison of Gordons, Farquharsons, and Lord Pitsligo's horse.

There were three important government forts in this part of Scotland, placed, so as to command the Highlands, in a slanting direction across the country from Fort George, at the entrance of the Murray Frith in the north, to Fort William, situated on Loch Eil, in the country of the Camerons, in the south. Fort Augustus stands nearly midway between these two. Hither, immediately after the taking of Fort George, Charles dispatched a small body—three hundred of his Irish troops—under General Stapleton. The town was defended by a sergeant and twelve men, who showed fight becomingly on the occasion. The garrison consisted of three companies of Guise's regiment, who fired upon the assailants, and inflicted some loss upon them. Their artillery, however, coming up at this

time—they had out-marched it—enabled them to lay siege to the fort in proper style; and on the second day, a ball going plop into the enemy's powder magazine, caused such an explosion as compelled Major Wentworth, the commander, to surrender. The fort served as a place of confinement for the insurgents' prisoners, of whom they had so many as to prove a serious embarrassment to them, owing to the desultory manner in which the contest was now, of necessity, carried on.

The victorious party went straight on to Fort William, in the attack upon which they were to be joined by clans from the neighbourhood—Camerons, Macdonalds of Keppoch, and the Stuarts of Appin. Here, however, they were less fortunate. The nature and state of the road between Inverness and the fort, so delayed the arrival of the French troops and cannon ordered thence to this siege, that it was the 20th of March before they were ready to open their batteries. That was too late to be of any use; as an urgent call to Inverness, for all the troops that could be got together, a few days only before the fatal battle of Culloden, compelled the besiegers to retreat before they had made any impression on this stoutly-defended post.

Inverness was now the Prince's head quarters,

and he took up his residence there in the house of Lady Drummuir, mother of the lady of Moy. After the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland established himself in the same house, and it is said, again, in the very bed that Charles had occupied. The old lady did not like it, remarking testily that she had had two "kings' bairns" (children) "sleeping in her house, and most certainly she never desired to have another."

Lord Loudon and his men had, as has been said, taken to their heels pretty quickly after their ridiculous discomfiture. The insurgents, however, were not disposed to let him off quietly, so a considerable detachment was sent in pursuit of him, from whom he had a narrow escape. They marched round by way of Bewley; and Loudon in alarm, having neither boats to cross the Frith nor sufficient provisions for his men, pushed to Cromarty, hoping either to find means of transport there, or to get shelter under the guns of some of the English men-of-war, which it was thought might be cruising in the neighbourhood. When they reached Cromarty they were terribly disappointed, for they found neither the one nor the other; while the enemy, on the brow of the hill, were coming down upon them. Presently, however, to their great relief, the *Vulture* sloop-of-

war was seen entering between the two rocky promontories that form the entrance to the bay. They hailed her in every possible manner, shouting, throwing up their bonnets, and displaying signals; but, spite of all, she calmly held on her way at the opposite side of the bay to that where they were in such peril, and finally dropped anchor there. Their signals, however, must have attracted some attention, though they had not induced the vessel to alter her course; for, after anchoring, an officer was sent across in the yawl (a small ship's boat), to see what was the matter. Scarcely knowing who or what they were, the boat kept at a respectful distance from shore, the men lying on their oars when they came within musket range, while the purser roared out to them, through his speaking-trumpet, to know what was wanted. It was answered that they were friends; and the perilous position in which the Highland detachment had placed them being pointed out, the men bent to their oars again, and, making their craft fly through the water, speedily informed the captain of the sloop of the state of affairs. He weighed anchor immediately, and, steering the vessel opposite the slope where the insurgents were posted, brought his guns to bear upon them. Several of the men were wounded by

his fire, and some of their horses killed; so, finding that they could neither get at Loudon, nor occupy the town while the *Vulture* lay there to batter them, they marched back again. Loudon and his company were afterwards carried to the other side of the bay by the ship's boats.

There was, however, no rest for Lord Loudon. He had escaped this pursuit, but they had not lost sight of him; indeed, he proved too troublesome a neighbour for there being any chance of his friends at the other side of the water forgetting him. He had got boats now; so from time to time he dashed over the Frith at the insurgents, as hastily dashing back again if they attempted to fight him. The insurgents, unfortunately for them, could not pay him back again in his own coin, as they at that time were in the predicament in which he had been placed so shortly before. They had no means of getting over the water. The thing was the more serious too, as they knew not how soon the Duke of Cumberland might be up with them—all sorts of rumours were abroad—and had he attacked them on one side, Lord Loudon would be sure to take that opportunity of setting upon them on the other, and thus placing them between two fires. It was high time for making a vigorous effort to put down my Lord Loudon.

The Prince therefore gave orders that all the boats, great and small, that could be collected from the various fishing hamlets upon the coast, should be got together at the mouth of the river Findhorn. The skill and zeal of one of his followers brought this humble fleet to the appointed place in the course of a single night. One portion of the troops destined for the expedition was put on board it, and soon got under sail, while the remainder went by land round the head of the Frith. Perth commanded. Under cover of a thick fog the boats crossed over to Dornock, where Lord Loudon was camped, and landed their freight unperceived. The two forces then joined, and, marching along the coast, fell in with a small party—about two hundred—of the enemy, some of whom fled; while the remainder, consisting of their commander, four or five officers, and sixty privates, were made prisoners. This was a good beginning; but Perth, who, though a brave fellow, was not much of a general, lost time dilly-dallying with this paltry troop, instead of at once pushing forwards and pouncing upon Loudon, who wisely improved the delay by taking himself off. Perth gave chase, but it was too late. Loudon was off to the wilds of Sutherlandshire, and afterwards further still, to the Isle of Skye.

In all civil wars there is one particularly grievous circumstance—that friends, even members of the same family, often find themselves on different sides in the contest, and so may actually be compelled to shed each other's blood. That is a dreadful chance. There were cases of the kind now, one of which may illustrate this unhappy state of things.

Just before Lord Perth set out on his expedition after Loudon, one of Charles's *aides-de-camp* was struck with the altered appearance of a brother officer, who, usually full of energy and spirits, now seemed sunk in grief. His friend inquired into the cause of this change. The officer, with tears, replied that he had a son, whom he greatly loved, serving under Loudon. Before there had been any thought of the Prince coming over to Scotland, he had procured a commission for the lad, and had thought himself most fortunate in doing so; but now that he himself was going out against this particular regiment, the thought that his son might possibly fall by his own father's hand, unmanned him. There was only one consolation arising out of his being ordered on a piece of service which this possibility rendered so afflicting to him; and that was that it might perhaps afford him the chance of

saving his son's life by himself capturing him. Poor comfort, yet better than none. His friend sympathised with him, did what he could to cheer him, and so they parted. On the return of the detachment, a loud, impatient knocking was heard at the door of the *aide-de-camp*, who, going to open it, saw the poor melancholy father of the preceding day, standing there in the highest possible spirits, holding a tall, handsome youth by the hand. "Here," he exclaimed, "is the boy about whom I was so miserable yesterday. I took him prisoner myself; and after I had got him safe, I assure you I did not much trouble myself about others."

The various military parties stationed by the Duke about Perthshire had not, as may be supposed from the few specimens that have been already given, distinguished themselves by mildness in the performance of their duties. Of course they were set there to make themselves disagreeable to the Jacobite inhabitants of the district; and they did it. Tidings of their doings were from time to time carried to Charles's army, and the Highlanders were exasperated by hearing of the fate of their homes and families. Houses burnt, and provisions eaten up before the eyes of starving wives and children, who were refused even a share of their own,

might indeed have thrown more temperate people than the hot-blooded Highlanders into paroxysms of rage. So, while the main bodies of the two armies lay inactive, the weather preventing their getting at each other, it was determined by the insurgents that Lord George Murray should lead a considerable detachment into Athol, his own country, to avenge these wrongs

Many of the posts thus held by the Royalists consisted of the ordinary gentleman's residence of the time and country, half house, half castle, which a little engineering skill on the part of their present occupants soon converted into tolerably respectable fortresses. There were about thirty of them, large and small, scattered up and down the country. The most important of them were Lude, belonging to the chief of the clan Robertson; Blairfettie, where fifty troopers were stationed; Faskally, Easthaugh, belonging to the M'Larens; Kinnachan, and the inn of Blair.

Having taken all possible precautions to prevent intelligence of his design being carried to the enemy, Lord George left Inverness at dusk early in March, with six or seven hundred Highlanders; not even his men knowing for what particular purpose they were turning out. They reached the borders

of Athol on the 11th of March, and the column being halted, the men were then acquainted with the object of the expedition. The plan was that they should separate into a number of small detachments, and these were at the same time, about midnight, to attack the various posts against which they were to move; uniting again when they had finished their work, at a certain place called Bruar, a couple of miles from Blair.

They broke up accordingly into as many companies as there were houses to be attacked, and then, as stealthily as so many cats, moved off, each one in the direction of the particular post whose destruction was confided to it.

The expedition was attended by complete success, nearly the whole of these fortified houses falling, after more or less resistance, into the hands of the incensed Highlanders, who made three hundred prisoners, without the loss, on their own side, of a single man. It may be imagined these same prisoners would not be very delicately handled.

The details of the different captures were, of course, various. At one place the garrison was found carousing in an Irish sort of fashion, as a preliminary to the funeral of one of their friends. The whiskey had been plentiful, if not very good,

and to a man they were seized before they had time to fire a shot. At another, the sentinel having given an alarm, the little garrison defended itself stoutly, but in vain—all were carried off prisoners. At Blairfettie, sentinel and all were laid hold of before they knew what the uproar was about. The lady of the house had, some days before, contrived to send off a herd-boy to her husband, who was with the Prince's army, to inform him of the pitiable plight to which the soldiers quartered upon her had reduced her and her children. On the night of this avenging expedition she was roused from sleep by a tap at her bedroom door; and, on asking who was there, was answered by one of her servants, who had gone off with Blairfettie, that the laird himself was below, and she must come down to him immediately. Down she went, and in the hall there stood the whole of her oppressors, disarmed, and guarded by her husband's tenants and servants, who stood over them with drawn swords. In their presence Blairfettie required that any of them who had particularly misconducted themselves should be pointed out to him. This would be rather an anxious moment to the unmanly beings, who had been rioting at such very free quarters in the house of that stern tartaned chief, whose servants (ac-

customed to obey his bidding, whatever it might be) now stood round them, with flashing blades unpleasantly near the prisoners' eyes. The poor lady then spoke out her complaint, that her unwelcome guests had kept all that there was to be eaten for their own use, leaving her and her children to starve. It was well for them that it was no worse, and also that the laird was a merciful man. He contented himself with taking the officers' word of honour that they would conduct themselves civilly in his house, and henceforth give his wife and children a share of the provisions—a promise that was faithfully kept. Why he did not turn them out, as his comrades did elsewhere, we are not told. Perhaps he thought a worse set might come in their place, as the insurgents were not holding that part of the country.

At Easthaugh the affair turned out more tragical. Followed by some of his own clan, M'Laren arrived at his house about one in the morning. All was quiet; and having managed to effect an entrance without waking the sleepers, they first stole to the guard-room and seized all the arms The soldiers were next collected from various parts of the house and out-buildings, where they had been stowed for the night, and shut up altogether in one building,

with a promise that if they made the least noise they should be put to death. Leaving a guard over them, Easthaugh, accompanied by his nephew, entered the bedroom of the commanding officer, and sternly bade him get up. The officer, in reply, grasped his sword, which lay by his side, when the fierce Highlander instantly stabbed him to the heart.

The attack upon the inn of Blair rather turned the tide against the insurgents; the garrison there giving them some good blows in return for those they received, and finally getting off in safety to the castle of the same place, where they found shelter. Blair Castle was strongly garrisoned under Sir Andrew Agnew, a brave officer of the old school, and with a particularly hot temper. Rumours of the Highlanders being afloat had already reached his vigilant ears; and when the little party from the inn, bearing all the marks of recent conflict, made their appearance, the old gentleman was thoroughly informed of the state that things were in. Instantly a detachment was ordered under arms, and, commanded by himself, marched out to the scene of their operations. Day was already breaking, when Lord George and his small party of four or five-and-twenty men found themselves at Bruar, the ap-

pointed meeting-place, awaiting the arrival of his dispersed companies. The news of Sir Andrew's approach was not quite so satisfactory to him. Retreat, and flight among the neighbouring hills, were both hastily suggested by his people; but had he in either of these ways abandoned his scattered detachments, they would have been cut off, one after another, as they arrived at the rendezvous. Resistance was equally out of the question, on account of the disproportion between the parties. Sir Andrew and his host, would have swallowed up my lord's paltry troop at a single mouthful. In war, however, stratagem often supplies the place both of arms and men, and Lord George determined to try what it could do for him in his present difficulty. His own force, it has been said, was ridiculously inadequate to the meeting of that which the tough Royalist veteran was rapidly bringing up to attack him; so, as flight was not to be thought of, he was obliged to try what a make-believe army could do for him. With this intent he ordered his four-and-twenty Scots to range themselves behind a high stone wall, that fortunately was close at hand, at a little distance from each other, and to display, at intervals, the colours of the whole force with which he had quitted Inverness; these having been left with his small

party. The pipers, too, by great good luck, had also been left behind—they wanted no music for their midnight expedition—and these were bidden, as soon as Sir Andrew's corps appeared in sight, to play up their loudest and screamiest pibrochs, each a different one, so as to convey an idea of the presence of numerous bodies of Highlanders. The standards were at the same time to be unfurled and waved, while the men, placed thus at intervals, were commanded to flourish their swords about their heads, making each one, thanks to the high wall which concealed their real number, look as if he were an officer at the head of his own troop; the troop being supposed to stand in the intervening space, where neither swords nor anything else were to be seen. This simple, yet clever trick, succeeded beyond belief. Just at sunrise grim old Sir Andrew hove in sight. Up screeched the bagpipes, a long line of colours fluttered in the air over imaginary troops, here and there above the top of that friendly wall gleamed the broadswords. Could Sir Andrew, old soldier as he was, doubt that he was just on the point of being set upon by, nobody knows how many of the enemy, perchance an army? If he did, his men did not. Just one pause at the unexpected sights and sounds, and

then the gruff voice of the blanked old commander called a halt; the next moment they were wheeled round, marched off at quick step, and did not stop till they had placed themselves again within the sheltering walls of Blair Castle.

Lord George's scattered troops rejoining him, one by one, after their night's work, he determined in his turn to follow Sir Andrew, and besiege him in his own castle; or rather, not exactly his own, seeing the place belonged to Lord George's brother, the Duke of Athol, who, as favourable to the existing government, had succeeded to the title and estates in place of his elder brother, Tullibardine. Tullibardine's deprivation of his rights, in consequence of his share in the rebellion of 1715, has already been mentioned.

The errand on which Lord George had left Inverness caused him to be but indifferently supplied with materials for a siege; at least, if it was to be carried on decorously, according to established forms. To fire away at thick stone walls with a couple of small field-pieces was scarcely decent according to military usage, and it was duly made game of, even by the old knight who commanded at Blair. Sir Andrew, grave and grim as he was, could yet crack a joke himself when it came in his

way; and watching the absurd effects of these two little guns, that were indeed *playing* ball against the castle, he is reported to have said quizzically, "The man must be mad, knocking down his own brother's house!"

No apprehensions of this kind, however, perturbed Lord George Murray. Perhaps he was aware that those who never attempt *un*likely things, are not the men to perform even likely ones. Small guns or no guns, no matter; he had stout hearts with him, and that was enough to encourage him to try his strength with the gentleman who held his brother's house against him. If he could do nothing more, he was competent to blockading the garrison, and thus might, perchance, starve them out. So, in military phrase, he "sat down" before Blair Castle, absolutely preventing any going out or coming in there; meanwhile instructing each of his followers to give the contents of his "Brown Bess" to anybody who might chance to show himself either at window, loop-hole, or on the walls.

The blockade was well kept; nor were Lord George's instructions in shooting, thrown away upon his men. The siege was protracted; and, as the besieged could do little or nothing to help themselves,

time hung heavy on their hands. It was soon found out that the tartan-clad host outside "popped" at everything in the shape of a man, that presented itself about the castle; and in their utter dreariness some of the young officers thought they would get a bit of fun out of this. No sooner said than done. They managed to lay hold of a worn-out uniform of Sir Andrew's, and, by help of much stuffing, constructing a most respectable scarecrow out of this, they set it up at a loop-hole, placed a telescope in the hand of the figure, as though it were reconnoitring the country or the enemy, and then retired to watch the result. It was delightful. One after another of the best "shots" among the Highlanders, poured in bullets without number on the imperturbable figure, which, to the dismay of the sharpshooters, never winced or left its position. There it stood, day after day, still continually looking over the country with the same everlasting telescope, and still none the worse for its peppering. That stiff old file, the governor, began at last to wonder how it was that the enemy was always firing away at that particular loop-hole. At last the truth came out; and the young gentlemen were in for it then. If it had been Sir Andrew himself upon whom they had been playing tricks, instead of upon Lord George and his

best marksmen, he could not have been more seriously offended. For any one to "poke fun" out of the incidents of a real siege was a thing quite incomprehensible to him—nay, it was unpardonable levity—and he determined to make the youngsters smart for it. Every mother's son of the sprightly lads who had been concerned in the joke, was put under arrest, and would have been much more sharply dealt with afterwards, but that the raising of the siege gave the angry baronet something else to think about.

The fun-making was not confined to one side. Poor Sir Andrew's irritable temper, which was well known, tempted some of the Highland chiefs to beguile the tediousness of a blockade—the most stupid of all military performances—by playing upon it. Accordingly, picking out the shabbiest bit of paper that could be found, a formal summons to Sir Andrew to surrender the castle, with all its stores, ammunition, and men, was written upon it, and signed by their names; while to make the joke more complete, this precious document was sent to the castle by a barefoot Highland lass, who, serving at the inn of Blair, had often waited upon the officers of the garrison. Off she set with it in perfect good faith; as she drew near, flourishing the paper over

her head by way of making it apparent that she was the bearer of a flag of truce. Sir Andrew's young officers were delighted with the joke; especially on seeing the earnestness with which this extraordinary envoy backed the demand, of which she was the bearer, assuring them that, if they did not comply with its conditions, the castle would be knocked to pieces about their ears, for there were, at least, a thousand of them outside.

When they had had their laugh out, they desired her to return, and tell the gentlemen who had sent her, that they would soon sweep them out of their way. But the poor girl, in her simplicity imagining that it was a serious business on which she had come, was not to be got rid of in that style. She insisted that her message should be delivered to the governor himself; and one of them at last was goose enough to carry it to him. The explosion of Sir Andrew's wrath was dreadful. To have Blair Castle, of which he was governor, summoned by a maidservant, was an indignity of which he had never dreamed, and which, but for its being actually done, he would have believed impossible. In a towering passion he hurried off the unhappy lieutenant, who had made himself the medium of communication between "Molly" of the

inn, and Sir Andrew Agnew, Baronet, with the abominable scrap of paper, which was to be forthwith returned to its impertinent writers, by the hand of their chosen messenger. He further bestowed upon Lord George, the author of the joke, more hard names than would be convenient to repeat, but such as may be imagined from an angry old soldier, bearded in his very den in so outrageous a fashion; adding, moreover, by way of still further relieving his feelings, that their next ambassador should be shot through the head, be he who he might.

The girl, hearing what passed, fled in a fright to her employers, and gravely told the result of her embassy to Murray, Nairn, Cluny, and other officers who had had a hand in the jest, and were now waiting to know the upshot of their mischievous trick. Poor Molly was serious enough, but she nearly threw them into fits with laughing at her dolorous account of what came of carrying that bit of paper to Sir Andrew Agnew.

They did not laugh, however, when the Royalists compelled their falling back again upon Inverness. This took place at the end of a strict blockade of fourteen days; so strict that the garrison was reduced to eating horse-flesh, and had, as it is said,

the last charge in their guns, when they were relieved by the Earl of Crawfurd and his dragoons, followed by the Duke of Athol himself.

Prince Frederic and a strong body of his Hessians also marched from Perth, where they were encamped, to the succour of Blair Castle, which, however, they did not reach. They got as far as Dunkeld comfortably enough—horse, foot, and artillery; but after leaving that place they began to find themselves in something like a wasp's nest. At every point they were attacked by invisible assailants. Any bush, thicket, or jagged bit of rock served as a screen, whence death-dealing bullets flew among them, none knowing from whose hand. They struggled on through this embarrassing species of warfare, till they arrived at the Pass of Killicranky, where they hesitated, and no wonder. There stretched before them, for a couple of miles, a sort of track on the huge mountain side; vast overhanging crags above; beneath, a sheer precipice, at whose foot tumbled and raved a swift river; while the nimble Highlanders, who could skip from crag to crag like goats, were prepared to dispute the passage with them. It is said, discretion is the better part of valour. The Hessians, then, *had* this better part, for they simply declined entering the horrid pass

that lay between them and Blair Castle; nor could Lord Crawfurd's blandishments, or menaces either, persuade them to it. The rescue of Sir Andrew and his garrison was, therefore, due to Crawfurd and Athol, who, being at home, were not quite so frightened by this "stern gateway into the Highlands"—where the gallant Dundee met his death—as were their foreign friends. They got through it with the loss of only two men, who were shot by a lad from the height above.

CHAPTER XI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the trivial successes which we have been narrating, such as the rout of Moy, the taking of Inverness, and the destruction of so many of the enemy's posts in Perthshire, which were in themselves cheering, Charles's serious disasters were still increasing. It is true he was protected by the wild, barren hills, among which his faithful adherents were lying; but then he was shut up within their dreary barriers. His resources were growing smaller and smaller. His money was so near exhausted that he was compelled to pay his troops in oatmeal; and for any other provision that they required they had to sell what they did not want of this, in order to procure a few pence for its purchase. If they had had plenty even of this oatmeal, they might, with their hardy habits, have contrived to "rough it" for a while; but unluckily even its supplies were uncertain, and at times scanty. So that the poor hungry fellows grew sullen and dis-

contented, and were disposed to charge their officers with wrongfully withholding their pay from them, in order to enrich themselves; when in truth many of those gentlemen were in such a state as to be thankful when they could get a few cabbage leaves from the kale-yards of the neighbouring farmers. Starving people are seldom reasonable. Several vessels had been dispatched from France with supplies for the Prince; but they had either been captured by the English ships that were always cruising about, or been compelled to put back again to escape such a fate.

Among these captures the most unfortunate one for the insurgents, was that of the *Prince Charles*, formerly the *Hazard*. She was sent over from France with stores of various kinds, and more than ten thousand pounds in money. On approaching the coast she was chased by an English ship, the *Sheerness*, which, coming within range, opened fire upon her so hotly, and with such deadly aim, as to kill thirty-six of her crew, and wound several others. Seeing no other escape, the *Prince Charles* was run ashore on the sands of Melness, in the extreme north of Sutherlandshire, and so got rid of her pursuer, who was not disposed to venture on so desperate a measure. She had better, however,

have run out to sea, and taken her chance; for, after her treasure had been landed, the convoy was fallen upon by the friends of Lord Reay, a government man, upon whose shores the vessel had thus unhappily grounded. Sir Henry Munro, son of him who was slain at Falkirk; Lord Charles Gordon, who did not, it seems, side with his family; Captain M'Leod, with others of Lord Loudon's regiment, which, it will be remembered, had been chased into Sutherlandshire, formed the attacking party on this occasion. Several of the crew were killed in the encounter, and the remainder being overpowered, all the stores, comprising fourteen chests of arms (pistols and swords), thirteen barrels of powder, and other warlike material, together with the large amount of gold brought over, fell into the hands of the captors, or their friends. The Royalists made a hundred and fifty-six prisoners, including forty French officers; and these were at once embarked in the *Sheerness*, and sent to the Duke's head quarters at Aberdeen. Unfortunately for Charles, other prisoners were also made about this same time; one of the Mackays, Lord Reay's clan, having surprised the Earl of Cromarty, and his son, Lord M'Leod, in a castle belonging to the Countess of Sutherland, and shipped them off for London;

thus depriving the Prince of the whole of the Earl's clan, numbering at least five hundred fighting men. The story goes that the Earl and his son, having no idea of danger at hand, were simply paying a polite visit to the Countess, when they were thus surrounded and made prisoners.

From the prisoners the Duke learned that further aid from France was expected by Charles; and this circumstance, together with the clearing up of the weather, which would render the passage of his troops through the country possible, decided him to make an attempt to reach the insurgents, and fight it out. The waters of the Spey, the most rapid river in Scotland, and which had to be crossed to get at the Prince, had been much swollen with the violent rains, but were now abating; so that by the time they were reached, it was judged that the fords would be passable. His route was to be the coast road, by Banff and Cullen, which would bring them to the river, Charles's frontier defence. A fleet was to accompany his march, to supply his army with provisions. The force which he moved from Aberdeen amounted to nine thousand men, and was made up of two regiments of dragoons (our old friends), a company of horse commanded by the Duke of Kingston, the Argyle men, Campbell's, and fifteen

battalions of infantry. He had also some artillery. Lord Albemarle, and Generals Bland and Mordaunt, commanded under him. The enemy were not unaware of their intentions, and for several days before the march, employed their emissaries to instil vague fears into the Duke's army, by dropping in the streets of Aberdeen, in and about which the force was stationed, papers containing intimations of the dangers that awaited them in their progress. One of these mentioned that the neighbourhood of the Spey, the passes to which had been committed to the keeping of Lord John Drummond, was mined, and that on their approach these mines would be exploded, and the Royalists duly sent flying into the air. This would surely have frightened those discreet Hessians, had they been of the number appointed for this northern service. But it does not appear that they were; some difference between their Prince and the Duke, respecting a proposition for an exchange of prisoners during the war, having led the former to refuse permission for his subjects to thrust themselves any further into a quarrel in which they could not take a particularly lively interest, and where the Duke's harsh mode of conducting business would have exposed them to contend with men driven to desperation.

The long line of horse, foot, and artillery, red uniforms, and Campbell tartans, moved off from Aberdeen and its neighbourhood by way of Old Meldrum, where Mordaunt, with three battalions of foot and the artillery, had camped. This was their first night's halt. Next day, the 9th of April, Banff was reached, after fording the broad stream of the river Deveron, on which the town stands. And here they seized two rebel spies, who were taking the number of the Duke's army, recording it in primitive fashion by notches on a stick. They were at once hung up without mercy; one to a tree, the other to the projecting roof-pole of a house. This poor wretch had a label fastened upon his breast, on which was written in large characters, "A Rebel Spy." Proceeding onwards to Cullen, the Royalist vanguard—Kingston's horse—was not a little alarmed at seeing a great fire burning fiercely about a mile and a half to their left. Their excited feelings were, however, soon calmed and relieved by ascertaining that it was *only* a church belonging to the Episcopalians, which had been subjected to the process already spoken of, as the one deemed best adapted for winning back to his Majesty of England, the affections of that class of his disaffected subjects.

Six miles further, and at a pretty little seaside village, the whole army, which had thus far marched in separate divisions, united. Finding quarters for so many was out of the question; so the cavalry had the best of it, being, till the end of the campaign, billeted in the adjacent towns, while the foot were permitted to make themselves "comfortable" under canvas. On this particular night they had some ploughed fields near Cullen for their bedroom.

Their next day's march among the dreary hills, which no one had then learned to consider beautiful, brought them to the town of Fochabers, close to the formidable river that coursed so swiftly between them and the enemy. On their way hither they were cheered by the sight of the grain-laden transports, with their armed protectors, the men-of-war, standing in close to the shore. Then some skirmishing parties of the insurgents, who had crossed the river, came in sight; and the men-of-war, levelling their guns, sent a few shot flying among them.

On the other side of the river the camp of the insurgents made rather a formidable appearance; for Charles, hearing of the Duke's intended march, had charged Lord John Drummond with the defence of its fords. He was sent off post haste to Elgin, with

his own regiment of Scots, part of the Irish brigade, Lord Elcho and his cavalry, and a portion of Fitz-James's French regiment, which had just landed at Peterhead. These last were marched out before they could get provided with horses; but they carried with them saddles, bridles, and other harness, which were hurriedly placed on such animals as they picked up in their way—not a very effective cavalry one would think. Lord John was desired to throw up intrenchments along the river bank, so as to command the fords, and, by hook or by crook, prevent the Duke's passage of it; or, if that should be impossible, at least to delay it till the whole insurgent force could be collected to meet him. For at that time the Prince's army was much weakened by parties having gone off on furlough to their homes; some of them in hope of finding more provision there, than the commissariat of Inverness could furnish.

This was the force that came in sight, as the Royalists approached the deep and rapid Spey. Nothing daunted, however, on they went, the advanced guard, consisting of Kingston's horse, then halting at the head of a ploughed field, within half a mile of the river, to await further orders. Presently, up came the foot, with the guns lumbering

behind them; but before any plans for proceeding could be arranged, wreaths of smoke were seen curling up among the white flags on the opposite bank, and it was soon apparent that the insurgents had fired their camp. This did not look as if they intended to stand fight, and so, indeed, it proved; for Lord John, doubting his ability to make good the three fords against so numerous a body, judged it most prudent to fall back, and leave the way open for the Duke—a decision that struck consternation throughout the Prince's army when it became known there, though Lord George tried to cheer his friends by saying, that the more of the Elector's troops passed the Spey, the fewer there would be to return.

The advanced guard now marched on, right through the one long street of which the town of Fochabers consisted. The townspeople stood at their doors as the soldiers passed, staring at them with all their eyes; but not a soul gave them any kindly greeting, or wished them success.

A halt was again called by the river side, and then the army was told off in three divisions, for the three fords, one of which was at Yarmouth, another near Gordon Castle, and a third, close by a village church in the neighbourhood. Awkward fords they were, and the insurgents might have done the troops

a considerable amount of mischief while they were entangled in them, had they been disposed. As it was, they contented themselves with a little sharp-shooting across the river, kneeling down, and taking sights at the enemy, as though they had been so many blackcocks.

The entrance of the fords being thus unopposed, the word of command was given to cross over. The vanguard dashed into the water, with a guide on foot, wading to show them the somewhat intricate path. Loose stones at the bottom made it a very embarrassing one both for horse and foot, who went stumbling along waist deep in the stream. Slipping and scrambling, keeping their clothing and accoutrements out of the wet as well as they could, they got half way over, and then in mid-stream had to turn at right angles, and go down it sixty yards, then turn again to the left, and so zigzag it out, and up the bank. O what a flanking fire Lord John might have treated them to, if he had only carried out his orders! Lord Elcho and his life guards had the spirit to remain behind, and give the English a few shots while they were in the river. They were soon, however, compelled to retire, and were so hotly pursued by the Duke's cavalry, after it had floundered ashore, as to escape

with some difficulty. One of their officers had a narrow escape of being made prisoner. When discharging his pistol he accidentally shot his own horse in the neck. Plunging suddenly with the pain, the animal threw his master; who, just as some English horsemen were eagerly stretching out their hands to lay hold of him, sprang up behind one of his own troopers, whose good steed, carrying double, brought both of them off.

The army got safely over at the three different fords with only the loss of one dragoon and a woman, who were drowned through slipping off their horse. The troops were treated with rum and biscuit for their supper; and as the insurgents had by this time disappeared, the infantry at once camped on the north bank of the Spey, having unthrashed barley for their beds, for want of straw. The horse recrossed the river, and were quartered in the town of Fochabers. The Duke took up his quarters with the foot, lodging in the very house that Lord John Drummond had just quitted.

Next morning, the horse having again crossed the river to rejoin their comrades, the march was resumed to Elgin, which was reached at noon. After they had had their dinner the bugles again

sounded, and that night's halt was on the moor of Alves. They got on swimmingly now, with the enemy cleared out of their way, fine weather, and good hard roads; and though the river Findhorn had to be waded before reaching Nairn, that was well got through, save that one poor horse, embarrassed with baggage, was swept down the stream and drowned.

At Nairn, they were almost upon the heels of the insurgents. As the Royalists approached, a body of Highlanders was seen moving on; and Kingston's horse, together with four companies of the Argyle men, were ordered after them. It, however, only served to quicken their pace, a few of the hindmost falling into the hands of their pursuers. Perth himself, mounted on one of his fine steeds, waited till the enemy was within a couple of hundred yards of him, and then, clapping spurs to his horse, shot swiftly out of their reach.

When Lord John Drummond's force retired, and brought Charles news of the Duke's having crossed the Spey, the Prince at once prepared to advance and meet his opponent. On the 14th of April the remains of his army were drawn up at Inverness, that he might review them. As he walked along their lines he was received with wild shouts of joy,

while many of the Highlanders cried out, "We know Cumberland; we 'll give him another Fontenoy." In this cheery mood, with the prospect of a battle before them, the poor half-starving fellows marched out of Inverness towards Culloden Moor, four miles off. Here they camped for the night, the heath serving them both for bed and fire; for though so late in the spring, the nights were bitterly cold, and half-fed people feel cold much more acutely than those who have had their fill of beef and bread. The whole of their next day's provision consisted of one small coarse cake, made of what appeared to be the sweepings, husks and all, of the mill floor. For dessert to this miserable dinner, they had a not very distant view of the enemy's heavily-laden transports, gliding tranquilly into the Frith, to disembark their stores at Nairn.

Expecting the Royalists would soon be upon them, the Prince's army was, early on the morning of the 15th, drawn up in order of battle; but no attack upon it was made. Indeed, the Royalists were very differently occupied. Being the Duke's birthday, a day's rest, with biscuit, brandy, and beef to match, had been given them at Nairn; so that while the insurgents were waiting for them,

with artillery planted, and all the preparations for a stiff struggle, they were eating, drinking, and huzzaing to their heart's content, by way of doing honour to their young commander.

When apprised of this, Charles determined that he too would keep the Duke's birthday, or rather birthnight, though after a different fashion; and, taking for granted that after a day's revelry, negligent watch would be kept at night, he decided that it should be by giving his Royal Highness a surprise, as soon as it was dark enough to conceal his own movements. The foraging parties were, therefore, ordered to be immediately recalled—a command more easily given than obeyed; for, under the influence of raging hunger, the poor fellows had become insensible to the claims of duty. It was in vain that their officers sought by threats to compel their return. The answer was, they might shoot them if they liked; as well die that way as by starvation: so that at eight o'clock in the evening, the time fixed upon for the setting out of the expedition, there was not above half the number of men that there ought to have been. Charles's ardour for conflict and his trust in his Highlanders were, however, so great, that he would not permit this to thwart his design. He would have

been willing to make the attack if only a thousand of his faithful Scots had followed him.

The troops, such as they were, being mustered, were formed in two columns—the first under Lord George Murray, the second headed by the Prince himself. The watchword by which, in the dark, friend might be known from foe, was "King James VIII." The instructions given to the eager Highlanders showed in how desperate a spirit the attack was to be made. The report of fire-arms would have betrayed them: these, therefore, were not to be used. They were to creep noiselessly into the midst of the enemy's camp, overturn their tents, and then cold steel was to do the business. Wherever the swelling of the canvas showed a form beneath it, there the dirk, the sword, or the slender, deadly bayonet, that lets out life through an almost invisible opening, was to be thrust in with all their might. No fear of *that* command being disobeyed. And woe betide the man who got that thrust! No second would be needed.

All being ready to move, the heath was set on fire here and there, to look, in the distance, like their camp fires. Had no lights been visible, the enemy would have suspected they had changed their ground, and so have been prepared for the chance of its

being in the direction of Nairn. This being done, away they marched on their enterprise, with the hope of stealing upon the Duke's camp about midnight.

They tramped on in the dark for some miles as quietly as possible, none daring even to speak above his breath; for such had been their orders. Weary miles they were, over broken and marshy ground, which, accustomed as were these fleet-footed mountaineers to rough, rugged ways, tried even them; for the extreme darkness of the night, favourable as it was to the secrecy upon which the success of the scheme depended, baffled, and caused them to lose their way. Hour after hour passed, and found them still struggling, stumbling, and dispersed in all directions, unable to see their road before them, or to keep together in anything like military order. Some sank down exhausted, and dropped off at once into a heavy sleep, from which there was no rousing them. That one wretched biscuit of oatmeal dust and husks, could not put strength enough into a man for so toilsome a journey as this night march proved. Midnight was the time when they were to have sprung into the sleeping camp; but midnight was now two hours past, and yet the head of Lord George's column had only

just arrived at Kilravoch, three miles from the camp at Nairn. The second column was, nobody knew where, or at least far, far behind.

Just at this juncture, amid the stillness of night, the far-off cry of the Duke's outpost sentries, and the guard going its rounds, was heard:—"Is all well?" "All's well." As if in answer to this, the horse of one of the insurgent officers, thought proper to give a friendly neigh. What was to be done? It was now clearly impossible to reach the enemy's camp before day-dawn, and, though their little force might have sufficed for a surprise by night, as had been planned, it was quite inadequate to a regular attack by daylight. Perplexed in the extreme, Lord George halted, and held a hasty council with his officers. Hepburn of Keith, the gentleman who with drawn sword had marshalled Charles up the staircase of Holyrood, was vehemently in favour of going on at all risks. Nay, in his headlong zeal, he protested they should get on the better for having light enough to see what they were about; and some other hot-headed chiefs agreed with him. Lord George, however, was firm in his conviction that further advance was worse than useless; and signs of life beginning to be heard in the still distant camp, confirmed his opinion of the

hopelessness of their enterprise. It was evident the enemy were astir, and not quite so sleepy and tipsy as it had been hoped their day's carouse would have made them.

The Prince was still too far behind to be taken into their consultations; but while Lord George and his friends were hurriedly discussing their difficult position, O'Sullivan rode up, with the Prince's orders to make the attack at once, provided Lord George thought it could now be done with safety. Thus commissioned to act on his own judgment, Lord George countermanded the advance, the column wheeled round, and, falling back upon the rear division, all returned weary, worn out, and dispirited to Culloden Moor, where they arrived at seven in the morning. Some at once threw themselves down to sleep; others went in search of food, which was scarce enough; all that could be got for the Prince himself, who had taken up his quarters at Culloden House, being some bread and a little whiskey. Charles was much disappointed by the utter failure of his plan. At first he was disposed to blame Lord George, as having been too soon frightened by difficulties; but he soon perceived that that brave man had only acted with becoming discretion, and he consoled himself by saying they

should soon, after all, meet the enemy, and give it them. Ever mindful of the necessities of his followers, the Prince, before seeking the rest that his wearied mind, as well as body, so much needed, sent out foraging parties to scour the country round for such meat and drink as might still be found in it. This done, he laid him down.

CHAPTER XII.

It was but a brief repose that any of that worn-out band enjoyed. The Duke of Cumberland was not a man to be caught napping, as they had supposed; and it was not alone the delay of that miserable night march that ruined its success. His spies—some of them Highlanders too—were mixed among the insurgents, and kept him pretty well acquainted with all their movements. And though the secrecy with which the night attack had been planned had been such as to prevent any information concerning it reaching him, yet he was aware of their march in the direction of his camp, and was quite prepared for them; the men sleeping on their arms, to be ready for an attack in the morning, which he anticipated.

Accordingly, to be beforehand with them, at four o'clock of the very morning that the Highlanders had been compelled to abandon their design upon him, his drums beat to arms, his men were drawn

out, and, being formed in four columns, left the ground which they had occupied near Nairn, to go in search of the insurgents. Of these four columns, three were of foot regiments, each consisting of five battalions; the cavalry formed the fourth, and were placed so as to protect the left wing of the force, which was the one most exposed to the enemy, the sea "covering," in military language, their right: that simply means, that their march was so near the seacoast that no one could get at them on that side. About eleven in the morning the camp of the insurgents on that wide, dreary Culloden, or Drummossie Moor, came in sight of the King's troops: they, too, in their turn, were perceived in the distance by the advanced guards of the Highland army. The Prince was instantly roused, and, in company with Perth, Murray, and Drummond, rode forward to the field. Cannon were fired to wake the sleepers, and they came swarming in from the various places in the neighbourhood, where they had found a few hours' shelter and sleep. One of the Prince's aides-de-camp, who had gone as far as Inverness, had just pulled off his clothes, half asleep all the while, and got one foot in bed, when drums beating to arms, and the trumpets of Fitz-James's troop calling to boot and saddle, left no chance for the other to

follow it. Huddling on his dress again with half-closed eyes, he hastily mounted and rejoined the army, which was now getting into order on the moor. Its disastrous night journey had ill fitted it for the coming struggle with the well-fed, sufficiently rested, and much more numerous Royalist force, now spreading itself over the plain; yet the men, shaking off their weariness at the approach of danger, were full of spirit, greeting their prince as he rode among them with hearty cheers.[1] They were animated, too, by the timely arrival, that same morning, of some more of the clans; so that they now mustered five thousand against nine thousand.

The odds against them would have been still greater but for the zeal of a Jacobite lady, whose husband, having raised his people with the intention of leading them off to the Duke, had the boiling tea-kettle so discreetly emptied over his legs by his excellent wife, as effectually to fasten him to his arm-chair instead of marching off to fight — an intentional accident which the lady improved by sending out the clan, under a commander of her own choosing, to "bonnie Prince Charlie." A pleased and proud woman was she to stay at home and tend her husband's scalded legs: what did they matter, provided the Prince had but "his own again?"

Great as was still the disparity between their numbers, and still more so between the condition of the two armies, Charles had no notion of declining the battle about to be offered him. Perhaps it was, as some of his officers said, that he was too fond of fighting battles, regardless of the chances against him. But he came of an heroic stock on both sides, and he had boundless confidence in his Highlanders, who indeed deserved it. He would not, on this occasion, even retire to what was deemed a stronger position, but resolved to brave it out where they were, on the heather of Culloden Moor, that same 16th of April, 1746.

His army was disposed in two lines; their left protected by some marshy ground, mid-leg deep in water, their right by some inclosures and walls belonging to a farm-house. The first line was composed of Highland clans—the Macdonalds of Glengarry, Clanranald, and Keppoch, M'Leans, M'Leods, Macintoshes, Farquharsons, Frasers, Stuarts of Appin, Camerons, and Murrays; commanded on the right by Lord George Murray, on the left by Lord John Drummond, and strengthened by two troops of horse. The second line, under General Stapleton, comprised the Gordon and other Low-country regiments, together with the

Irish and French troops. Some of these regiments consisted of only two or three hundred men. Four pieces of artillery were stationed on each wing of the first line, and also in the centre. The reserve consisted of some of Lord Kilmarnock's guards, and other cavalry. Charles, with his life guards, took up a position a little in the rear, upon a rising ground, which enabled him to command the battle-field.

The Royalists were drawn up in three lines, commanded by Albemarle, Bland, Lord Ancrum, Huske, and Mordaunt. Between every two regiments in the first line two guns were placed. Ker's dragoons protected the left; the right, stretching away to a morass, was able to take care of itself. The Campbells had a post of more usefulness than honour—that of guarding the baggage; but somebody must take care even of baggage, when a battle is to be fought. The Duke placed himself on the right of his troops; the hero of Falkirk and the race to Linlithgow was on the left.

Before engaging, the Duke again addressed his soldiers, offering free permission to all who were either afraid, or unwilling to fight their friends and relations, to retire from the ranks. He was answered by loud shouts of "Flanders, Flanders, lead on!"

All their preparations being complete, it was suggested to the Duke that, as it was now near one o'clock, the men had better get their dinner. To this, however, he returned a prompt negative, declaring they would fight better without it, adding pleasantly, in allusion to Hawley's defeat, "You remember what a dessert they got to their dinners at Falkirk."

Some manœuvring now took place, and the Royalists, advancing a little, found their artillery bogged in the wet, marshy ground that lay between them and the enemy. One gun broke down in it, but strenuous pushing and hauling at last got it out, and firmer ground was gained. This move, however, exposed their right flank, which had been before protected by the marsh; so another foot regiment was ordered into the front, and Kingston's horse, together with some dragoons, were moved from their former post, and placed so as to cover this right flank.

The two armies were now standing within a few hundred yards of each other, when black clouds that had been gathering overhead, burst in a storm of rain and snow, which a strong north wind blew full in the faces of the Highlanders. This was bad for them, while it gave great advantage to the

Royalists. Presently Lord Bury, the Duke's aide-de-camp, rode forward to reconnoitre, and was saluted by the insurgents with a round from their guns; so ill pointed and served, however, that almost all the balls flew over the heads of the enemy. This was answered, with dreadful precision, by the Royalist batteries, whose shot mowed down the Highlanders by scores. Charles himself, slowly proceeding down his own lines to animate his men, was specially aimed at by the Duke's artillery, who so nearly hit their mark as to kill his servant, standing by him with a spare horse, and cover the Prince from head to foot with the earth thrown up by their shot.

The cannonading continued for some time on both sides; but greatly to the loss of the insurgents, who chafed and fretted at being thus compelled to stand still to be killed, instead of, as usual, making one of their fierce charges—charges which, at Preston and Falkirk, had swept the enemy off the field in utter rout and ruin. At length Charles sent forward an aide-de-camp to order a general advance of the first line, but the poor lad was shot down before he could reach it. By this time, however, Lord George himself saw that they must charge immediately, and was just on the point of leading them on, when

suddenly the Macintoshes, without waiting for orders, broke from the line, and with wild shouts rushed on the enemy. They were instantly followed tumultuously by other clans — Murrays, Frasers, Stuarts, Camerons—till the whole of the right wing and centre, with Lord George at their head, went headlong at the Royalist ranks, crashing through them, spite of the storm of grape and musketry with which they were received. Even the veterans of Flanders gave way before that furious onset, as, throwing down their muskets after pouring in a volley, the Highlanders, sword in hand, leaped in among them with yells, and cries of, "Run, ye dogs!" Two of the murderous cannon were quickly captured; and then, mixed up, friend and foe, hand to hand, the fight was terrible. Dirk, broadsword, halberd, each was wielded with fierce energy; while the target, that had before baffled and turned aside the bayonets of the English, by some new tactics introduced by the Duke, was now powerless against that fatal weapon, which was thrust up to its very socket in the bodies of the Highlanders. Their front rank was almost entirely destroyed; yet still that wave of infuriate, despairing men swept on, despite a heavy flanking fire from one of the English infantry regiments, till, having

cleared away the first line of the enemy, they came in fierce contact with the second.

The Duke, who knew what fighting was, had prepared for this, and drawn up his second line three deep—the first rank kneeling, the second stooping, the third standing erect, just as the first three ranks of a square of infantry are placed to receive a charge of cavalry. Thus stationed, they opened so tremendous a fire upon the remains of the Highland right—the roll of musketry, as it ran from right to left of their ranks, echoing like continued thunder among the adjacent hills—that those brave men first staggered, and then, giving way, turned and fled; all but a resolute few, who desperately pressed on, and died at the very point of the Royalist bayonets, where their bodies were afterwards found, heaped one upon the other, three and four deep.

But where was the Highland left wing, where the different Macdonald clans were posted, all this while? To the eternal disgrace of the Macdonalds be it said, they stood motionless, hewing and hacking the heath with their swords for rage, but absolutely resisting the agonised entreaties of their officers to advance, because, forsooth, they had not that day the post of honour, on the right, which they had been used to have ever since the days

of Bruce and Bannockburn. It was in vain that Perth, who commanded the left, shouted out their well-known charging cry; and, as they still hung back in sullen petulance at the imaginary affront that had been put upon them, assured them that, if they fought as they were wont, they would convert the left into a right wing, and he would henceforth call himself a Macdonald. Every spark of honour was that day extinguished in the breasts of those three clans, and not a man of them stirred. It was in vain that Keppoch, one of their own chiefs, sprang forward, exclaiming in his agony of shame, "My God! have the children of my own tribe forsaken me?" and with generous devotion rushed on alone against the enemy. He was at once shot down; yet, disdaining the help of one faithful follower, who had had the heart to follow his master, and, raising him from that blood-stained field, with tears entreated him to be saved, he again staggered forward, when he sank under another shot, to rise no more.

All this failed to move the stupid indifference of these Highlanders, unworthy of the name. Their dignity was offended; so perish chief, Prince, the very cause for which they were in arms—perish everything rather than compromise *that!* Strange that any

human beings should be capable of such deliberate treachery—should be so utterly dead to every feeling of honour. But so it was; and, as they had not the post of honour, no matter that their brothers in arms were cut to pieces—no matter that their own royal Stuarts were that day irretrievably ruined. After standing in this way for a while, calmly enduring the English fire, to show that it was not cowardice that actuated them, but still doggedly refusing to advance, they, too, turned and fled along with the retreating centre and right; the whole mingled mass being terribly cut up by the English horse, who dashed in among them.

An attempt was now made to bring up the reserve, consisting of the Lowland regiments with the French and Irish troops. But though the heavy fire which they kept up preserved those unworthy Macdonalds from the dragoon charge that followed their flight, and also repulsed the horse who flanked them, after the Argyle men had broken down the park walls that defended the Highland right, they, too, at length fell back before the final charge of the English army; retreating, however, in good order. Charles, with his few troopers, would fain have rallied them, and made one rush on the now victorious Royalists, but it could not be done; and he

was forced off the field, one of his officers seizing his horse's head, and turning it round for a hasty flight.

It was a speedy affair, as well as a decisive one. Forty minutes saw the beginning and the end of it, though the fighting had been stout on both sides. Almost every man in the Highland front rank went down; and the survivors of Barrel's regiment, one in the English first line, on which the chief shock of the charge fell, were said to number fifteen!

One portion of the defeated army fled towards Inverness, and were hotly pursued by the English horse, who left a long and dreadful line of slain, to within a mile of that city. Another body, taking its way towards the river Nairn, was met by a strong cavalry force, whose commander ordered his ranks to be opened to admit of their passing through. None ventured to interrupt them, save that one of the officers pushed forward to seize a Highlander, and was instantly cut down by his intended prisoner, who then coolly stooped to take the fallen man's watch, quietly rejoining his comrades as soon as he had done so. The English soldiers, meanwhile, sat still there on their horses, looking on; the commander, fearing to expose his men to the rage of the fugitives, if they were brought to bay, absolutely

forbidding them to touch the Highlanders, who continued their route to Ruthven, in Badenoch, many breaking off and retiring to their own homes.

The field being left in possession of the English, the first use which they made of their victory was to put to death, by bayonet stabs and sword cuts, numbers of the wounded Highlanders who lay there disabled and helpless. These murdering parties—they were nothing else—were no mere hangers-on of the camp, wild and reckless, but regular soldiers, headed in their horrible work, in some cases, by their own officers; and it was carried on with such glee that at last they dabbled their feet in blood, and splashed each other with it, for pure fun, till they looked more like what they really were—a company of *butchers*—than trained soldiery. It is said the heroes of Colt-bridge, Preston, and Falkirk particularly distinguished themselves by their cruelties in the field. This may well be believed; such arrant cowards as they, are often most merciless when they get the upper hand. The Duke o Cumberland himself had his share in these murders. Going over the moor, followed by his staff, he saw a young gentleman, a wounded Highland officer, raising himself up to look at the party as they rode up, and asked him in whose service he was. "In

that of the Prince," was the reply. "Wolfe, shoot that insolent scoundrel for me," was the Duke's rejoinder, addressing himself to one of his officers. Smothering his indignation as well as he could, Major Wolfe respectfully but firmly declined doing this, saying that his commission was at the disposal of his Royal Highness, but an executioner he would never be. The command was repeated to others of his disgusted staff, none of whom would degrade themselves by obeying it. Thwarted in his wish, the Duke looked round for some one else, and seeing a private soldier at hand, asked him if his musket were loaded. The man replied that it was; and, hearing what was required of him, with the utmost coolness put his bullet into the wounded officer, killing him upon the spot.

Having finished his tour of the battle-field, the Duke rode forward to Inverness, meeting on the way a messenger from General Stapleton, who, on behalf of the French and Irish troops that he commanded, who had retreated to that city, offered to surrender, entreating for fair terms. These were promised, and then he followed the party that had been sent to take possession of the town; where the provision that had been with so much difficulty collected for the starving High-

landers proved a welcome refreshment for their conquerors. The Duke's first work, on entering Inverness, was to liberate from the town jail and church, which had been turned into a temporary prison, those of his men who had on former occasions been taken by the insurgents. He spoke to these kindly, slapping them on the back as they came out, and promising them amends for what they had undergone. After this came a little congenial severity. Some of his own soldiers had, from time to time, deserted to the Prince. Such of them as could now be found were brought to trial with all dispatch, and thirty-six of them condemned to be hanged. Execution followed close upon sentence; and while their quivering bodies swung on the gallows, an English officer, who was looking on, had the brutality to run his sword into one of them, that of a young gentleman who had been guilty of this great crime—for such it is—of deserting his colours. As he made his thrust, he exclaimed with an oath, that "all the Scots were traitors and rebels," like this unfortunate youth. The intemperate speech was like a spark to tinder. There were many Scots in the Duke's army, and one of their officers, flaming up with indignation, drew his sword upon the Englishman, bidding him defend

himself. The quarrel spread rapidly: scarcely had these two crossed their swords, when others, hearing what it was about, drew likewise; and very soon a number of officers, Scots and English, were hotly engaged fighting each other. The common men entered into the dispute with as much spirit as their leaders; beat to arms; and drawing up in the street, as they came flocking in from their billets, Scots on one side, English on the other, began to fight it out with fixed bayonets. They were just on the point of regularly charging each other, when the Duke, who had been hastily sent for, fortunately arrived, and with much ado contrived to separate them; but it cost him much praising and complimenting of the Scots on their well-tried courage and loyalty to his family, before he succeeded in calming them down.

Before leading on his troops at Culloden, the Duke declared that he would not dine till his work was done. Doubtless that night he dined merrily, for the blow inflicted upon the insurgents was a fatal one. A thousand of them had fallen that day, and almost all their military stores were now in the hands of the English. These comprised thirty pieces of artillery of different kinds, near two hundred broadswords (the men got a shilling for

every one they brought in), upwards of two thousand muskets (these were each worth half-a-crown to their fortunate finders), fifteen hundred musket cartridges, with a large quantity of ball, twenty-seven barrels of powder, twenty-two ammunition wagons, and fourteen stands of colours. The prisoners were supposed to amount to between three and four hundred.

Notwithstanding the numbers of wounded, slain in cold blood immediately after the battle, many more were left lying among the heather of that melancholy moor, groaning and in misery, stripped of their clothing by vile marauding parties, and without even a drop of water to quench the burning thirst of wounds and fever. There they lay, none pitying them, during that night, throughout the next day, and till the following one, when this inhuman Duke, hearing of it, ordered out some companies, not to succour them, as is usually the case in civilised warfare, but to kill them outright. Such of the poor wretches as still survived were picked up from where their agonised forms were laid on the bare heath, carried to spots where they could be most conveniently shot, and then a shower of bullets finished what little life was left in them. Even those who had dragged themselves to hovels in the neighbourhood, and there found meagre shelter,

were hauled out, and shot like the rest. Some disabled officers who had been taken from among the furze, where they had crawled, to Culloden House, and charitably cared for there, though it belonged to a friend of the government, were discovered by one of these murdering parties. Being unable to walk, they were carted away, placed against the park wall, and while such of them as could move their shattered bodies were on their knees, appealing to the great and loving Father of us all, a volley was poured in among them. Those who were not killed at once by this discharge were *brained* by the clubbed muskets of the soldier-executioners. One of these unhappy gentlemen, with his face smashed by a gun-stock, was found some time after, by a Scotch Royalist, Lord Boyd, still breathing; and that nobleman had compassion enough to have him removed to a place of safety, where he ultimately recovered. Lord Boyd was the eldest son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, one of Charles's friends; and having had the anguish of seeing his own father brought in, a prisoner, on the field, and led along the lines bareheaded amid the pelting of the storm, without daring to speak one word of comfort to him, was doubtless in a more softened mood than some of his cruel com-

rades. In another quarter above thirty wounded Highlanders had sought refuge in a barn. They were easily disposed of. A guard with fixed bayonets being placed round the building, it was set on fire; those who tried to escape the flames were bayoneted; the remainder—O shame to have to write it!—were burned alive.

It is terrible to have to record these things against ourselves. Nor can we get out of it by pleading that the Duke was not altogether an Englishman; for Hawley was to the full as bad as he, if not worse.

The Duke's treatment of the prisoners—for, spite of these wholesale murders, there were many prisoners—was such as might be expected from his dealings with the wounded. They were thrust half naked into the jail, and church of Inverness (in those troubled times churches were often converted into prisons), and kept on half allowance of oatmeal; nor were they even allowed a surgeon to dress their wounds. One of their own surgeons was in prison with them; but as his instruments had been taken from him, some said on purpose to prevent his rendering any assistance to his suffering comrades, he could do nothing for them. We have all of us at some time had a cut finger or bruise that has hurt us sadly,

spite of the careful tending and soft bandages that mothers or doctors bestowed upon us. What must these miserable creatures have endured, then, with horrid gashes from swords, throbbing gun-shot wounds, or deep bayonet thrusts, left for days together to stiffen and fester, without even a rag to screen them from the irritating air! Oh, it was dreadful cruelty! Even their distressed cries for water, which filled the passers by with anguish, were unheeded; no one, for a time dared render them any assistance, for fear of that terrible Duke, or, perchance, of that contemptible Hawley. In the early days of our wars in India, when Hyder Ali shut up a number of our countrymen in a wretched prison-house, and nearly starved them there, a compassionate native used daily to pass the place of their confinement, and, calling them all sorts of hard names, pelt them with little balls of clay; but they soon learned his meaning, and gladly were his missiles picked up; for, on breaking them, small coins were always found inside. The heart of that good fellow, heathen as he was, ached for those suffering men of a different faith and a different skin; and he was quick to devise such means for their relief, as surely He, who has promised reward for a cup of cold water

given in His name, would not forget, though the giver was ignorant of that blessed name. But in Christian Scotland, there was no one to take pity on these victims of a Christian general.

After lying for a while in their dismal prisons, the unfortunate insurgents were put on shipboard, to be sent to London for trial. Crammed into the holds of these vessels, the stones and earth used for ballast formed their beds, while an insufficient quantity of bad oatmeal and a little cold water were their daily food, on which some died of starvation. Covering they had none, save the few filthy rags still clinging to their wasted or wounded bodies. For months were they kept at sea in this dreadful state, till in one vessel, into which a hundred and fifty-seven of them had been thrust, all, save forty-nine, died from the merciless severity of their treatment.

O shame, shame upon us English, and upon our great Duke of Cumberland!

Owing to the cruelty of their treatment, a violent kind of fever, called jail distemper, broke out among these poor wretches. The infection of it remained in the vessels that transported them to England; and these, being afterwards employed to convey more troops to Scotland, communicated it

to the soldiers, great numbers of whom died in consequence. Thus our "violent dealing" came down upon our "own heads."

The news of the decisive victory of Culloden was speedily carried to England, where it was right joyfully received. Lord Bury, the bearer of a dispatch from the Duke to his father, King George, had a thousand guineas for his trouble. The Duke got twenty-five thousand pounds a year for his, together with much ringing of bells, and endless bonfires and illuminations in honour of his success.

It was further proposed to present the Duke with the freedom of one of the city companies; but an uncomplimentary alderman suggesting that it ought to be that of the *Butchers*, the matter appears to have been dropped.

CHAPTER XIII.

On leaving Culloden, Charles, and the party of horsemen that accompanied his flight, rode away rapidly towards the river Nairn, which they crossed, and then ventured to give themselves time to think what they should do next. The immediate safety of the Prince was the first object of their care; and, attended by a few followers, he was at once sent westward, under the guidance of Edward Burke, the servant of a Mr. Macleod, who knew the country well. This man led them first to one, then to another house of friendly chiefs; but all were empty and shut up. At length they were more successful; for on arriving at Gortuleg, where one of the Frasers lived, they found the owner at home. The old lord, Lovat, was here with his kinsman. It was the first time Charles had seen that worthless old man, and the meeting proved not particularly agreeable to either. Distracted by the ruin of the cause which he had not had the courage

openly to embrace, the old chief wandered up and down the house, crying out like a madman, "Chop off my head, chop off my head; it is all over with us!" Grieved at the sight of his distress, Charles tried to cheer him with the hope of their yet rallying, and meeting their enemies again. But presently the Prince let out his real opinion of the matter; which was that indeed all *was* lost, unless his personal appeals at the court of France, whither he was now hastening, could procure for him more effectual aid than had yet been given him. Upon hearing this, the old lord turned fiercely upon him with reproaches for his want of spirit; reminding him that his great ancestor, the Bruce, whose features were perpetuated in those of the young Prince, lost eleven battles before he won his crown at Bannockburn. Charles was not disposed to bandy words with his angry follower; his resolution was taken, and hastily swallowing a few morsels of the food that had been prepared in honour of his expected victory at Culloden, he took horse again, and continued his route to the west, past the ruined Fort Augustus, hoping there to have a chance of getting aboard some French vessel.

It was early morning when he arrived at Invergary,

the deserted residence of one of the Macdonald chiefs. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he threw himself, dressed as he was, on the floor, and slept for a few hours. By the time he awoke, Burke had contrived to procure them something to eat, by catching a couple of salmon in the river whence Invergary takes its name. The good fellow—Burke *was* a good fellow, poor as he might be—cooked them to the best of his ability, and right savoury they were to hungry men. The meal was washed down with cold water, as there was nothing better to be had; and then changing clothes with Burke, by way of disguise, Charles pursued his route towards the coast. That day's ride was not a very long one—six hours brought them to the house of a friendly Cameron; but the way was rugged enough to exhaust the Prince, worn out with previous fatigues, to such an extent that he dropped asleep while Burke was taking off his "spatterdashes." They had been hastily converted into a purse, and as the buttons were loosed, out rolled the shining guineas on the floor. The Prince's store amounted to seven: it was well none of them were lost. The roads presently became too bad for horses; and then the harassed little party had to tramp along, weary miles, taking up their night's lodging in a

sort of cattle-shed. Another day of this kind of work, toiling over the dreary mountains, brought them still nearer the coast, to a hamlet not far from the place where he had first landed with his "seven men."

Others of his friends made their way to him here, bringing disheartening news, that the English cruisers were so swarming in the neighbourhood as to put an end to his hopes of getting to France from that part of the coast, as was first intended. So here he was set fast for a while.

But, before we follow his further adventures, we must turn for a moment to those of his adherents. It has been mentioned that after the battle of Culloden, the greater part of the army had made its way to Ruthven, in Badenoch, where, arriving in scattered parties, they at last amounted to several thousands. They were beaten, and soundly too—there was no doubt about that; but they were not disheartened; nay, they had the strongest possible inclination to avenge the dishonour which they had sustained. They were also joined here by some of the dispersed clans, who had not been in time for the battle; and eager to be led once more against an enemy that they had thrice seen fly before them, they waited with impatience either for the presence

of their prince, whom we have left wandering in an opposite direction, or some word of encouragement from him. They got neither the one nor the other. So Lord George Murray, having set guards on the various passes through which their refuge amid the mountains might have been reached by the English, sent an aide-de-camp to seek out Charles, acquaint him with the numbers and zeal of those who were awaiting him, and bring back some intimation of his pleasure concerning them. The return of the messenger—who was absent for a day or two—was anxiously looked for. He came, and the message of which he was the bearer at once dashed down all their hopes. Acknowledging their fidelity, Charles told them plainly that nothing more could be done, unless he should succeed in engaging the French on his behalf, and that for this purpose he was about sailing for France so soon as he could procure a vessel. Meanwhile, each one must seek his own safety, and do the best he could for himself. And so he bade them farewell.

Great was the consternation of the chiefs, loud and wild the howlings and lamentations of the common Highlanders, when this "heart-breaking" message was delivered. But neither the manly grief of the leaders, nor the untutored sorrow of the



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shaggiest Highland lad among them was of any avail. There was nothing for them but to take the Prince's advice, and each try to save himself. It was quite time; for the Duke, having formed his camp at Inverness, lost not a moment in setting about what he thought the best way of trampling out the remains of the rebellion. As he began on the fatal moor of Culloden, so he went on. For the next two or three months the Highlands were overrun by his soldiery, who, with his sanction, committed the extremest cruelties on the unfortunate inhabitants, involving innocent and guilty alike in one common doom of suffering and death. The country was laid waste. Not only did his vengeance fall on the higher classes, whose houses were plundered and burned, but on those in humble life also, whose poor huts were burned over their heads, their cattle driven away, and many of themselves dragged out to be shot, or hanged, as was most convenient.

One party of the Duke's troopers who were ravaging pleasant Nithsdale, halted at a lonely cottage, where a poor widow and her children lived. Being hungry and tired, they ordered her to find them something to eat. Her son, a lad of sixteen, got them "kale"—that is, cabbage, or greens—and butter;

while the good woman herself brought them all the milk that she had. When they had eaten and drunken to their hearts' content, one of the men, with pretended kindliness, asked the woman what she had to live upon. "Indeed," she replied, "the cow and the kale yard" (her little garden), with God's blessing, are all I have." Without saying a word he rose and went out, killed the cow with his sword, and destroyed all the kale. Then they rode off, leaving the weeping woman utterly destitute; and she soon died heart-broken.

Some years subsequently, after a great victory gained on the continent by British arms, the soldiers were carousing, and recounting their various exploits in time past. A dragoon boasted that he once killed a Scotch witch in Nithsdale; he had killed her cow, and destroyed all her greens; but, added he, with a sneer, "For all that, she could live on her God," as she said. Up started a young soldier from the group, crying out, "And don't you rue it—don't you rue it? "Rue what?" was the brutal reply; "rue a thing like that!" "That woman was my mother," was the young man's answer; as, drawing his sword, he bade the dragoon defend himself. They fought desperately, and the widow's son ran the dragoon through and through;

exclaiming, as he turned him over in his death-throes, "Had you but rued it, God alone should have punished you."

In some instances, during the victors' terrible revenge, women and children were stripped of their clothing, and then driven forth among those wild hills to die of cold and hunger; while others, in the extremity of their famine, ventured to follow the departing soldiery, for the chance of those wretches being charitable enough to bestow the blood and offal of the stolen cattle, which they killed for their own use, on the miserable owners of them. The desolation which this bad duke effected in that portion of the country subjected to military execution, is simply inexpressible. In the course of a few short days, "there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast to be seen within a compass of fifty miles." While his own savage nature, not content with the ruin inflicted by his creatures upon these unhappy people, urged upon the English government still severer measures; protesting that all the "good"—that is, all this barbarity—that he had done was only a little "blood-letting," that had by no means cured the evil for which it had been practised. It was in vain that the Lord President Forbes, an upright, honour-

able man, and faithful supporter of the English government, sought to curb the merciless duke, by reminding him that in these military executions he was exceeding the powers conferred upon him by the law. "The law!" was the answer with an oath; "I will make a brigade give laws!" And he called my Lord President an "old woman," for his pains.

Escape from the Duke and his executioners was almost impossible, as he had taken care to post troops, horse and foot, around that part of the country where these dismal transactions were going on. Many of the chiefs and leading men in the insurrection thus fell into the Duke's hands. Among the most notable of these were Lord Balmerino, Tullibardine, Murray of Broughton (the Prince's secretary), and Lord Lovat. Balmerino surrendered to the laird of Grant, and was finally shipped for England from Inverness, with Lords Kilmarnock and Cromarty, previously taken; the last being the only one of the party whose life was spared. Balmerino and Kilmarnock were both beheaded, the former to the very last glorying in the cause for which he suffered. The dints of the axe in the block upon which their poor heads were stricken off, may be seen to this day. Tullibardine was given up by a friend, from whom he had sought shelter; and after-

wards died a prisoner in the Tower of London. He was buried in the little church there, so affectingly dedicated to St. Peter in bonds! Murray turned what is called king's evidence; that is, he saved his own life by betraying his friends, and was justly looked upon with contempt ever afterwards, both by Jacobites and Hanoverians. One of the latter threw a teacup, from which Murray had just drunk, out of window, scorning that either himself or any of his family should ever use what had touched the lip of the traitor. A man may pay too high a price for his life. Lovat, having had his castle burned, was driven to the hills for shelter. For some days the wretched old man lived on oatmeal and water, and was at last dragged from his hiding-place, where he was found wrapped in a blanket in the hollow trunk of a tree. No one pitied him when his dishonoured head was laid upon the block. Had it been laid there years before, it would but have been the meet reward of his odious crimes. Lord George Murray, Perth, and some others, eluded the vigilance of their pursuers, and got safely out of the country; Perth dying on shipboard from the effects of exhaustion and a gunshot wound, inflicted by a parting volley from some English vessels that had chased the French man-of-war in which he escaped.

Of course, in sending out detachments of military to scour the country, one great object with the Duke was the capture of the Prince; and the order given to these, in a way that could not be mistaken, was, "Make no prisoners!" If they succeeded in seizing Charles, his life was to be instantly sacrificed. This was an outrageous thing; but it was only one of many of a like character to be laid to the charge of the royal commander-in-chief, whose commands were executed with cruel alacrity and energy by such men as Hawley, Lockhart, and Captain Scott. Indeed, in justice to the Duke, it must be said that these officers sometimes exceeded his orders. One of them, in particular, would not condescend to regard even the protections granted by his superior to some who had made their peace with government; coolly telling these unfortunate people, when they were led out to be shot, and their houses were burnt, that a protection from heaven itself should not save them.

The Duke's rigorous measures fell heavily, not only upon the unhappy Jacobites, against whom they were directed, but also upon those loyal Highland gentlemen who were serving in the army, and who found themselves compelled to the odious duty of burning, plundering, and destroying their friends and neighbours. One gentleman, a Captain Menzies,

was thus sent with his company to burn the house of a friend of his, and carry off prisoners certain of the rebels whom he would find there, all of whom were connected with him either by friendship or blood. This was a terrible duty, but military men must obey. The troop, however, was seen approaching, and the intended captives all made their escape. Captain Menzies' father, meeting one of the baffled soldiers, eagerly inquired what had been the result of the expedition; and hearing that no prisoners had been taken, pulled off his bonnet to give thanks to God for having spared his unfortunate son the misery of bringing his friends to the scaffold.

Charles himself was not taken, though hunted as diligently as was King David, "like a partridge upon the mountains;" the zeal of his pursuers being inflamed by that thirty thousand pounds, which was to be the prize of him who should bring in the Prince, dead or alive.

Finding that all hopes of getting away from the mainland by a French vessel were at an end, the next plan that presented itself to the few faithful followers who were with Charles at Glenbiasdale, near Kinloch-Moidart, was to send him over to the Hebrides, if a boat could be procured, and let him

skulk about there till the Frenchmen could take him off. It was thought the English watch would be less strictly kept on the out-of-the-way, desolate shores of that group of islands. Fortunately for this plan, which was the best that could be adopted, an old Skye Highlander was found, not only well able to steer his little boat through the intricate navigation of those seas, but worthy to be trusted with the safety of his prince. His fidelity had just been proved by his having assisted in bringing from one of the Western Isles, where it had been landed, a large amount of French gold. Donald Macleod, who was then at Kinloch-Moidart, the place where Charles first set foot on the Scottish mainland, was accordingly sent for to Borrodaile, that the Prince might see him. He came, and, on approaching the place, was accosted by a tall, well-made young man, who was alone in the wood, and who asked him if he were Donald Macleod, of Skye. "The same—at your service," was the reply. "What does your Royal Highness want with me?" "Donald," said the Prince (for it was he), "I hear you are an honest man, who may be trusted. You see I am in distress, and I throw myself entirely upon you." A brief conversation, which the old man afterwards related to a friendly listener, with tears running

down his face the while; for "who," said he, "could help *greeting*" (weeping) "when talking of so sad a thing?"

The first command which the Prince laid upon his new ally, honest Donald positively refused to obey. He had Charles's real good too much at heart to stand upon ceremony with him, or engage to do what might be injurious to his safety, even though the Prince himself required it of him. In this instance what Charles wished to have done was, that Donald should carry letters from him to Sir Alexander Macdonald, and the chief of the Macleods. Now these two gentlemen, after much fussing about their loyalty to King James, had gone quietly and made friends with King George. "These men have played the rogue once already," was Donald's plain-spoken objection; "would you trust them again?" adding, that it was also said that the two chiefs were at that moment hunting for him, at the head of their men, within a dozen miles, for the purpose of delivering him up to the English commander. Between what was known of Macdonald and Macleod, and what was suspected of them, it was clear that Donald was right in declining to have anything to do with them on the Prince's behalf. Danger to himself he did not

mind; but Charles must be protected at all risks. Failing this plan, the next thing that the Prince desired was, that his new friend should help him to leave the mainland with all speed, and get to one of the sheltering islands that lay to the west. Here Donald could do as he was bidden; and he was not long in finding a boat large enough to hold the little company. In addition to the Prince, there were three gentlemen—Allan Macdonald, O'Sullivan, and O'Neal. Donald was to steer, and there were eight men, including the guide, Ned Burke, at the oars.

They tumbled in pretty quickly, took their places, old Donald at the helm, with Charles between his knees, doubtless with a loving idea of protecting him even from the spray of those rough waters; the men bent to their oars; and the little craft shot out of the bay, spite of a threatening storm, which made the helmsman wishful to defer their voyage till next day. He knew something of those latitudes, and their fitful character. The black clouds, already racing overhead, to him spoke as plainly of what the sailors call "great guns" as any barometer could do; and he would fain have kept his prince out of their range. Charles, however, insisted on putting out to sea immediately:

better trust to winds and waves in their worst moods than to false friends; and to sea they put accordingly.

Old Donald was right. They had not gone far when one of the most violent storms that had ever been encountered in that turbulent neighbourhood came down upon them. The wind was a perfect hurricane; the heaving deep threatened to swallow them up; and for the rain, why that poured upon them as though it had never rained before, and should never have an opportunity of doing it again. Thunder rolled around in a continuous peal, while the thick darkness of the night was only relieved by blinding flashes of lightning. Labouring at the oars, and baling the water out of their boat, lest it should go down bodily, their danger soon became so apparent that even the Prince himself urged that they should return to land, and take their chance there. Donald, however, was master at sea, if the Prince was upon dry land, and he would not turn back. It was of no use, he said, attempting it; they could not get back if they would; adding, that they "might as well be drowned in clear water, as dashed to pieces on the rocks, and drowned into the bargain." There was no gainsaying this, and onward they urged their weary oars, the storm raging with its

utmost fury during eight long hours. Poor Charles had much ado to keep up the heart of his exhausted and apprehensive crew during this time. He exerted himself in various ways to do so. He told them how he cheered his own heart, by trusting in the goodness of God to bring them all safe to land; and then, by way of diverting their thoughts, he sang them a Highland song. At last the tempest spent itself; it became a little calmer; and they managed to make land at the nearest point of the island of Benbecula, one of that group of the Hebrides known as the Long Island.

Having hauled their boat ashore—it was well its worst damage was a broken bowsprit—they took shelter in an empty hut, and kindled a fire to dry their water-sopped clothing. Something to eat was the next necessity after their long toil; and, as small cattle were straying near the shore, they took the liberty of catching one of the beasts, and killing it. They had fortunately carried an iron pot with them, and in this the meat was boiled, along with some oatmeal, which was the only thing in the shape of food that they had been able to provide. An old sail spread upon the earthen floor served for the Prince's bed; and thus accommodated with food and lodging, he spent two days and nights, the

violence of the gale not permitting them to leave the island during that time. Charles took these wretched doings calmly—nay, pleasantly. Had he chosen to make a trouble of them, no one could have been surprised; but he would have found them much harder to bear.

On the third day after their landing at this miserable place, the storm had so far abated as to admit of their putting to sea again. Dragging their boat down to the water, they were soon afloat, and betook themselves stoutly to their oars with the hope of reaching Stornoway, a port on the eastern coast of Lewis, the most northerly of the islands, where the Prince thought he might possibly fall in with a French vessel. Winds and waves were, however, once more against them in those stormy latitudes; and, instead of accomplishing the long and tedious sail which they had planned, they drifted to the island of Scalpa, about midway between the two islands. Again it was of no use to grumble, there was no help for it; and ashore they scrambled in the dusk of early morning. The island of Scalpa belonged to the chief of the Macleods, who was now no friend to the Prince; so, for fear of hostile discovery, they pretended they were traders to the Orkneys, who had been ship-

wrecked on their voyage thither. O'Sullivan was called father, and Charles passed as his son. They were kindly received here by Donald Campbell, the laird's tenant in the island, who sent off the old pilot, in his own boat, to Stornoway, to see if he could there meet with one better suited for the Prince's use. Four anxious days were passed during Donald's absence, who, at the end of that time, managed to send word that he had got a boat. Charles instantly set sail for Stornoway on receiving this good news, but could make little way against a stormy head-wind. After tugging and labouring at the oar till they were worn out, they were obliged to run in on the coast of Lewis, twenty miles from the point where Donald was waiting for them. The rest of the journey had to be performed on foot over a trackless moor, and in drenching rain; while their ignorance of the way kept them wandering up and down in the storm, till they were nearly twice as long on the road as they should have been.

They did not venture to go right up to the town, but halted at a little distance from it, where that good Donald brought them some bread and cheese and brandy, on which they made a hearty meal. If Donald could have brought them some shirts as well, it would have been a capital thing; for the three

gentlemen of the party had only six among them, and often when they took off their wet ones, drenched with rain and spray, they found those that they had to put on in precisely the same condition. Such luxuries were not to be had yet awhile. Donald, however, was fortunate enough to provide them shelter in the house of a Mrs. Mackenzie, where, while the Prince was sleeping off his fatigue, their guide got into some trouble at Stornoway, through a tipsy fellow of his crew, who let out for whom the boat was wanted.

A pretty fuss all Stornoway was thrown into by this piece of news. Had the man (who deserved a rope's end for his pains) announced that the French were just about landing on their coast, the population could not have been in a greater commotion. Rusty dirks and broadswords, with all sorts of fire-arms, were to be seen in every direction; for, as things lose nothing by repetition, it was soon blazed about that the Prince was coming upon them at the head of five hundred men. What was to be done to quell the ferment? The swarming Hebrideans protested they had no ill-will towards the Prince—they did not wish to hurt a hair of his head; but they exceedingly desired that he would get out of their country with all convenient speed; while, at

the same time, they rather unreasonably refused to let Donald have the boat which he had hired from them for this very purpose. And as for piloting the fugitives from those bleak shores—no, not all the gold that Donald, in the liberality of his frightened soul, offered (and it was a considerable sum), would tempt any one of them to do such a thing. Go the Prince must; but he should not have their boat, nor would they show him the way out. It was very unreasonable; but, as has been said before, angry people, and we may add frightened ones, are apt to be unreasonable.

Charles took it all as usual, quietly; and, having packed up some oatmeal and brandy, together with the remains of a cow which they had had from Mrs. Mackenzie (she was hardly prevailed upon to receive payment for the animal), the little persecuted company embarked in a cockle-shell of a boat, with a couple of seamen, and set sail, they knew not whither. Their course was soon determined for them by the apparition of some men-of-war looming in the distance. For fear of these they put about, and, on the 6th of May, hastily landed on a small uninhabited island on the coast of Harris, a few miles from that inhospitable Stornoway.

This island was occasionally visited by fishermen,

some of whom were at this time plying their trade upon the beach. Seeing the little boat rowed on towards shore as strenuously as possible, they supposed a pressgang was after them, and fled in such terror that they left all their fish behind them on the strand where it was a-drying. This was a piece of good fortune for the Prince and his companions; and that thoughtful Mrs. Mackenzie having put a lump of butter into Ned Burke's bundle, they had soon an excellent dish of fish hastily broiled, which, for want of knives and forks, they ate with their fingers, sitting upon the ground. A great earthen jug, too, had fortunately been left by the frightened fishermen, and in this they managed to boil some water; so that for that night they comforted themselves, cold, wet, and weary as they were, with some hot brandy and water. Suppor ended, they went to sleep on the floor of a wretched, tumble-down hut, leaving one to keep guard. Next night, as ill-luck would have it, the jug was broken; and then there was no more hot punch to be had. The second daughter of the King of France, to whom, in this desolate spot, Charles sometimes drank pleasantly, had, after this accident, to be toasted in cold drink, water or whiskey as it might be.

They remained on this island four days, the

Prince making himself very amiable with his companions in misfortune. Still, time hung heavy on his hands. Perhaps it was for amusement, or it might be with the intention of gratifying his humble friends, that he occasionally helped to dress their poor dinner, succeeding admirably, as all agreed, in his new duty as cook. Sometimes he would sing to cheer them; and, for want of something better to do, he smoked a good deal. When they ventured out to sea again, they carried away with them two dozen of the dried fish they had found on the beach, Charles leaving some money by the remaining ones, in payment for those they had taken. His companions, however, compelled him, much against his will, to resume it, urging that it was not likely to come to the hands of the owners of the fish; and that in any case, and by whomsoever found, it might lead to his discovery. This last argument prevailed.

As they rowed along shore, Charles insisted upon touching again at Scalpa, for the purpose of paying Donald Campbell for the use of his boat. Poor Campbell, however, had been obliged to fly from his home, through its having got abroad that he had succoured the hapless prince; so that once more Charles had to be content to receive a favour,

without making any return for it. They got into a little difficulty here with some rough fellows, who had a mind to take their boat from them; so that they were glad to push off from land again hastily, to get rid of such dangerous company. Thus far, in their series of short voyages among these islands, they had had more wind than they wanted; now it fell so completely that, not having a single puff to speed them on the way, they were obliged to row hard all night, though spent with hunger. Throughout the whole of the next day they had nothing to eat but a vile mixture of oatmeal and salt water. Fortunately they had a little brandy left, and that served to keep down the abominable mess. Yet Charles, who was always disposed to make the best of things, and through thick and thin philosophically to "keep never minding," declared this horrid stuff was not bad food; and, in proof of the sincerity of his opinion, contrived to swallow a very respectable portion of it; observing, as he did so, that if he ever came to the throne, he would not forget those who had that day "dined with him." He never grumbled at the poorness of his fare, and, whatever befell him, was cheerful and contented. His was a spirit worth imitating. You schoolboy, who have not quite so much

butter upon your bread as you think you should like, and have failed to secure for yourself the very warmest seat by the fireside, take a leaf out of Prince Charles's book.

He had variety of wretchedness. There was danger to life, as well as hard living and sleeping. The next thing was that they were chased by an English man-of-war. It was "row, brothers, row," with a vengeance then. Every muscle was strained, till the sweat ran down their faces as they tugged away with all their might at the flashing oars. The boat sprang quivering through the water with the vehement impulse; but naught would have availed them—somebody would have had that wicked thirty thousand pounds for "the Pretender, dead or alive—had not the wind, which had sprung up at dawn, just then dropped, leaving the great, hulking man-of-war floating helplessly on the quiet tide. Now was their time for escape; and, steering cautiously among the rocks that stand like grim sentinels on the coast of the island of Harris, they hid themselves there for a while. They fancied they were safe now; so safe that presently they ventured out, and were creeping along the coast, when they were seen, and chased again by another ship. Hard rowing, however, got them out of this diffi-

culty, the Prince protesting he would be sunk sooner than taken. The calm, which baffled their huge pursuers, was in their favour, and finally they came to land once more in Benbecula.

O what weary work was this, rowing backwards and forwards, and never getting any nearer to their point—the place and means of escape!

Just as they got ashore one of the crew found a crab among the rocky hollows. Charles, hearing of the capture, set off to the spot in high glee, and fell to serious crab-catching with such success that he soon filled a bucket which they had with them. This he carried in triumph himself to a miserable hut, a couple of miles inland, of which they took possession for their temporary home, on the 11th of May.

CHAPTER XIV.

In Benbecula the Prince found a few days' rest, such as it was. His accommodations there were wretched enough, but his brave spirit did not much care about such things for himself: what most distressed him—nay, went to his very heart—was that so many of his friends were suffering for his sake. His was anything but a selfish character. Selfish people make much of their own annoyances, and think lightly of those of their neighbours. Charles's greatest concern was for others. Such a man deserved to find the friendship and fidelity which were signally shown him, when among the hundreds—many of them very poor, and in a low rank—to whom his places of concealment were well known, not one was ever found to betray him, though that thirty thousand pounds would have been the prize for their doing so.

The entrance to the hut, or "bothy," where they took up their abode, was so low that the men

scooped out some of the earth beneath it, in order to let the Prince's tall figure enter rather more easily. As it was, he had to go in on his hands and knees, some heather being placed to prevent his knees coming in too rough contact with the earth and stones of the floor. From this royal residence Charles dispatched old Macleod to seek out Cameron of Lochiel, and his secretary, Murray, who he thought might have some money for him. Some, indeed, had arrived from France, but the greater part of it had been buried in the ground, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy; and Cameron and Murray, like the Prince, flying for their lives, could not get at it. So all the comfort Donald brought back with him was this news, and some brandy.

Poor prince! So often wet, cold, and hungry, no wonder that at times he was glad to have a glass of brandy; and began to like it better than some of his friends thought quite good for him.

There were other things, though, that he got here more innocent than the brandy, and equally comfortable. Some shirts were sent him — actually six of them — together with shoes and stockings, so that his wardrobe was now on a scale of magnificence even more than equal to that of his palace.

He was indebted to one of the Macdonald chiefs for these good things. Receiving a message from the Prince, he at once hastened to him, bringing with him these articles of clothing, as well as some wine, and other supplies calculated to render Charles's comfortless abode a little more bearable. He did not, however, think the Prince safe enough here; so a removal to the island of South Uist was decided upon, where Charles contrived to establish himself in rather better quarters. It was, as before, in a miserable Highland hut, though not quite so bad as the one he had just left. He had here, too, something like a bed—not exactly a four-poster, but still luxurious compared with what he had had before. A cow-hide, stretched on a rude frame, made really a very decent sort of camp bed for a man used to "roughing" it, like our unfortunate prince; who, in the course of his wanderings, had, [in the words of the old song,] too often to wrap him

> "In a Highland plaid,
> That cover'd him but sparely,"

and to make his bed "beneath the birken tree."

The Prince spent a whole month in South Uist, in less miserable plight altogether than he had been in since Culloden. He was enlivened here by the

visits of some of his friends, while his safety was cared for by a dozen stout Macdonalds, left by their chief, Clanranald, to watch over him. Game was abundant in the island, so that there was no fear of the old starvation allowance of oatmeal and water. Charles being a good shot—he could bring down his bird on the wing—provided his dinner, and beguiled the weary hours at the same time. One day he brought home a deer as the result of his day's sport; and when he and his brother-cook, Burke, were busy dressing a portion of it, a poor half-starved lad pushed in among them, and tried to snatch some of the meat, for which Burke gave him a good cuff. "Stay, stay, man," said the kind-hearted Prince; "you forget that the Scripture commands us to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked. You had better give the boy meat than blows." And with that he ordered, from his own scanty stores, both food and clothes for the lad; remarking that he could not bear to see a Christian perishing for want, when he had anything to give him. Would any one believe it? This very lad, after being well fed and warmed, went his way, found out a strong party of the government Highlanders, who were hunting the Prince, told them where he was, and offered to lead them to his hiding-place. Fortunately,

however, they thought his story much too absurd to be believed, and only laughed at him. Served him right! A little wretch to turn in this way upon his benefactor! It was the old fable of the "viper" over again.

But though the Prince escaped this danger, there were others afloat, that speedily routed him out of these comparatively comfortable quarters. The soldiers, as has been said, had long been after him in all directions, with the Duke's words, "Remember, no prisoners," tingling in their ears; and now word was brought him that a large body of troops had just landed on a small island, close to, with the intention of making a thorough search for him throughout the Long Island. This alarming intelligence was sent him by Lady Margaret Macdonald, wife of the Sir Alexander who, with Macleod, was after his old master, bent upon capturing him. Lady Margaret, however, spoiled their sport on this occasion. The gentleman, one of the clan, whom she sent to Charles, found him in his hut, dirty enough, poor fellow!—hands, face, shirt, and cap being all smirched with soot; as how could they be otherwise in a Highland hut without a chimney? He wore his usual Highland dress—philibeg, short hose, and brogues. The visitor was

received with hearty kindness, and Charles showed him such hospitality as his means permitted. Sitting down to table—we must give that name to a chest that did duty for it—a glass of brandy was first called for; following, in this respect, the country fashion, which was always to make a "dram" the beginning of a meal. Then a leg of beef was placed before them, with a large lump of butter on a wooden platter; the whole being sufficiently sooty with the droppings from the roof. That was a dinner for a prince—when he could not get a better.

Just as they had finished, in came Old Clanranald's brother, Boisdale, who was a welcome guest to the Prince, though he confirmed the bad news Macdonald had just brought him. After a short conversation about these matters, Charles insisted on their staying with him that night, as it was not often he had such friends about him, and he had a mind to enjoy himself for once. Such an invitation could not be declined, had they wished it; and so they agreed to stay, and make a night of it. They must have been on free-and-easy terms with the Prince; for, when Charles ordered Burke to make a bowl of punch, Boisdale pleasantly told him he must be shaved first, and put on a clean shirt. The good-humoured Prince accordingly did as he was

bidden; and, having made himself smart for the occasion, down they all sat round the chest, and drank more punch than would be considered at all decorous in these days. In fact, they stuck toit for three days and nights; and his visitors, as was the way in those times, apparently thought all the more highly of their prince when they found that he had a stronger head than they. Strange that people should ever be proud of being able to drink a great deal; but so it was once A man might as well be proud of being able to eat a whole leg of mutton, instead of only a slice out of it.

The merriment, however, came to an end; and the serious business of finding some place where the Prince might lay his head, was the next thing to be attended to. Before he set out, he knew not whither —only that he *must* leave his present refuge — Charles wrote a letter of thanks to Lady Margarèt, who had not only sent him the timely warning, but had accompanied it by a welcome present of clothing, and twenty guineas. He begged that his letter might be burned as soon as read; but to the lady's loyal heart the Prince's handwriting was far too valuable to be lightly sacrificed. Reverentially kissing the precious document, she stowed it away in a secure closet; whence, however, it was soon dragged

out in a fright, and flung into the fire, to save it from the King's troops, who thought proper to pay the lady a visit.

Charles's troubles were now thickening around him. On the 14th of June he was once more afloat; and the next few days were spent in sailing among those dreary islands, flying from one danger to another. He was known to be somewhere about the Long Island, and the pursuit was hot after him. The militia, in their boats, were pulling about here and there, seeking him; and getting out of their way threw him in that of a man-of-war, aboard of which was Captain Scott, one of the most savage of the Duke's officers, expressly charged with conducting the search for Charles. The Prince's condition was, indeed, deplorable. Now scantily sheltered by a poor shepherd, who chanced to be grazing his cattle on the little island of Wia, east of the deeply-indented shores of Benbecula; then sleeping in a crevice of the rock, or, without even that miserable shelter, in the open air, with the boat-sails for a covering. Macdonald of Boisdale, to whose home in South Uist they had fled, hoping for assistance, they found had just been taken prisoner; so there was no more help to be had from this firm friend. They dared not go near his

house, for fear of discovery; but his wife sent them such refreshment as she could procure, to their place of concealment in the neighbourhood. Taking to their boat again, they went a little higher up Loch Boisdale, but were soon driven away by hearing that Captain Scott and his troops had actually landed on the island, and were not far from them. This last piece of news compelled the distressed little company to separate, that each one might the better care for his own safety; O'Neal alone remaining with the Prince. It was a sad parting, that made Donald Macleod weep when speaking of it in after years. The old man received, for his services, an order on one of the Prince's officers, for the payment to him of sixty pistoles. Charles's supplies coming chiefly from abroad, were, of course, in foreign coin. The pistole is one used in Spain and Italy; and, according to its present value, this sum would amount to about forty-five pounds. Donald never got it, however; for, amid the confusion and distress of the times, the officer could not be found. The crew had each a shilling a day for the time they had been with the Prince. That good fellow, Ned Burke, would fain have gone with his royal master, but it could not be permitted; and the poor man

remained on the island of North Uist, living for seven weeks on shell-fish, which he found on the shore, till some poor cobbler's wife took pity on him, and supplied him with food by night in a cave among the rocks where he had taken shelter.

Charles's attached friends had been anxiously caring for him during this time of harassing and urgent danger; and at length they had devised a scheme by which it was thought he might be got out of the way of his enemies, who were now swarming about him in every direction. A young lady named Flora Macdonald, step-daughter of a gentleman living in the Isle of Skye, had been prevailed upon by O'Neal to lend her help for the purpose; and the plan arranged was that Charles, disguised as a woman, should accompany her home to that island, passing himself off as her servant. As Flora's father was an officer in the militia, it was thought that it would be no difficult matter to get from him a written permission, which was necessary at the time, for his daughter and her maid to proceed to her own mother's house; and thus armed, they might travel in safety, spite of the various military stations, where a sharp look-out was kept for the Prince.

In pursuance of this scheme, the Prince and

O'Neal, when they parted from their companions, having concealed themselves till it was dark, set off on foot to the place where it had been arranged they should meet Flora, and finally settle their proceedings. Poor Flora, however, on returning from this meeting, accompanied by her genuine maidservant, was stopped by the militia, on account of her having no pass. For so strict was the watch kept for Charles, that no one was permitted to go from one place to another in the islands, where he was known to be, without a passport. Here was an awkward situation for a young lady to be in; but she had presence of mind to ask for the commanding officer. On being told he would not be there till the next day, she inquired who commanded; and most fortunately for her design, it turned out that her own step-father was in charge of the party. She spent that night in the guard-house; and when Captain Macdonald arrived next morning, he was not a little surprised to find that the only prisoner made by his watchful guard was his own daughter. Whether it was that he really took for granted that all was right, or that he was not unwilling to assist in the escape of the unfortunate prince, is not known; but he was easily prevailed upon

to give Flora a pass to the Isle of Skye for herself, a man-servant, and a woman called Betty Burke: this was the disguised Prince. He also wrote a letter to his wife, saying that he had sent Flora home that she might be out of the way of the troops who were stationed all about there; adding, that she had an Irishwoman with her, whom he had sent because, as Flora told him, she was particularly clever at her spinning-wheel, either with flax or wool; and he knew his wife wanted such a servant. For in those days, and in country places, both linen and woollen were spun at home.

This was a capital ending to what looked like the ruin of Flora's scheme; and well pleased with her morning's work, she hastened away to procure a suitable dress for "Betty Burke," and make other preparations for her journey.

Poor Charles, in his wretched hiding-place among the rocks, was anxiously awaiting the result of Flora's exertions on his behalf; and, as soon as she was free, the faithful O'Neal hastened to tell him of her success in the matter of the passport, and to guide him to the appointed place of meeting. It was with much ado that they contrived to get a little fishing-boat, which carried them across the strait

that divides South Uist from Benbecula, landing them on the rocky shore of the latter island. It was a long, dreary way to the spot where Flora and they were to meet; and faint from want of food—Charles had had none since the evening before—they toiled wearily along, amid bitter wind and rain. About noon they were fortunate enough to come upon a mere hovel, whose inhabitants kindly gave them a share of such poor viands as they had for themselves. Refreshed with these, and a brief rest, they resumed their journey with more vigour; and late in the afternoon came as near as they dared, while daylight lasted, to the place of meeting. Here, wet and shivering, they lay down among the heather till it was dark enough to go on safely, when they again betook themselves to their moorland path; the poor Prince slipping, sliding, and even losing his shoes in the bog, which was sometimes so deep as to give O'Neal no little trouble in fishing them up for him. They halted a short distance from the hut where Flora was to join them; and Neil Macdonald, or Mackechan, a gentleman who was to attend Flora as the servant described in the passport, crept cautiously towards it, to ascertain whether their approach would be safe. Could anything have been more unfortunate? A party of militia had, a

day or two before, landed in the neighbourhood, and pitched their tents not far from this very hut, to which they came each morning for milk. Back he crept as cautiously as he had come; and though, spite of these military visitations, Charles's forlorn condition compelled him to venture into the hut for a few hours' shelter in the middle of the night, he was obliged to leave it before dawn, and skulk among the rocks till it was safe to return. His state, lying concealed among these rocks, was most pitiable, as they were quite insufficient to screen him from the rain, which poured down "as if all the windows of heaven had broken open," and lodged in the folds of his plaid; while all the help that Mackechan could give him, was to raise the plaid from time to time, so as to let the accumulated water run off. To this was added the minor misery of being nearly stung to death by the midges. The girl who milked the flocks was his good friend on this trying occasion, keeping a sharp look-out for those militiamen, lest they should steal unawares upon the Prince, and smuggling him a little milk when she could contrive it. At last the soldiers took themselves off; and then, first kindling a roasting fire for Charles to dry and warm himself at, she ran to the rocks to bring him in triumph to the hut.

He was so wet that his faithful attendant stripped him of his clothes, leaving him to sit by the fireside in his shirt, while they were dried on ropes hung round the walls. Something to eat was the next need: there was only a little milk to be had, and this being made hot, the Prince and Neil sat down to it with a couple of clumsy horn spoons. By way of improving the mess, the dairywoman had frothed it up well with a little wooden instrument made for the purpose, which caused it to look like good thick cream. Deceived by its solid appearance, Charles applied the spoon to it with so much more force than it really needed, that, souse, went his hand into it at the first dip; scalding him so, that he dropped the spoon into the pan, in which, for lack of a dish, the milk had been served up. In a pet at this little provoking accident, he vented his anger in scolding the good woman, at a pretty rate; vowing she must have done it on purpose to make them burn themselves! Neil managed to keep his gravity through this droll little outbreak of temper; and finally the milk was finished in peace. A bed was afterwards contrived for the Prince, by taking the door off its hinges, and placing it on the floor; where, with an old tattered boat-sail by way of mattress, he lay

down, wrapped in his still wet plaid, and slept soundly for a few hours.

The long-expected Flora arrived at last, accompanied by her friend, the wife of Clanranald, and some men-servants. They found the Prince preparing his own dinner, roasting a sheep's heart and liver on a wooden skewer. His friends were distressed at seeing him so occupied, but he took it all pleasantly, saying that those who were ill off to-day might be happy to-morrow; and that all great men would be the better for having to go through a little of what he had borne in his Scottish expedition. He then sat down with the two ladies, the one on his right, the other on his left hand, and did the honours of his lowly table.

Lady Clanranald returned home that same day, a military party having arrived at her house, by whose commander she was pretty well cross-questioned as to her absence. She made the best excuse she could; but the end of it was, that both she and her husband were sent prisoners to London, where they lay for nearly a twelvemonth.

The morning after Flora's arrival, June 28th, Charles was dressed in his new costume, consisting of a printed cotton gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, white apron, and a camlet cloak with a

hood to it. His new friends assisted him into those puzzling garments; and, amid all their misery and danger, could not help laughing at the odd figure he made, when, as "Betty Burke," the Irishwoman with a genius for spinning, be it linen or woollen, he stood before them. A boat had already been provided for them; but as, for fear of discovery, they dared not set sail before nightfall, they lighted a fire among the rocks to warm themselves meanwhile, for they were both cold and wet. Cold and wet, however, they were destined to remain, since some very suspicious-looking row-boats soon came in sight, apparently making for the strand where the fugitives were shivering. Afraid it might betray them, they hastily put out their fire; and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the strangers pursue their course right past the spot.

The welcome night came at length; and Charles, together with his supposed mistress, Flora, who was attended by Mackechan, embarked, and sailed in the direction of Skye, leaving poor O'Neal behind, much against his will. Soon after their leaving Benbecula the wind rose, and ere long blew furiously, giving them a pretty rocking and ducking, in their little open boat. The storm kept getting worse and worse, till even the boatmen

became alarmed; and Charles, in his amiable way, had to talk and sing to them amain, by way of putting thoughts of danger out of their heads. His fearlessness heartened them up; and the more so as they thought that the many wonderful escapes from danger that he had already experienced, were such as God Himself alone could have brought about. And in the simplicity of their hearts they reasoned that, as He had protected the Prince hitherto, He would do so still. At daybreak they had no means of knowing exactly where they were, and for a while sailed on at a venture. At last they came in sight of a well-known rocky head on the island of Skye, towards which they at once steered, with the intention of landing. As they neared the shore, however, they saw, with dismay, that the place was occupied by soldiers; and this not at all suiting their views, they turned round, and rowed away even more briskly than they had pulled towards land. The soldiers caught sight of them, and, pursuing their flight with loud shouts, commanded them instantly to return to the shore, or they should be fired upon. This threat had only the effect of increasing their speed; and then, in truth, the bullets came peppering after them. "Never mind the villains!" exclaimed Charles to

the boatmen, who assured him that their fears were for him, not for themselves. "No fear for me," was his cheerful reply. But he was afraid for the lady who had risked her own life to save his; and, to keep her out of harm's way, begged that she would lie down in the bottom of the boat, that the bullets, that came singing after them, might fly over her. This she positively refused to do, unless he would take a similar precaution. So, in order to protect her, he was obliged to obey; and both were stowed away in the bottom of the boat, till their stout oarsmen had pulled them beyond musket range.

This little adventure was not very encouraging: seeking shelter in Skye, and being received with a discharge of musketry. But the desperate position of the Prince called for desperate attempts to save him; and, being denied a landing at this point, they must try for one elsewhere. They rowed a few miles further. Poor Flora, worn out with fatigue, fell asleep as she lay there in the bottom of the boat; and Charles, covering her up from the cold as well as he could, sat by her, lest in the dark, the boatmen, moving about, might chance to tread upon her. A little wine, too, that remained of the stores provided by Lady Clanranald,

he carefully reserved for the use of his protectress.

They finally got ashore near the home of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who, fortunately for the Prince, was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland. Lady Macdonald, however, was at home; and as she took the liberty of remaining a staunch Jacobite, spite of her husband's turning Hanoverian, that served their purpose much better. Under the circumstances, they could well spare Sir Alexander.

Leaving Charles behind after they had landed,—there you may see him, a great, big, clumsy-looking Irishwoman, sitting forlornly on the beach—Flora and Neil went directly to the house, and asked to see Lady Margaret. Lady Margaret had visitors, including the commanding officer of the militia stationed there. This looked bad; but Flora betrayed no discomposure, she joined the party, entered into conversation with the gentleman, Lieutenant Macleod, in the most easy manner, and even sat out dinner, without any one's having the least idea of her being come save on a mere friendly visit. O how long dinner seemed; with the life of that forlorn wanderer on the beach, trembling in the scale all the while! At length she contrived to make known

to one of the clan present, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a stout old Jacobite, that the Prince was in the neighbourhood. Kingsburgh immediately sought out Lady Margaret; who, as he whispered to her the important communication, loyal woman as she was, screamed out that they were all ruined and undone. Kingsburgh did his best to soothe her down, declaring he was quite willing to hide the Prince in his own house; for he was himself an old man, and it did not much matter whether he got hanged at once, or died quietly in his bed: he could not live long in any case.

A grand consultation was now held as to what should be done with Charles; and when a plan had been decided upon, Kingsburgh was sent out to inform him of it. Taking with him a bottle of wine and some bread, the old man made his way to the place where Charles had been left. He soon found the poor uncouth figure we have described; who, uncertain whether it was friend or foe that was advancing on him, started up, with a thick stick in his hand, as though he were very much disposed to knock the intruder down. Kingsburgh hastened to tell him who he was; and, as soon as the Prince had refreshed himself, they started off on their journey to Kingsburgh. As they walked along,

Kingsburgh expressed his wonder that he had chanced to be at Sir Alexander's that day, seeing he had not had any business to transact with his chief. Charles's prompt reply was, that God himself must have sent him to Mugstat, in order to rescue his oppressed prince.

They were soon joined by Flora, who had thought it safer to follow, than to set out with them. When she left Mugstat, in order more completely to baffle Lieutenant Macleod, the two ladies parted with well-feigned reluctance; Lady Margaret entreating her to stay a little longer, and Flora excusing herself on the score of the unsettled state of the country, which made her anxious to reach her mother's house. Flora was accompanied by another of Lady Margaret's guests, a Mrs. Macdonald, who was in their secret. Her servants, though, were not; and one of them, her own maid, gave them a pretty fright by her remarks on the singular appearance of Betty Burke. She declared she had never seen "such a tall, impudent-looking woman in her life;" adding her belief that "those Irishwomen could fight as well as men;" nay, she "dared say that this one was, after all, a man in woman's clothes!" O how poor Flora must have groaned with apprehension at that last suggestion! And right glad

were the whole of the little party of fugitives, when Mrs. Macdonald and her servants bade them good day, and turned off the road.

Their troubles about "Betty" were, however, by no means at an end. Being Sunday, they met many of the country people returning from church; all of whom were struck by the peculiar appearance of the disguised Prince. Some of them, when they got home, told their neighbours that they had met on the road a big, clumsy woman, who looked more like a man than a woman; adding carelessly, that perhaps it was the Prince, for whom everybody was hunting. No wonder that remarks were made about him; for Charles, though a graceful man, made anything but a graceful woman, and gave his friends no little trouble in drilling him to play his new part. He misconducted himself in all sorts of ways, stalking on with great, long strides, making a bow when he ought to have dropped a courtesy, and the first brook they came to—that was worst of all; for, anxious to keep his novel incumbrances from getting wet as they crossed it, he held his gown and petticoat so high, that Kingsburgh was obliged to scold him for his indecorousness: no woman would have done in that way! Poor "Betty" promised to behave better next time;

but O dear, dear! when the next time came, he did not lift them up at all, but just let them draggle through the water! This was every bit as bad; but frightened as Kingsburgh was lest such gross mismanagement of petticoats should betray the Prince, he could not help joining Charles in his laugh at himself. "They call you a Pretender," said the old man; "if you are one, I can only say that you are the very worst at your trade I have ever seen."

Spite of all these dangers, they got safely, though wet and weary, to Kingsburgh's house. It was so late at night that everybody was gone to bed; so Kingsburgh sent up word to his wife that he had brought visitors with him, and they wanted some supper. The lady not being disposed to get up, sent word down that they must make themselves as comfortable as they could. Just as she had dispatched this message, in ran one of her little girls, who, roused by the noise, had been peeping at the new comers; and now, in some alarm, told her mother that her father had brought home with him, and into the hall too, the biggest, strangest, "ill-shaken-up wife, she had ever seen." Mrs. Macdonald pricked up her ears at this, and began to think it was time she was stirring. Who in the

world had her husband picked up? Kingsburgh hurried upstairs to her just in time to explain all. He did not tell her who the odd-looking woman was, but led her to suppose it was some one or other of his Jacobite friends who was in danger, and required concealment. There were too many in this sad case for the announcement to occasion any surprise; however, out of bed got the lady, sending her little girl down for the keys, which she had forgotten, below stairs. But the child came back without them, saying she dared not go into the hall for fear of the big woman, who was stalking about there in the strangest manner. Upon this Mrs. Macdonald —or, to give her her proper title, the Mistress of Kingsburgh—was obliged to fetch the keys herself. Charles rose as she entered, and, according to the custom of the times, kissed her cheek. Poor Mrs. Macdonald! Under that hood was a man's beard, and she got a rub with it! She had presence of mind to say nothing; but, returning to her husband, he told her plainly, clasping her hands in his own, that it was the Prince. Like Lady Margaret, she exclaimed in reply, "The Prince! then we shall be hanged!" "Never mind," was Kingsburgh's rejoinder; "we can only die once. Bring out some supper, for the poor man is near famished: some

eggs, butter, cheese, and anything else that is about." The lady was shocked at the idea of setting down a prince to such a supper as that. But her husband quickly assured her that viands like these were luxurious, compared with those on which Charles had been living. And overcoming her further scruples as to her own sitting down to table with royalty—to the butter, eggs, and cheese, they all fell with good appetite; Charles placing himself between the two ladies; Flora on his right, the Mistress of Kingsburgh on his left hand.

When supper was over, a comfortable bowl of punch followed for the gentlemen; and after that another, and another, till at last, in a good-humoured contest as to whether it should, or should not be filled again, they broke the bowl in two between them, which put an end to the drinking for that night.

Poor Charles, during his wandering life, had almost forgotten what a bed was. Snugged up once more in sheets and blankets, he now slept long and luxuriously. It was one o'clock next day before he got up. One of his host's daughters, anxious for his safety, had suggested to her father the propriety of waking him earlier. But he bade her let the poor man have his sleep out; and then, wrapping the bed-

clothes round him again (for he, too, was in bed), had another nap himself.

When the Prince did get up, the ladies had to be summoned to finish his dressing; for cap, gown, cloak, head-dress, proved such puzzling articles of feminine gear, as defied his skill to get into them properly. Laughing till he nearly dropped, as the process went on, it was at last finished by the practised hands of his hostess and protectress; who, when all was done, begged a lock of his hair as their reward. He bade them take as much as they liked; and, bending his head that he might be sheared with the greater ease, Flora cropped enough to divide between herself and the Mistress of Kingsburgh. That fair hair would be treasured long after the head on which it grew was laid in the dust. Charles's shoes were quite worn out with so many weary foot journeys, so Kingsburgh found him a new pair. The old ones he carefully put aside, telling Charles he would preserve them till the Stuarts were again at St. James's; and then he would come to court, and introduce himself by shaking the tattered brogues at his Royal Highness, to put him in mind of his night at Kingsburgh. The Prince smilingly bade the facetious old gentleman be as good as his word.

Before parting, Charles begged a pinch of snuff from Mrs. Macdonald's box—for ladies took snuff in those bygone days! She gave him box and all for a keepsake; and then he, with his two companions, set out again on his travels.

When they were gone, the old lady went into the room where Charles had slept, drew off the sheets from his bed, folded and put them by carefully, charging her daughter to lay her in them when she was dead. The command was scrupulously obeyed as to one of the sheets. The other had been previously given by the old lady to Flora, who became her daughter-in-law; and who made it her own winding-sheet when, many years afterwards, she too was laid in her grave.

CHAPTER XV.

THE plan arranged for the present by Charles's friends was, that he should proceed on foot from Kingsburgh to Portree, the principal town of Skye, and there take boat for Raasay, an island that lies between Skye and the mainland. This island belonged to a Macleod, who, with his clan, had been engaged in the insurrection. But as his eldest son had remained loyal to the government,—not from any love to it, but to save the estate from confiscation,—it was thought the laird would have the more power to protect the Prince until an opportunity should occur, either of finding him a better hiding-place, or of getting him off entirely to France, which was the great object of his wanderings.

As it was suspected that the boatmen who had brought the Prince and his friends to Skye, had a better notion as to who the tall Irishwoman was, than was at all desirable, it was decided that as soon as possible he should cease to be Betty Burke,

and become a gentleman again. To accomplish this, Kingsburgh, when they set out for Portree, carried with him a Highland dress; and when they had got to a safe distance from the house where they had slept, he and Charles turned aside into the wood, and doffed cap, gown, and apron, which were cautiously hidden out of the way; the Prince assuming in their place the philibeg, short coat, plaid, and bonnet. After helping him to complete this change, Kingsburgh returned home, leaving Charles to proceed with Neil Macdonald, or Mackechan, to Portree, where Flora, who had taken a different road, was to rejoin them.

Their friends at Portree had, meanwhile, been in no small difficulty about the finding of a boat to carry the fugitives to Raasay. All the boats belonging to the island had either been carried off, or destroyed by the soldiery, with the exception of two; and these had been hidden, none of them knew where. At length, as they pondered and puzzled, it was remembered that a small boat was always kept on a neighbouring lake; and two or three active Macleods, including the young laird, together with some women, contrived, among them, to drag it overland more than a mile, half bog, half precipice, to the coast. When launched, they

rowed it, with the help of a boy whom they caught up, to Raasay, to seek Captain Macleod (formerly one of the Prince's officers), get a good boat from him, return with it to Portree, and take Charles on board there. If they could not succeed either in finding Malcolm Macleod, or procuring a better boat, they were to make the best they could of the skiff already in their possession.

Fortunately, as soon as they landed on the island, they fell in with Malcolm, who, as an old Jacobite, was eager in the service of his prince. Young Raasay had not yet been implicated in the rebellion, and this made his uncle unwilling that he should now be involved, by taking an active part in assisting the Prince; he wished that all this should be left to himself, who was already over head and ears in it. The young chief, however, would not consent to Malcolm's reasoning. He declared that, cost him what it might, he would do all in his power for Charles; and then his uncle bade him in God's name go on.

Malcolm's strong, serviceable boat was now ready, and a couple of stalwart Highlanders were just about taking their seats at the oars, when they suddenly turned restive, stoutly declaring they would not pull a stroke till they knew what they

were going about. Some risk must be run, for there was not a moment to lose; so the two men were told plainly what was the expedition on which they were setting out. Hurrah! that was the very thing for them! When they found that the rescue of the Prince was the object in view, they were all hot haste for putting to sea, every whit as eager about it as their masters. Their willing arms soon shot the craft over the intervening three miles, and the party came ashore at a little distance from Portree. Malcolm walked on alone to look out for Charles, who was soon found; and then they went into the one wretched public-house of the place, together. Charles, who had little more on him than a plaid, was wet to the skin with the drenching rain—those small islands are rainy spots—so after swallowing a little brandy, which he much needed, they made him put on dry things before getting his dinner. To put on a clean shirt before Miss Macdonald, was rather more than the Prince felt himself equal to; but there was nothing for it in the one room of that wretched hovel, and things had got beyond ceremony. So at last he gave way, and did as he was desired. Malcolm expressed his concern at the Prince's uncomfortable condition, owing to the bad weather;

but he replied that his only care was that Flora should have been exposed to it. After making a good dinner on broiled fish, with butter and cheese, he was obliged, when he wanted some drink, to be content with cold water out of a little bucket, ordinarily used for baling the boat. Poor Charles, spite of the rough doings he had so long encountered, rather "shied" at this novel drinking vessel; but as any exhibition of more refined habits than those of the people who were about the house, might have betrayed him, he was fain to put up with it, and regale himself out of the wooden pail. Before departing, he wanted some tobacco, for he occasionally comforted himself with a short pipe, especially when he had the toothache, which was one of the small plagues of his wandering life; and the landlord brought him some, for which he asked fourpence halfpenny. Charles gave the man sixpence, and was going off without waiting for the three halfpence due to him, when one of his companions, fearing such unwonted liberality would lead the innkeeper to suspect that his guest was of higher rank than his appearance indicated, called for the "change," and made the Prince put it in his "sporran," or Highland purse: the furry, betasselled concern that is worn in front like a little

apron. The Prince was much amused at the idea of his receiving three halfpence "change" from the landlord of a dirty little public-house. Donald Roy, however, insisted upon it; adding, that even the halfpence might do him good service. Discreet Donald also prevented Charles being content with thirteen shillings—all the landlord had—as change for a guinea; the shillings being so much more useful to him in his wanderings than gold, that he would fain have been content with the few he could get. But this, again, would have betrayed the great man, among those simple people; and therefore was not to be allowed.

The Prince here took his leave of Flora Macdonald, who could no longer be of service to him. As they travelled together he had borrowed a half-crown from her, which he now paid, with thanks. Then kissing her cheek in farewell, he expressed his hope that, notwithstanding all that had happened, they might yet meet at St. James's! And stepping into the boat, he was speedily rowed over to his first place of refuge.

Raasay, where he now landed, is a rocky island, considerably longer than broad, and where it rains nine months in the year, thanks to the neighbouring high peaks of Skye. It was a primitive place;

tending cattle, and fishing, being two of the principal occupations of its inhabitants. There were no roads in the island; tracks that their plodding feet, as well as those of their cattle, had tramped out, sufficing for such intercourse and traffic as its primitive people required. Yet even here that cruel Duke had been wreaking his vengeance; and, thanks to the wholesale destruction, by his soldiery, of the dwellings of its unfortunate inhabitants, it was now no easy matter to house the Prince. A mere hut, constructed by some of the peasantry who tended cattle thereabout, was the best shelter they could find for him. This was made as comfortable as their scanty means permitted; a good fire was soon burning on the hearth, and plenty of heather strewn for his bed;—the Highlanders place it bloom uppermost, and, covered with the plaid, it is certainly not quite so hard as a "soft plank." Their household cares attended to, they next sat down, with hearty appetites, after ten miles' pull across the Sound, to some provisions with which old Kingsburgh had furnished them.

When these good things were all eaten up, the puzzle was to get more; for, though young Raasay was in the midst of his own flocks and herds, he dared not help himself to any of them, for fear of

the loss leading to the Prince's discovery. At last he contrived to steal one of his own kids, brought it to the hut in his plaid, and then they had rather a respectable meal—a sort of lord mayor's dinner, indeed, in comparison with what the Prince had been so long living upon; for it comprised roast kid, butter, bread (both wheaten and oaten), with whiskey and brandy for drinkables. The wheaten bread was a treat in that part of the country, where the people almost universally use cakes of oatmeal. Charles, however, would not touch either it or the brandy while oat-bread and whiskey held out; for those, he said, were his own country bread and drink. His observance of Scottish customs in these, and other little particulars, gave great satisfaction to the common people, who might otherwise have allowed his foreign birth to prejudice them against him. He loved to make a thorough Scot of himself; and it was kindly, as well as wisely done. Nor could the veriest Highlander among them, bred to the wild, mountain life of those times, have endured hardships and privations of the extremest kind, with a stouter heart than did this young prince. But though his heart never failed him, his bodily strength was now beginning to give way under long-continued hunger, want of rest, anxiety, and exposure to weather.

He was greatly concerned on being told how the island had been racked and ruined by the soldiery; but tried to comfort himself, and those about him, by looking forward to better times, when his father should be on the British throne; and then he would give the islanders houses built of stone, in place of their huts that had been burned. As he walked to and fro with his friends on a strip of greensward near their hovel, he remarked that the life he was leading was a "bitter hard one;" but, at any rate, better than being seized by his enemies. Not that he thought they would dare to take his life openly, but that he should dread being destroyed privately by poison or assassination. He said that since Culloden, he had gone through enough to kill a hundred men; he wondered how he had borne up under it all; surely, surely Providence must be reserving him for some good. Poor fellow! Good was intended for him by an Almighty Father, as it is for every one of us; but it was not the good that he meant. The restoration of his family to their ancient inheritance was never to take place; their very name was to be extinguished, when he and his brother were laid in their graves!

That night Charles slept long on his heather bed. But his rest was broken, he started in his sleep,

talked to himself in various languages; one of his exclamations, prompted doubtless by the evening's conversation, being, distinctly, "O God! poor Scotland!" For, in addition to what had been done on the little spot where he then found brief shelter, he was not ignorant of the cruelties inflicted in the wide Highlands, and even beyond their border, by that horrible Duke of Cumberland. As a man of exemplary humanity, his heart was oppressed by these things; while, as being perpetrated upon those whom he deemed his father's subjects, and simply for their loyalty to him, they weighed upon him to an extent that his own troubles never had done. Still, while thus severely suffering himself, he was thoughtful for those about him; and for their sakes kept up an appearance of cheerfulness. On one occasion, when his faithful attendant, O'Neal, literally sank under weariness and anxiety, the Prince, after doing all in his power to cheer him, but in vain, at last turned to some girls, who from their flock of goats had given the two a little milk to wash down some eggs and coarse bread which an old woman had bestowed upon them; and inviting them to dance a Highland reel with him, kept up the game so merrily as effectually to shame his friend out of his despondency.

While the Prince was at Raasay, a strict watch

was kept, to guard against surprise in any direction. One day, however, they had a sad fright. Mackenzie one of the boatmen, who had been posted on a hill-top as his look-out, came full speed to the hut, saying that a suspicious sort of person, who had been wandering about the island for some days under pretence of selling tobacco, was coming in that direction. The three gentlemen took alarm immediately; the Prince's life must be protected at all hazards, and they were not long in resolving that, in case of need, the man must be shot. "God forbid," exclaimed Charles earnestly, "that we should take away the life of a man who may be innocent, while we can possibly preserve our own." The Macleods declared that it must, and should be done; and while the Prince was contending the point with them, Mackenzie, the boatman, who, as he stood sentry at the door, overheard what was said, struck in, in his native tongue, "Well, well, he must be shot; you are the King, but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Charles did not understand him, but seeing the Macleods smile, asked what Mackenzie had said. When he was told, spite of the danger he was in, he could not help laughing at the honest fellow's idea of how a king was to be controlled. An idea

expressed in the innocence of his heart, and without the slightest notion of any allusion to political systems: all that he meant was, that Charles was one, and they were many. The unknown who was to be disposed of with so little ceremony, proved to be one of their friends, wandering like themselves, since the dispersion of Culloden. "But," said Malcolm Macleod in after years, "in such circumstances, I would have shot my own brother, if I had not been sure of him!"

Charles told his friends that he did not think it safe to stay long in one place; and being in hopes of finding a French vessel waiting to take him off near Lochbroom, in the country of the Mackenzies, he was disposed to go there immediately. In their zeal they at once offered to take him, though it was a long way off, in Malcolm's boat. This plan being decided against as too hazardous, a messenger was sent to Mr. Mackenzie, on the mainland, in Ross; who returned answer that no such ship had been either seen, or heard of in that part of the country. Disappointed here, the next scheme proposed was that they should return to Skye, and see what could be done for him there. So they took boat again, though the sea was so rough that they were hard at work baling out water to keep

their little craft afloat. As they tossed about, Charles inquired whether there was any danger, and on being told that there was not, amused himself by singing a Gaelic song; for by this time he had picked up a good deal of the native language of his faithful Highlanders. It cost them a hard pull to reach land; the coast was rocky and dangerous, and they had to leap into the water to get ashore; then among them they hauled up their boat on the beach. The Prince's movements were somewhat impeded by his great coat's being thoroughly water-sopped by the beating waves. Captain Macleod would have had him pull it off, that he might carry it for him; but Charles stuck to it, drenched as it was, declaring he was quite as able to carry it as the captain.

Wet, weary, and cold as they were, a cow-house, at some distance from their landing-place, was the only shelter they could find; and after supping on some bread and cheese they had brought with them, they lay down by the fire, for it was now late at night. As soon as they awoke next morning, young Raasay was sent to collect all the news that he could, which might influence the Prince's movements. One of the Macleods was also dispatched in a different direction, with orders to try to

procure a boat, at a certain place seven miles distant, for the Prince's use. On sending him off, Charles gave him a case, in which were a spoon, knife, and fork, to take care of for him till they met, which Macleod fancied would be in a day or two. Charles, however, had purposely misled the two. He had a plan in his head, which he preferred keeping to himself and Malcolm; and as soon as he had thus got rid of the other two, he at once opened it, begging Malcolm to guide him to another part of the island, belonging to one of the Mackinnons, who had been concerned in the insurrection. Malcolm objected to the danger of his going thither. The Prince replied that nothing now could be done without danger; so it was agreed they should make the attempt.

To disguise the Prince most effectually, it was arranged that he and Malcolm should travel as master and servant; Malcolm being master, and Charles his servant, under the name of Lewis Caw. To support the character properly, Charles took the bag, containing his small stock of linen, upon his own shoulder, and walked at a respectful distance behind Malcolm; touching his bonnet when spoken to like a well-bred serving-man. They went on for a while in this way, and then it struck Charles that

the dresses of the two were not in exact keeping with the relationship which it had been necessary to assume; for his own waistcoat was of bright Stuart tartan with gold buttons, while Malcolm wore a plain one. So he made an exchange with his friend; observing that it did not look well that the servant should be better dressed than the master. Adding, as he buttoned himself up in the shabbier garment, that he hoped one day to give his companion a better waistcoat.

Malcolm, like most Highlanders, was a good walker; yet he could scarcely keep up with the Prince, who told him he should not much fear the soldiers who were in pursuit of him, if he could but get beyond musket range. The Highlanders in tho hostile force he could not hope to distance so easily; they being as fleet-footed as himself. His old sporting habits in Italy now stood him in good stead, by inuring him to long journeys on foot. The spirit of the sportsman, notwithstanding his danger, was still so strong in him that he would fain have popped at some partridges that rose before them as they went along. Malcolm, however, would not suffer this, fearing that the sound of fire-arms might betray them to some of the vessels cruising on the coast.

As they trudged over the mountains, through by-ways to avoid observation, Malcolm asked him what he would do, should they fall in with the soldiers. "Fight, to be sure," was the reply. And they agreed that they two could match any four. Their walk was a stiff one, thirty miles of rough road; and the day's provision consisted of some miserable bread and cheese,—the bread so mouldy that few, save those so pinched by want as were the royal traveller and his friend, would have thought it fit to eat. A little brandy served to recruit their strength; but this, except a single glass, was all drunk out when they were still some miles from their journey's end. Seeing that Malcolm was more worn with toil than himself, Charles compelled him, spite of his objections, to finish the bottle, which was then hidden away among the heather.

Drawing near their destination, Charles inquired of his companion whether his disguise was complete. Malcolm was obliged to confess that it was not; anybody who had ever seen the Prince would be sure to know him again; and as to blackening his face with powder, as Charles suggested, that would only make bad, worse. So, with a pleasant grumble at his "odd face," which no one who had once seen could fail to recognise, the Prince pulled

off his wig, tied a handkerchief round his head, drew on his nightcap over that, tore off his shirt ruffles, took the buckles out of his shoes, tying them instead with strings, and then appealed once more to Malcolm. But though he had made a thorough "guy" of himself, even yet Malcolm was not satisfied. Then there was no help for it, the "odd face" must take its chance; though in truth it was not the face alone, but the noble mien that could not be disguised. So on they went; not to the residence of the chief, (for though Charles knew him to be a good and trustworthy man, his age rendered him unsuitable for the active service which the Prince now required,) but to that of another of the clan, Malcolm's brother-in-law, John Mackinnon, from whose house he might easily reach the mainland, should that be desirable.

As they approached John Mackinnon's house, they met a man who had been in the Highland army; and who, fixing his eye steadily upon the Prince, instantly made Malcolm's words good, by recognising him; uttering, as he did so, a cry of distress at finding him in so wretched a condition. The man's feeling was so evidently genuine that they could not doubt his fidelity; yet they thought it best to swear him to secrecy, Highland fashion, on

Malcolm's dirk. The oath thus taken, upon the drawn dirk, consists of a series of invocations upon themselves of all sorts of evils, if they violate it; and was one considered peculiarly binding by those uncultivated people.

The house towards which they were making, was reached in the early morning. Malcolm going forward by himself to see whether the coast was clear, was asked by his sister, whose husband was not just then at home, who the young man with him was. He told her it was Lewis Caw from Crieff, a fugitive like himself, whom he had engaged for a servant, but who had fallen ill. Mrs. Mackinnon pitied the poor fellow, adding that her heart warmed towards him; so he was immediately brought into the house. Breakfast being placed before Malcolm, Lewis sat respectfully at a distance without venturing to come forward, till urged by his master to join him. He then rose, made a bow, and sitting down to the welcome eatables, made them disappear rapidly. When they had done eating, an old woman servant brought in warm water; and after the ancient custom of the country, washed Malcolm's feet. When she had finished, he bade her wash that poor man's feet, pointing to Charles. Her pride rose at the idea of washing a servant's feet; she felt it an

indignity, and answered warmly, "Though I washed your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" Pride, however, at last gave way, and she condescended, though with the worst possible grace, to render this most acceptable service to the poor travel-stained serving-man; little dreaming that those swollen, bruised feet were those of a royal prince.

The weary travellers then lay down to rest, and had a sound sleep. When Malcolm awoke he was surprised to find the Prince already up, and playing with Mrs. Mackinnon's baby; the boy, he said, as he tossed him about, might one day be a captain in his service. "You mean," said the gruff old woman, who was looking on, "that you may possibly be an old sergeant in his company!" And having delivered herself of this amiable speech, she doubtless felt avenged for having had to wash the stranger's feet! It was evident that here, the "odd face" had not betrayed its owner.

Malcolm then turned out to look for John Mackinnon, and on meeting him, after a little talk, said, pointing to the sea, where were some English vessels cruising about, "What if the Prince should be a prisoner on board one of those tenders?" "God forbid!" was Mackinnon's earnest reply. Thus

encouraged, Malcolm proceeded: "What if we had him here?" "I wish we had," returned the other, "we would take good care of him." "Well, John," rejoined his friend, "then he is now in your house!" Delighted beyond measure, good John Mackinnon was on the point of running in to see him, immediately, but was checked by his more prudent brother, who reminded him of the necessity of extreme caution in this matter, as the least indiscretion on their part, might cost the Prince his life. Mackinnon on this moderated his zeal, and sent all his servants out of the way in different directions before he ventured in to greet his guest; whose miserable appearance made even the sturdy Highlander weep. He was not long in providing means to carry the Prince, as he desired, over to the opposite shore. A small leaky boat lying near the house was first fixed upon for this purpose; but as John went to fetch it, he met the laird himself, to whom, in the joy of his heart, he let out the whole secret; though it was one that Charles had wished to keep from the old gentleman. Mackinnon upon this immediately brought his own boat, which was a more sea-worthy affair; and after paying his duty to the Prince, entertained him in a cave hard by, with some cold meat and wine. It

was soon settled that the loyal old chief, whose heart was stout, though age had enfeebled his limbs, should, together with John, take the Prince to the mainland, sending Malcolm back again, lest his absence should draw the military after him, on the Prince's trail.

In taking leave of this faithful friend, Charles warmly acknowledged his kindness, pressing upon him, for his acceptance, ten guineas, and a silver stock-buckle, by way of keepsake. The money Malcolm would fain have refused, for he saw that there were not more than forty guineas in the purse whence it came. The Prince, however, would not be denied, as he expected to get more on the mainland whither he was going, and he knew Malcolm would need what he offered him. Before sailing, Charles wrote a letter of thanks to his friends in Raasay, which he signed "James Thompson," and consigned to Malcolm's care. Then, when they had smoked a pipe together, they parted, each going on his way; Charles to increased hardships and dangers on the mainland, Malcolm, after ten days had passed, to imprisonment aboard ship, which finally conveyed him to London for trial.

Flora Macdonald too, not long after parting with

the Prince, was laid hold of by an armed party, and carried on board Captain Ferguson's ship; where she quietly owned all that she had done to save the Prince. She was kindly treated both on shipboard, and in her, mild, London imprisonment; for even the Prince's enemies could not but admire the courage and devotion which she had displayed. After being detained in London for about twelve months, she was permitted to return home, without trial, choosing for her travelling companion our old friend Malcolm, who, like herself, had been "let alone!" In after days, when telling the story of his adventures, he used to say humorously that he "went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a fine post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald." Kingsburgh also was taken, and very harshly treated, being thrown into prison at Fort Augustus, and heavily ironed, after having had everything taken from him.

While confined here, it is said that an order came one day for the release of a prisoner named Alexander Macdonald. As this was Kingsburgh's name, as well as that of a great many more of the clan, the officer on guard asked him if it were not he. He answered that his name certainly was Alexander Macdonald, but he imagined he was not the person

intended; he thought there was some mistake. The officer, in reply, angrily asked him why, if his name were Alexander Macdonald, he did not take himself off at once. Kingsburgh persisted for a while in saying that he believed there was a mistake; but at last did as the officer bid him, just walking out into the street. There he met a friend, who urged him to get out of the fort, and away as fast as he could. "No," said he, "I must wait at the alehouse opposite to see whether the officer does not get into a scrape." In a couple of hours afterwards, down came a superior officer, who instantly arrested the lieutenant on guard for having set at liberty so dangerous a rebel as honest Kingsburgh. Back again ran Kingsburgh; and saying, "I told you there must be some mistake," quietly returned to his prison. He was taken to London, and like Malcolm and Flora, got his liberty—this time without mistake—in a twelvemonth.

The Prince's good friend Lady Margaret Macdonald had not done anything to bring herself within reach of the law; but, seeing her husband was a government man, some were pleased to blame her much for what she had done for the wanderer. Sir Alexander himself pleaded in his wife's excuse, and that of Kingsburgh also, the wretched condition

of the Prince when he presented himself to crave their help—diseased, starved, worn out with want of sleep, and with exposure to weather, the man was in a state to break any one's heart! And he urged, not very truly it is to be feared, that their compassion had overpowered their better judgment. For himself, he earnestly repudiated having had the slightest idea of the "cargo,"—so he termed the Prince,—with which Miss Flora had landed at his house, that unlucky morning.

But it was not all blame for the good Lady Margaret. Prince Frederick, eldest brother of the Duke of Cumberland, checked the censure which the Princess, his wife, was heaping upon her, by saying, with emotion:—"And would not you, madam, in such circumstances, have done the same? I hope—I am sure you would!" That was a better-hearted fellow than Duke William.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was night when Charles left Skye, accompanied by old Mackinnon, and his relation John; and a stormy sea lay, for thirty miles, between them, and that part of the mainland, to which they were making. It was situated in the district where, scarce twelve months before, he had first landed, full of heart and hope; and now—what a change! Those who so faithfully cared for him, would fain have smoothed the troubled waters, and stilled those angry gusts that raised them, in white curling waves, amid the surrounding darkness. But that tempestuous weather proved his safety on the perilous voyage; for in mid career, a boat was encountered, filled with militiamen, who would certainly have boarded them to see who they were, but for the friendly, great waves that kept the two so far asunder that it was impossible. What we fancy our misfortunes, sometimes turn out our greatest blessings! The little red crosses in the

men's bonnets,—the distinguishing badge of the government Highlanders—gleamed ominously over the waters; but it was at an increasing, and still increasing distance, till they were fairly borne away on the heaving deep.

The voyagers landed on the shores of Loch Nevis, where they remained in hiding three days, for fear of the soldiery who were stationed all about; for indeed it was a very wasp's nest they had got into. Shelter from the weather they had none. There was only God's own heaven over the head of this most unfortunate prince.

On the fourth day after their arrival, July 9th, the old chief turned out to look for some hole or other where Charles might be, at least, screened from the wind and rain. During his absence the Prince had another narrow escape of capture. He, and the others who were left, were rowing along the shores of the Loch, when suddenly, on rounding a point—crack! came their oars against a boat moored to the rock. At a little distance, on shore, stood five men, who, by the wicked little red cockades, or crosses in their bonnets, were at once known to belong to the militia. The men hailed the Prince's party, demanding whence they came, and bidding them come ashore that they might

be overhauled. That was rather too good. Come ashore! not they indeed. Instead of doing so, they bent to their oars, and with might and main pulled from it; the Prince, for safety, being covered up with a plaid at the bottom of the boat, with his head between John Mackinnon's knees. When first hailed, the Prince was for springing, desperately, ashore; but John kept him down while he was down, and would not suffer it. Finding their hail unheeded, the militiamen jumped up, tumbled into their boat with all haste, and gave chase, as hard as they could. How the oars rattled in the rowlocks of both boats as they sped along! Mackinnon bade his men have their muskets ready, but not fire till he gave the signal by discharging his own piece; and then they were to take good care that not a shot was thrown away. Each was to cover his man, before drawing trigger. The Prince, huddled up in the bottom of the boat, protested against any unnecessary shedding of blood. John readily acquiesced in this; only adding, that if needful, not a soul of them should escape.

With the militia boat at their heels, they dashed through the water till they came alongside a part of the Loch shore where the wood grew down to the

very water's edge. Plunging into this, they ran nimbly up the hill, from whose crest they had the satisfaction of seeing their pursuers, thrown completely off the scent, slowly making their way back again. After a short rest here, the Prince and his friends took to their boat again, and made for a small island on the other side of the Loch, whence John Mackinnon went to old Clanranald, to entreat his help for the Prince in his present distress. The old chief, however, now would have nothing to do with him. He thought he had suffered quite enough for the Stuarts, and would have no more of it. John came back in a rage; but the Prince took it all with his usual philosophy, merely remarking that since that was the case, they must do the best they could for themselves.

"God helps those who help themselves." That is a good saying; for the help which He gives us, and the care which He takes of us, were never intended to lead us lazily to spare our own exertions. Work, boy, work,—as though there were no Infinite Power and Love to provide for you. And then, depend on that Power and Love, as though you had never stirred a finger!

Seeing the old gentleman thus impracticable, the Prince and his companions returned to their first

landing-place on the [illegible]ch side. From it, a pretty stiff walk brought them to the house of another Macdonald, who, at first, was more kindly disposed to them than his chief had been. This gentleman's home consisted, at the time, of a mere hut, his "house" having been duly burned down under the Duke's military law. There was but scanty provision in that rude dwelling; for the only food which his weeping wife could set before the Prince, was some warmed-up fish, without a morsel of bread. That she had not, and therefore could not give it. It was exquisitely painful to Charles to see the straits and distresses, to which loyalty to his family, had brought his faithful followers. Macdonald found them a night's lodging in a cave at hand; but next morning his mood was quite changed, and he was as cold, and unwilling to render the Prince any aid, as the chief himself had been.

Charles's firmness fairly broke down under this; and in the bitterness of his soul—the very bitterness of death, for it was *that* that was staring him in the face—he poured out a passionate appeal to the Almighty Father, under whose "loving correction," (for such we must deem the troubles that He brings upon us,) his poor human heart was now almost crushed; earnestly imploring Him to have com-

passion on his forlorn state. "Surely, John," added he, turning to young Mackinnon, "you will not also forsake me?"—"With God's help," was the reply, "I will go through the world with you."

John was exceedingly indignant at Macdonald's conduct, and did not hesitate to tell him that he had been in bad company since they had met the night before. But he might as well not have troubled himself to upbraid the man:—Morar, as he was called, stuck to his text, and would not stir hand or foot to assist Charles.

John next conducted the Prince to the house, or rather the hut—for his house too had been burned—of Angus Macdonald, in Borrodaile, where the Prince had slept when he first landed; and not being able to render him any more service, returned to his home. On arriving there he was immediately seized by a party of militia under Captain Ferguson, who severely questioned him about his proceedings, without extracting any information that could be injurious to the Prince. Finding he could make nothing of the master, Ferguson next tried his hand upon the man,—one of the boatmen, whom he had tied up, and flogged till the blood ran down. But even this, with an additional threat that he would treat Mackinnon in the same way, failed to shake

the firmness of any of the party. Not one of them would betray the unfortunate Prince. John was, however, packed off to prison, where he had the old chief as his companion till July, 1747, when both obtained their liberty.

In entering the humble "bothy," or hut, which now did duty for the family mansion of the Macdonalds of Borrodaile, Charles felt a natural emotion of distress and hesitation. For not only was that miserable dwelling the result of Macdonald's active allegiance to him, but he had also to lament a son, who fell bravely at Culloden. Tears filled the eyes of the Prince as he addressed himself, diffidently, to the lady of the house, asking whether she could bear the sight of one who had brought so much evil upon her, and hers. "Yes," was the firm reply, "even though all my sons had fallen in their prince's service."

That was the right, true spirit. Duty before life any day. It is not absolutely needful that we should live, but it is absolutely needful that we perform our duty. People's notions of what is duty, will of course differ. These brave Scots, believing James their rightful king, thought it their duty to peril, and sacrifice their lives for him; and they did it, like noble men. Just as Gardiner,

and other fine spirits on the other side, from the same principle, cheerfully laid down their lives for the Hanoverian family.

The good people of Borrodaile hid Charles for three days in a hovel, buried among the woods in the vicinity. It did not seem a very secure place, but it was the best they could find for him at the time. Their anxious fidelity, however, soon prepared a safer refuge for him about four miles up the shore, where, in a cleft of the steep face of the rock, a sort of hut was built, so ingeniously turfed over, that it looked as if it grew there. No one would have dreamed of its being a human habitation. This oddly-perched little hovel overlooked that same Lochnanuagh, up which Charles had sailed when he first approached the mainland.

But even here there were only a few days' rest for the hunted man. It began to be surmised among his pursuers, that he was concealed somewhere about Borrodaile; and news of this reaching his ears, again he had to fly. Another, and it was hoped safer spot was proposed to him; but while on the way to it, one of the Macdonalds, who had gone in advance, returned, bringing word of the Royalists having so completely netted the whole district as to make escape out of it almost impossible.

General Campbell, with a large force, was close to Loch Nevis, where several men-of-war lay at anchor. Sentries, within hail of each other, were placed so as to form a chain around the Prince on the land side, and no one was allowed to pass their ranks, without having to answer all sorts of questions, that would have tripped Charles up in a trice. While to prevent any one's stealing through under cover of the dark, large watch-fires were kept burning in the night.

It was a terrible difficulty. The Prince seemed brought to bay at last. But "nothing venture, nothing win." As well be taken, (if taken he must be,) in the attempt to break through, as, folding his arms in despair, without another struggle for freedom. Accompanied by two of the Macdonalds, Charles stole cautiously through the wilds of Arisaig to a certain spot, whence he sent for one of the Camerons, who, being well acquainted with that part of the country, might, it was hoped, guide him to some safer place. But in the dusk of the evening, as they were eagerly looking out for Donald, they heard, to their dismay, that a large body of the troops who were scouring the country round in search of Charles, were marching towards the very hill which they had chosen for their

temporary shelter. Off they ran down the hill-side, stumbling along in the gloom, towards Loch Arkaig, till about eleven o'clock at night; when traversing a deep ravine, dark as it was, the figure of a man became apparent making his way down one of the overhanging hills. Thrusting the Prince aside that the stranger might not see him, his two friends stepped forward to make sure of the new comer. It was well for them, and most certainly well for *him*, that it proved to be a friend, the very Donald Cameron for whom the Prince had sent. The good fellow, knowing to what straits the Prince was reduced, had brought with him all the food he could lay hands on; but alas, it was only some oatmeal and butter, and upon this Charles, who was nearly starved, made shift to live for four days.

The Prince spent the next few days in hurrying hither and thither, backwards and forwards among those rugged hills and woods, as each new alarm dictated, till at last his wanderings brought him to an elevated point, commanding a view of the whole network that had been spread to catch him. The sight was enough to make his heart fail. There lay the enemy's camp, so close at hand that the cry of the sentries, one to another, fell distinctly upon his ear; while the blazing watch-fires dotted all around,

threw up a lurid glare, at intervals, along the line. The stoutest heart might have given up all in despair at that moment. Neither the Prince, nor his friends were, however, disposed to yield to despair. Escape he would, if escape were possible; and this he resolved, at least, to try. There was no accomplishing it without passing that line of sentries, and watch-fires; and this they accordingly prepared to attempt. As they scrambled on, over the hills, in the dark, Charles narrowly missed losing his life by a fall down a precipice. His foot slipped, and had not his two companions caught him by the arms, down he must have gone,—whence he would not have come back again! "Slips go over again," say the schoolboys. It was well it was not so with the Prince; for the second time he might not have got off so well.

Setting him on his legs again, they posted on till they were so near the sentries, that they could hear them talking to each other. How little those men thought of who was listening! The little party then halted to decide on what was to be done. Cameron's plan was that he should make the attempt alone; if he got safely past the sentries, and returned to report his success, then it was plain that the Prince might venture.

Bravo, Donald! that again was preferring duty to life; for had he been detected, stealing through the lines, the crack of a musket after him would, just as likely as not, have finished the courageous Highlander. With stealthy tread he advanced to the dangerous post, was lost to sight for a brief, anxious period, and presently, to the relief of those awaiting the result of his adventure, was seen on his way back again, having successfully performed the hazardous transit. What he could do, they could do.

The watch-fires were now sinking low in the cold gloom of morning, which was yet too early to afford light enough to betray them. So, with Donald, who had just purchased his experience, leading the way, they crept on hands and knees, through a deep fissure in the rock, which ran between two of the fires; and, just as the sentries on each side turned on their round, away from this cleft, took that opportunity of passing them, crawling on till they were completely out of their reach. Once outside the line of sentries they felt comparatively safe; still they pushed onwards, in the direction of Glenelg, to place a few more miles between themselves and the red coats. They ventured at last to halt, for rest and refreshment. The materials for both were simple enough: each man his length of

turf for the one; for the second, they had only some oatmeal and cheese:—fitter to bait a mouse-trap, that to recruit the strength of worn and anxious men. The Prince, however, with his usual composure, cut a slice of the cheese, strewed it over thickly with oatmeal, and then munched away contentedly. These noble viands were liquidated with cold water, —every one as much as he liked.

Miraculously escaping the soldiers who had been swarming around them, while they, in fancied security, were banqueting on oatmeal and cheese, they then travelled northwards in search of a French vessel which was rumoured to have been seen somewhere off Pollew, on the west coast of Ross. It had been there; but alas! it was gone again; so that all that remained for the fugitives was just to go back. Not of course to get inside that line of sentries; the Prince had had quite enough of that; but to work their way round to Lochiel's country in the south: for they had heard that Lochiel, and some other chiefs with him, were still in a condition to bid defiance to the government.

A group of faithful Macdonalds, who had not long before joined Charles, now accompanied him in the direction of Glenmoriston; where he was for a time to find shelter. They had not gone far

on their road when Glenaladale, the cash-keeper of the party, suddenly cried out that he had lost the Prince's purse. The Prince was very unwilling that he should go back to seek it; the loss of time would, he thought, be worse for them, than the loss of the money. As, however, they had not a single guinea among them, save what was in the missing purse, and, without money to procure food, they must starve, he at last consented to Glenaladale's going in search of it. Awaiting his return, he threw himself down behind a little rising ground, which screened him from any chance passer by. He had not been there long, when a small party of soldiers was seen, coming along, one by one, in the narrow path which the Prince had been pursuing; and who must have met him, full front, had he continued his journey, instead of turning aside while the lost purse was sought. Glenaladale soon found it, and when on his return he heard how this, apparently, provoking accident had been the means of saving Charles from his enemies, he joined the Prince in devoutly thanking God for so wonderful a preservation. Charles himself remarked that he began to think he could not be taken, even if he would!

With spirits refreshed by this good fortune, they continued their route during the night, giving them-

selves a rest during the early part of the next day, the 28th. In the afternoon they were again a-foot. As they plodded wearily along they were alarmed by the report of musketry:—the death-shots as it proved, of some of the wretched peasantry; who, flying for safety to those wilds, had been chased, and brought down by the barbarous soldiery. Hunger, fatigue, and drenching rain, from which the little party was suffering severely, were nothing to this; and spite of them they sped on till night-fall, when the Prince found shelter,—nothing more, neither food, nor fire,—huddled up in a hole in the hill-side, too small to permit even of his stretching himself at full length. In this miserable plight it was resolved that he should seek refuge with a little band of outlaws,—self-outlawed to save their lives from the vengeful government,—who had established themselves in the fastnesses of Glenmoriston. Thence they made sudden attacks upon the military, who were often moving about, either to hunt up fugitives, or drive away the cattle of the poor Jacobites; spoil, which the "seven men of Glenmoriston," often forced them to yield up, when they least expected it. By such means as these, the outlaws managed to support life pretty well. Their names were, Gregor Macgregor, Alexander,

Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, John and Alexander Macdonnell, and Patrick Grant. They had all fought for Charles, and therefore, for his purpose were to be considered "good men and true."

These Glenmoriston men were dangerous customers to their enemies. One day, four of them attacked a company of seven soldiers convoying stores from Fort Augustus to Glenelg, and shot two of them; upon which the rest took to their heels, leaving all the wine and provisions behind, to be duly carried to their cave in the hills, by the bold outlaws. On another occasion, they reclaimed a herd of cattle, which a military party had seized for their own use. Posting themselves judiciously, they kept up so desperate a fire on the soldiers, whilst they were in a narrow pass, as to drive them, helter-skelter back again; too glad to surrender the beasts, that had got them into such a scrape, as a lawful prey to their assailants. Of what savage acts this little band was capable, may be judged by their shooting down a shabby wretch, who busied himself in finding out such as had been engaged in the rebellion, that he might inform of them, and, after they had killed him, cutting off his head, which was stuck in a tree, in such a situation that all passers by might see it.

It was among these fierce fellows that Charles was now to hide his poor head. A zealous friend had already opened negotiations with them, but dared not mention that it was for the Prince himself that he was acting. He only gave them to understand that concealment was required for two or three gentlemen who had been concerned in the insurrection; and this they readily promised.

A place was appointed where Charles should meet them; but no sooner had they seen him, than the "odd face" let out the secret, and they were unbounded in their delight at having him among them. Three only of the seven were present at the first meeting, the others being absent on some marauding expedition. But the three took an oath of fidelity to the Prince; with great delicacy declining to permit him and his friends to swear that they would be true to their hosts. They then joyfully carried him off with them to their cave; where his two days' fast was broken by an abundant, though rude, meal of mutton, butter, and whiskey; a little stream that ran through the cave, supplying them with water.

That night Charles slept safely. The four, who had been absent, returned next day, and they, too, swore to be faithful to their prince. Not a man,



GLENMORISTON MEN SWEARING FIDELITY TO THE PRINCE.

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among them broke that oath; nay, so scrupulously did they keep it, that never to man, woman, or child, until the Prince had been safe in France a whole twelvemonth, did any one of them ever reveal the fact of his having been in their care. Charles smilingly called them his Privy Council.

The four new comers brought home with them a deer, and an ox:—sumptuous living in the wilderness, that; though they could not boast of a bit of bread to eat with their venison and beef. But half-starved men don't stick at such trifles; and sitting on the floor of their cave, bonneted, for fear, if surprised, of indicating the superior rank of the Prince, and with each one his mess upon his knee, they ate their rude fare with thankful hearts. So anxious, however, were these men to procure anything that they thought might minister to Charles's comfort, that one of them, who was despatched to Fort Augustus for news, was at the pains of bringing back with him a pennyworth of gingerbread; which he, in all innocence, thought would be a special treat for the Prince! How one admires the loving spirit that dictated this, while one smiles at the simplicity of the man.

A few days were spent in this strange refuge, and then, in accordance with Charles's plan never to

stay long in one place, they decamped, and took up their quarters in another cave, about two miles distant. The Prince's heather bed was here strewed for him in a sort of hollow, at the back of the cave. From this place he was soon driven by hearing of a company of militia being posted in the neighbourhood, and the whole party had to wander away in search of a fresh lodging.

Charles remained with his new friends, who, rough as they were, treated him with the utmost respect and kindness, for about three weeks; now in one place, now in another, according to the exigencies of his harassed life. During this time he is described as being patient, and uncomplaining, nay, cheerful; though suffering much from squalor, disease,—brought on by his hard life,—and above all from the dreadful uncertainty in which he was continually kept about his own life. So long as he was in Scotland, that was never safe; and hitherto all his attempts to get out of the country had been fruitless. His clothes, which night and day could never be changed, were wretched and torn. He had an old wig, a patched neckerchief, a threadbare tartan waistcoat, a coarse coat, and philibeg; his shoes were so worn out they would scarce stick on his feet; while his one shirt was as yellow

as a guinea. What a costume for a royal prince! Fortunately he was the owner of a tolerable plaid in which to wrap himself.

Amid his many miseries Charles did not forget his religious duties. Every morning and evening he left his companions for a short time, for the purpose of saying his prayers; and finding (though he could not understand their language) that his preservers had a sad habit of swearing, he made one of the gentlemen who were with him expostulate with them on the subject, till at last, his reiterated reproofs had the effect of making them give it up entirely.

When the time came for him to be transferred to other hands, his humble Glenmoriston friends were very unwilling that he should leave them. They pleaded with him that the "mountains of gold" which the English government had offered for his head, might tempt some *gentleman* to betray him; because a gentleman could afterwards go abroad, and there live securely on the reward of his infamy. Whereas there was no danger of their selling him, for they could speak no language but their own, and could only live in their own land; where, if they were to hurt a hair of his head, the very hills around, would fall upon, and crush them!

There was a fine sense of honour in these rude fellows! And there were hundreds like them among those noble Highlanders, high and low, who, during Charles's five months' wanderings, could have put their hand upon him, and given him up, but who scorned what would have been the price of blood. That price, from the days of Judas Iscariot downwards, has always been justly held in abhorrence.

The simple, though eloquent reasoning of these faithful "outlaws," could not of course alter the Prince's plan, which was to work his way through the country to the retreat of his friends, Cameron of Lochiel, and Macpherson of Cluny. They went with him as far as Loch Arkaig on his journey thither, and took leave of him on the 21st of August to return to their own wild life. The Prince's purse was, at this time, too empty to permit of his making any recompense to his entertainers; but he afterwards found means of sending to them, by Patrick Grant, twenty-four guineas to be divided among them.

CHAPTER XVII.

The state of the country did not permit of the Prince's proceeding direct to the hiding-place of his friends. He had to steal along how and when he could, by fits and starts; and the first place where he pitched his tent was at the head of Loch Arkaig, whose tangled woods seemed to promise shelter. While living here, two of the Camerons who were in search of him, one day rowed up the Loch without having the slightest idea of his being there, till they accidentally fell in with one of the gentlemen who were in hiding with the Prince, and who at once took them to him.

The party had nearly had a warmer reception than would have been at all agreeable. Patrick Grant, one of the Glenmoriston men, who had not yet left the Prince, was on guard that day, and had got such a sleepy fit, that he was quite unaware of any one's approach, till the Camerons were almost close upon him. Not knowing the

two strangers, he supposed them to be a party of the enemy, and called out to Charles to fly instantly to the woods. This he refused to do, proposing instead, that when the advancing party got near enough, they should all let fly at them, with their fire-arms, from behind the rocky fragments that lay close to their hut. The surprise of a shower of bullets coming thus, from no one knew whom, would he thought be sufficient to drive them back; or at least so confuse them that they might be afterwards dealt with, hand to hand. No sooner said than done; each one took his post behind the natural rampart, and levelled his musket at the supposed enemy. Happily, before a trigger was drawn, Charles's friend, who was leading the two Camerons to his retreat, was recognised. Down dropped the muzzles that had been pointed at them, and with great delight the Prince welcomed the brothers of his beloved Lochiel, thanking God over and over again for the good news that they brought of the chief's recovering from his wounds. The Prince's party had killed a cow the day before; so with the roasted beef, and some bread, brought by the Camerons, they made a cheerful dinner together.

Charles was now very anxious to continue his

journey to Lochiel, who, as has been said, was in comparative safety in Badenoch; and next day, the 26th, they all set out in that direction. Their first stage landed them in a wood near Auchnacary, where Lochiel had lived. His house, like the rest, had been destroyed, so that there was no shelter for them in this place. The Prince and his friends wandered about here for four days, waiting till it should be safe for them to proceed. Suddenly an alarm was raised of a large military force having been seen in the neighbourhood. It was too true; the fact of the Prince's whereabouts had by some means oozed out, and there were two hundred of the militia, under Captain Grant, come to catch him. Charles rose quietly when he was waked by this stunning intelligence, took his musket, called his friends around him, they were eight altogether, and firmly announced his determination, in case they were attacked, to fight it out to the last, and be killed, rather than taken. He was a pretty good shot, he said, and not apt to miss his mark. It was possible, however, that they might give their pursuers the slip; and with this design they crept cautiously through the intricate woods, and over the rugged hills, till they had placed a sufficient tract of wild country between themselves and the enemy. They

fancied themselves now in a safer place; though what was, and what was not safe, had long been a hard matter to tell. Having spent the day here, without a morsel to eat, they were cheered by a message brought them by one of the young Camerons of Clunes, that his father would meet them at night with provisions, at a certain spot some distance off. They set out to the appointed place, traversing, in the dark, some of the most rugged, and painful paths the Prince had yet encountered. The sharp rocks, and splintery stumps of trees tore their clothes to shreds as they laboured on, and even inflicted severe wounds upon their bodies; but they dared not draw back for these things. At last, fainting with exhaustion, Charles was obliged to be dragged along between two of the party, who were not quite so worn out as himself; and in this fashion they succeeded in reaching their journey's end. It was some comfort, in their famishing condition, to find that Clunes had a good supply of beef for their supper:—or rather breakfast, dinner, and supper, rolled into one. There would be no complaints of that beef not being tender! After a day or two's rest in this spot, one of the Camerons came to tell the Prince that the pressing danger, from which he had fled,

had passed away, and now there was a better chance of his getting to Lochiel. Over hill, moor, and dale accordingly he travelled to the place of his friend's concealment in Badenoch, on the borders of Athol. Lochiel, the brave chief of the Camerons, together with two of the Macphersons, had been living there for four months. Many in the neighbourhood were aware of the place of their concealment, and there was a strong military post not many miles from them; but none had ever disturbed them. These gentlemen had been better off than their unfortunate master; for though packed together in a mere hut, they had had provisions enough, and they had managed to have their servants with them.

Charles and Lochiel really loved each other, and their meeting, on the 30th, was a joyful one to both. Lame as he was from wounds received at Culloden, the loyal chief would have kneeled to his prince, had not Charles prevented him; pleasantly remarking that they knew not who might be overlooking them, even from the tree tops, and homage rendered in that manner, would inevitably betray its object. Then entering the hut, the contents of a well-stocked larder were placed before the Prince. Mutton, beef, ham, butter and cheese, with whiskey,—there was a

specimen of the luxurious doings at the hut, while Charles had been starving up and down that wild country. Some mutton was immediately cooked for him, in their one saucepan of all work ; and for lack of a dish, he was fain to eat it out of the pan. But he had a silver spoon, instead of his fingers, and in the gaiety of his heart, as he munched his mutton, he exclaimed, "Now gentlemen, I live like a Prince!" He prefaced the meal with a good drink of whiskey, and repeated the draught pretty often. Poor fellow, so much hunger, cold, wet, and fatigue were likely enough to lead to whiskey-drinking!

Having well fed their royal guest, the next thing to which his hospitable entertainers applied themselves was to find him some shirts, of which, as we have seen, he was desperately in want. The sisters of Macpherson of Cluny, with right good will took this little matter in hand, and it was not long before their nimble fingers set him up with something like a suitable equipment of clean linen. O the comfort of that to one who had been used to it all his life, and then had been suddenly reduced to a clean shirt, once a fortnight, and that did duty by night as well as by day!

The whole party remained here for a few days in

comparative comfort; and then moved off to very singular quarters in one of the rough, high rocky points that are included in the mountain range known as Ben Alder. It was a kind of hut in the face of the rock, concealed by a thicket; and in its construction advantage was skilfully taken of the natural peculiarities of the situation. Trunks of trees were laid to form the floor, the interstices being filled up with earth and stones, so as to make all firm and level. Then the trees growing around this space so levelled, having first been strengthened by having poles driven into the ground among them, were in a sort tied, or woven together by withes of twisted heath and birch; the whole being finished off with a thatch at top. It was this mode of construction, together with its form, that occasioned its being called the Cage; and indeed it was not unlike a bird-cage on a large scale. A couple of stones, lying ready there, served for a fireplace; the smoke finding its way out, as in most Highland huts, as it best could. It just served to hold six or seven persons; who, between cooking their food, playing cards, and dawdling about, managed to get through the weary day.

The Prince's deliverance, however, was now near at hand. The anxiety of his father, and of his

friends in France, during his five months' painful wanderings in the Western Isles, and Highlands, had been very great, but their efforts for his rescue had hitherto been unavailing. They were now to be more successful. In the beginning of September two vessels were despatched to cruise about on the western coast of Scotland till an opportunity should occur of communicating with the Prince, and, if possible, of getting him on board. These vessels cast anchor in Lochnanuagh on the 6th of the month, and by great good fortune contrived to make their presence there known to the Prince in his retreat, within a week of their arrival. That very night, accompanied by Lochiel, Cluny, and others, he set out for the coast, in such frisky spirits with the good news he had received as to play off a practical joke on one of his followers, whom he startled so effectually, that the poor fellow fell fainting "in a puddle at the door of their hut!" To think of the Prince having so much life left in him after all!

Travelling by night, he rested the next day at Corvoy, where for some time he and his companions amused themselves by throwing their bonnets into the air, and shooting at them, to see which was the best marksman. As they pursued their route they

were "brought up" by the river Lochy, and the difficulty was how to cross it; for of all the boats that the great chief of the Camerons had once owned, only one had been left undestroyed by the avenging soldiery, and that was such an old thing that they were rather afraid of trusting the Prince to its crazy sides. Bad as it was, however, there was no better; it was that or none; so they stepped cautiously in, and it held together till the whole party got over in three trips. It leaked sadly, and on the last trip, some unlucky movement smashed their three remaining bottles of brandy in the bottom of the boat. This was rather a serious loss; though the accident was turned to account by the boatmen and servants, who drank up the mixture of leakage and brandy, with such hearty good will, as to make themselves half tipsy. And vexed as they were, their masters could not help laughing at the ridiculous things the men did and said after emptying this extraordinary punch-bowl, — a leaky old boat. Charles wanted a little brandy himself; but as it had been all drunk up in the above fashion, of course he had to go without it.

The country through which they passed had been so sorely ravaged and plundered by the military, that they would have had to go short

of meat, as well as drink, but for the forethought of one of the Prince's friends, who had placed a small store of that everlasting oatmeal in the house of a faithful follower lying in the way. This was made into cakes for Charles's arrival; and as a cow was also killed, they had that night a hearty supper of beef and bread, to go to sleep upon. No fear of nightmare after such a day's tramp as theirs.

The Prince and his party were seven days in travelling from the Cage in Badenoch, to their haven of refuge in Lochnanuagh, arriving there on the 19th of September. They went on board ship immediately; but as the news of French vessels being in the bay had drawn towards the neighbourhood many of Charles's ruined followers, who, like himself, were seeking safety in flight, he ordered the ships to be detained for one day, to give them a share of his chance. Happily his generous thought for these fugitives brought no harm to himself; the vessels remained unmolested, and when at last the French commander weighed anchor, and worked his way out of the Loch into open water, he had on board, in addition to the Prince, twenty-three gentlemen, and more than a hundred of the common people: thankful for their escape from the cruel hands of the Duke of Cum-

berland, and yet weeping as the rugged shores of their native land were lost to their sight. With most of them it was for ever!

Lochiel accompanied his royal master to France. His estate was confiscated; yet, during the short remainder of his life, his tenantry continued duly to send their rents to him whom they considered its rightful owner, while at the same time they as scrupulously paid those demanded by government. His friend Cluny preferred taking his chance in his own country, to seeking shelter in a foreign land. So after seeing the Prince safe at the place of embarkation, he returned to his hiding in Badenoch, where he lived in a cave near the ruins of his house, which had been burned by the soldiery. This cave had been hollowed out for him in the face of a rocky steep by his own people, who wrought at their task by night, to avoid observation; tumbling the earth and stones that they excavated, into a lake hard by, that none might suspect what had been going on. Had those soldiers, with their sharp eyes, seen newly turned-up soil, they would have been sure there was some poor, hunted Jacobite in hiding not far off, and would not have rested till they had unearthed him. In this cave, though a thousand pounds were offered

for the taking of him, and the place of his retreat was known to many, Cluny managed to baffle his pursuers for nine long years. A company of soldiers was stationed in the neighbourhood, for it was known to government that the chief was somewhere about; and military parties frequently marched in by way of giving fresh vigour to the search for him, but they only had their labour for their pains. They kept so good a look-out that on one occasion, seeing several people go quietly, in the dark, into a house, some of whose windows were closed, the officer in command, taking for granted Cluny was concealed there, forced his way in at one of the closed-up windows; and was nearly the death, by the fright he gave her, of a poor lady inside, whose illness had occasioned these suspicious circumstances! Enough to shake the life out of any invalid, to have an armed man bolting in at the window, and in the dead of night too.

Spite of all, Cluny's comings and goings—for he visited his friends sometimes—were performed in perfect safety. He took the precaution of never leaving his cave except by night, getting back again before there was daylight enough to betray him. Once, when he had been spending the night with his friends, the military did get scent of him, and

thought themselves sure of their prey at last. They made their way to the house, and would certainly have caught him, but that while they were breaking down the front door, he managed to scramble out of a window at the back; and so stole to his hiding-place again. Sick of leading so weary a life as this, with no hope of any better one so long as he remained on Scottish ground, he, too, finally got over to France, where he died the next year.

One thing we may be sure of—that in the days when Lochiel and Cluny were rich and powerful, they did not abuse either their wealth, or power: else their people would not have so faithfully served them in their poverty and exile.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES's voyage from Western Scotland to France was a long, and roundabout one. But it was performed in safety; the only mischance being that the little fleet that carried the Prince and his friends, was seen and chased by two English men-of-war, who fortunately lost sight of them at last in a fog. It was marvellous that they should have escaped the English cruisers; but so it was, and the Prince landed near Morlaix, on the north-west coast of France, nine days after sailing from Lochnanuagh. He rested at Morlaix for a couple of days, and then proceeded to Paris. His reception there, in a manner befitting his rank, afforded a striking contrast to the squalor and wretchedness of the preceding five months. As he drew near the city, a train of noblemen and gentlemen, at whose head rode his brother Henry, came out to meet him. Those brothers loved each other; and when the brilliant cavalcade

halted, the lad, (he was only one-and-twenty,) for very joy at the sight of him safe and sound, put his arms round Charles's neck and kissed him.

Charles's visit to the French court was performed with much state. He was attended by a numerous retinue; and as for his dress,—who would have recognised the ragged, dirty inmate of the Highland hut, in the imposing personage who, at Fontainebleau, presented himself in a rose-coloured velvet coat, embroidered with silver, and lined with what was called silver tissue, a gold brocade waistcoat, bespangled and bescolloped, the badges of St. George, and St. Andrew sparkling upon his breast, and even his shoe-buckles, and cockade all in a glitter with diamonds? It was, indeed, the case altered with him now. By both king and queen he was received with much kindness. The latter had a more especial friendly feeling towards him, from the circumstance of his mother, having been her friend when both were young. And the tender-hearted woman, queen though she was, would weep at the story of his adventures, which she yet loved to make him repeat to herself and her ladies.

But though received in so gratifying a manner, the peaceful relations then existing between the courts of England and France, rendered it impossible for the King to recognise Charles as Prince of

Wales. That was a title which even the French now acknowledged to be pre-occupied by Frederick, eldest son of George II. Had they given it to Charles, it would have been equal to denying King George's right to the crown; and though Louis had no particular love for his English neighbour, it would not have been convenient to fight him. In every other respect Charles was treated as a royal prince.

Now that his own life was safe after the perils to which it had been exposed during his fourteen months' struggle, Charles's first care was for his followers. Those who had escaped with him to France had carried off little beside their lives. That was something certainly: better be an impoverished exile in France, than facing the block on Tower Hill. But the necessities of some of them were pressing, far beyond the means of the Prince; and, notwithstanding the liberal kindness of the French government to their ancient, and now distressed allies, he had to plead for still more on their behalf. He felt so acutely that it was he who had brought all this ruin upon them, and was therefore bound, if possible, to provide for them, that he declared he was ready to go down on his knees to prefer requests for them, that he would not make for himself. Altogether, even now, secure,

honoured, and surrounded by the brilliance of a court, his position was a most embarrassing one. He believed himself born to a crown; he had utterly failed in his desperate, but heroic struggle to regain it: yet it was hard, in the very prime of his manhood, to abandon all hope of recovering it. By degrees, however, to this was he driven. With all the energy of his character, he urged his plea for assistance in getting back his ancient inheritance, first with the French monarch, then with that of Spain, and then, on the very verge of despair, with the French king again. But it was all in vain. The Spaniards paltered with him. And as for Louis, not only would he do nothing for him, in the way of substantial aid, by men or arms, but, by little and little, the kindness which he had at first shown the Prince, at last degenerated into an irritating coldness; he was tolerated, not fostered.

All this drove Charles nearly mad; and though his father, whom age and experience, as well as natural constitution, had rendered more patient, strove to soothe him, he no longer heeded the parent to whom he had once been so dutiful. His younger brother, less impetuous, soon gave up the useless struggle, and, by becoming a Romish priest, showed how entirely he had abandoned the hope of ever regaining their inheritance. Charles did not

know what Henry was about, but when he heard of this, it plunged him into fresh distress, and for some time estranged him both from father and brother. At length his high spirit was stung to the quick, by his being requested to take himself away from France, and live—anywhere he pleased out of it; as his presence there impeded the ratification of a treaty of peace which Louis wished to conclude with the English. Wounded and mortified to the last degree, Charles met this request by a flat negative; and then the French king prepared to remove him by force. Sighing as he signed the order for the seizure and transportation of the Prince across the frontier, Louis is said to have exclaimed:—"How difficult it is for a monarch to be a faithful friend!"

The order, however, was signed; and on the 10th December, 1748, Charles was told that in the course of the day he would be arrested, and carried out of the country. The only notice he took of the information was to desire that an opera-box should be engaged for him, for that night. And to the opera he went. There was much gathering of the populace, for of course the thing had got abroad, and not only was Charles a great favourite with the Parisians, who were anxious to see what would become of him, but the preparations for his arrest were on such a scale as to attract plenty of sight-seers. Such glistening of

helmets and cuirasses, waving of plumes, jingling of spurs, and trampling of horses, were there! About a thousand of the royal guard were posted at the Palais Royal, the city guard were drawn up in the neighbouring streets, military accoutrements in great plenty were to be seen glittering in the lobby of the opera-house, troops thronged the road to Vincennes, to which prison the Prince was to be conducted. It was more like preparing to take a town, than only one gentleman. But in truth it was apprehended that when the people saw their favourite dragged to prison, they might get up a little insurrection on the spur of the moment. Hence these arrangements for crushing it.

Amid all this fuss and commotion Charles, accompanied by a small retinue, drove to the opera-house. As he passed along, a voice in the crowd called out to him to return, or he would be seized; but of course he took no notice of that. On his arrival, he got out of his carriage, but had no sooner done so, than he was seized by eight non-commissioned officers disguised in plain clothes,—with every man his cuirass beneath, for fear of accidents!—and at once hurried off into the Palais Royal, where the officer, who commanded, told him that he was arrested in the name of the king. Charles quietly replied that it was rather a rough

way of doing it; and when his arms were demanded, at once gave up his sword. They then took from him his pistols, dagger, and purse. A further indignity awaited him; a cord was passed round his arms and limbs, and thus, a helpless log, he was thrust into a carraige and driven full speed to the place of his imprisonment. He was there released from his bonds, and turned into a small, mean apartment, lighted by a skylight, and furnished with one chair, and a wretched camp bed. Round this hole he glanced indignantly at first, but soon softened, remarking that he had seen worse places in Scotland. He then inquired whether any of the English gentlemen in his suite, had been bound like himself; for Englishmen, he remarked, were not used to that kind of thing. When left alone, however, with Neil Mackechan, who had followed him to France, his composure forsook him, and he exclaimed, with strong feeling,—"Ah, my faithful mountaineers! you would not have treated me thus. Would that I were still with you!"

The Prince was detained at Vincennes for a few days, till, yielding to necessity, he gave his word of honour not to reside in the French dominions. Then he was set at liberty; being taken, under a strong escort, to Avignon, where once more he found himself treated in a manner becoming his



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rank. It is said that the Dauphin,—that is the eldest son of the King of France,—publicly quarrelled with his father for his unworthy treatment of the Prince;—treatment, which, as the latter well replied to the apologies of the officer who superintended it, inflicted disgrace, not upon him who suffered, but upon him who ordered it!

There is little more to notice in Charles's life; but that little is painful. Worn out with long-continued disappointment, his moral character deteriorated. At times he drank too much. He married, and proved an unkind husband to a young wife. Still amid all, at times old affections and recollections, were strong with him. Near forty years after his campaign in Scotland, and in the very heart of England, a gentleman who had obtained access to him in his retirement at Rome, where he lived as Count of Albany, led the conversation to the stirring events of 1745 and '46. As they talked, the spirit of the broken-down man revived, his eye lighted up as he spoke of the daring, and gallant achievements of his devoted followers, till, passing on to the fearful doom of so many of them,—the gallows, the block, and the fire,—his voice wavered, his countenance changed, and he fell down in convulsions. His daughter, hearing, in an adjoining room, the noise of his

fall, rushed in, and exclaimed to the visitor,—"Sir, what have you been doing? You have been speaking to my father about Scotland, and the Highlanders. No one dares to mention them in his presence."

Music was a passion with Charles. At one time he used to spend his evenings in playing duets with a musician named Corri; Corri taking the harpsichord,—an old-fashioned sort of pianoforte,—and the Prince the violoncello;—and occasionally he beguiled his weary hours by musical compositions. These musical evenings were after all of rather a melancholy character; the dull, heavy look of the room, hung with faded red damask, and lighted only by a couple of candles, that gleamed faintly on loaded pistols lying on the table, receiving an additional tinge of gloom, from the thought of who, and what was its occupant. Yet his manners remained mild, courteous, and pleasing.

His personal appearance at this time, is described as noble and graceful, in spite of his bulky and stooping figure; for he was no longer the tall, slender youth of Holyrood. His light brown hair, blue eyes, and oval face, were still prepossessing, though there was a heaviness about the countenance, which some attributed to his occasional excesses in drinking.

England and the English, were always interesting

to him. Though finally driven from her throne, he rejoiced in her welfare, and felt proud of her warlike successes, even when they were over his old friends the French. He said that he regarded the glory of England as his own, and her glory lay in her fleet. Previous to his unceremonious removal from France he had a medal struck, which bore on one side, his own likeness, with the inscription, "Charles, Prince of Wales;" on the reverse a figure of Britannia, with some ships, and the motto:—*Amor et Spes Britanniæ* —"The Love and Hope of Britain:" the exiled Prince lingering with fond affection over the "love and hope" of the very country that had, for ever, expelled him from her shores. Though it is said that more than once after his disastrous attempt there, Charles visited England in disguise.

This medal, in silver and copper, was plentifully distributed not only in England, and Scotland, but upon the continent, and gave great offence to the French government, who, seeing that he was their guest, and had received assistance from them, by no means relished his avowed preference for the land of his ancestors. Charles, however, was too important a personage to be called to account for his doings. Perhaps though, his humiliation at Vincennes might, in part, be a retaliation for this provocation.

The death of his father in 1766 made the Prince nominally, King of England. But so utterly had the Stuart cause then sunk, that none save his servants, and a few of his friends acknowledged the title.

Age stole upon him. He became feeble, and decrepit, and in his sixty-eighth year an attack of paralysis and apoplexy put an end to his life, at Rome, on the 30th of January, 1788: the day, and the month of the cruel execution of his great grandfather Charles I. His remains were laid in his brother's cathedral of Frascati in Italy, whence they were afterwards removed to St. Peter's at Rome.

On the death of Charles, his brother Henry, a mild and amiable man, who, as has been said, early retired from the hopeless struggle for a crown, caused a medal to be struck, with this affecting inscription: on the face, *Henricus Nonus, Rex Angliæ;* on the other side,—*Dei Gratia, sed non voluntate hominum!* That is:—"Henry IX., King of England,—by the grace of God, but not by the will of man!"

Troubles on the continent of Europe, arising out of the first French revolution, reduced Cardinal York (by that name Henry Stuart was known,) to poverty. This being made known in England, our

good old George III. in the most kindly manner conferred upon his unfortunate relation a pension of four thousand pounds a year. It was done with feeling and delicacy, yet it was a bitter exchange,—a pension for a crown! But the Cardinal submitted with humility and piety to the sad reverses that God had permitted to come upon him. He did not allow himself to repine at being indebted, for his very sustenance, to him, who had deprived him of a throne; but, yielding to that Higher Will that had overruled his own,—in the spirit of a good Christian and true gentleman, frankly and gratefully acknowledged the bounty of his innocent supplanter.

The King's kind act won for him the heart, and the prayers too, of a staunch old Jacobite, who had had his share in the insurrection of 1715. Hearing his son read in the newspaper of what the King had done for Cardinal York, he started up, exclaiming:—"May God in His infinite mercy bless and prosper him in the throne he fills, and deserves so well! and may God forgive me for not saying so before!" And ever after, so long as the little remainder of his life held out, for he was in extreme age, the old gentleman prayed daily for King George.

Cardinal York enjoyed his pension till his death in 1807, in the eighty-third year of his age.

This last of the Stuarts bequeathed to George IV., when Prince of Wales, the crown jewels that had belonged to his grandfather, James II., including the badge of the order of the garter, worn by Charles I. It was, he said, all that he had,—he could leave no other legacy to him who was now the rightful heir of the Stuarts. For the death of the Cardinal, made George III. king by inheritance from them, as before he had been by inheritance from the house of Hanover.

The three Stuarts, father and two sons,—James Edward, exiled in his cradle, Charles Edward, and Henry Benedict, lie under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, beneath a monument worthy of their royal race, but which was raised over their ashes by the house of Hanover! The inscription purports that it is to the memory of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England.

So passes away the glory of this world! Let us hope that these most unfortunate princes, after the long humiliation and agony of their mortal existence, innocent sufferers for the faults of another, may at last have succeeded to a better inheritance than one of earthly crowns and kingdoms:—to that which is unchangeable, eternal, in the heavens!

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